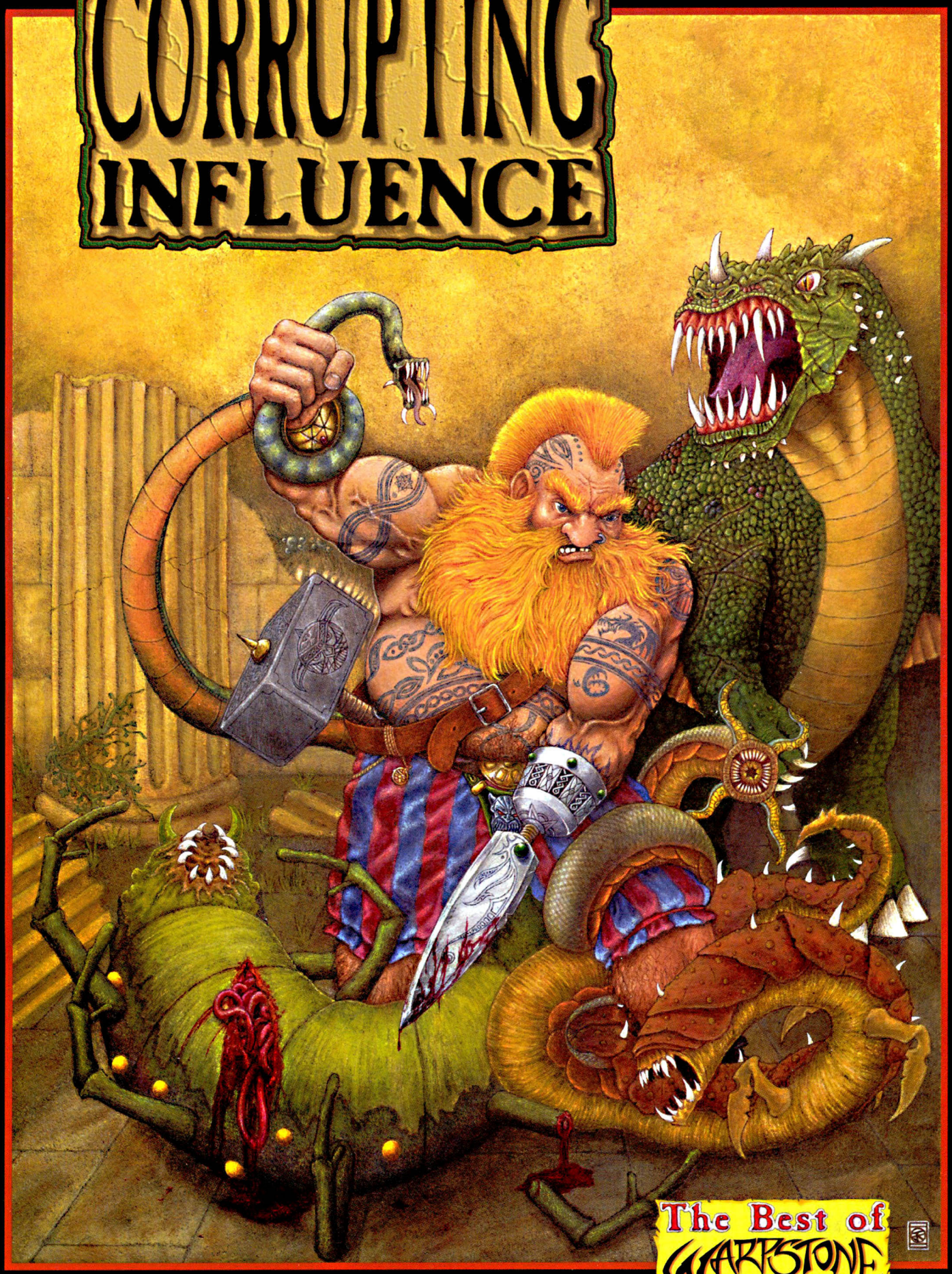
CORRUPTING INFLUENCE



The Best of Warpstone Volume I

A sourcebook for Warhammer® Fantasy Roleplay™

CORRUPTING INFLUENCE

THE BEST OF WARPSTONE: VOLUME ONE

Corrupting Influence

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Editorial by John Foody

Welcome to Corrupting Influence, the best of Warpstone issues one to nine. Well, not all of the best bits, of course; we simply couldn't fit all of it in. A couple of articles from issue nine have been left out purely for reasons of space - something we hope to set to rights before too long…

Warpstone is a magazine dedicated to Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay, and it's published three times a year. The magazine is distributed worldwide by Hogshead Publishing, but is completely independent, and all material is unofficial. It provides a place where the best in WFRP writing and opinions can be brought together. Warpstone tries to build on the greatest strength of WFRP: the background. We don't publish pages of new rules, careers and skills, just for the sake of it. Instead, we concentrate on developing and expanding the world. (We do sometimes include rules or careers when the background warrants them, but these are kept firmly in the WFRP context.) Warpstone also keeps readers informed of the latest Warhammer and gaming news, as well as reviewing all the relevant material critically and honestly. Artwork has always been an important part of Warhammer, and we have a dedicated team of artists producing atmospheric illustrations perfectly reflecting the flavour of the world (as you will see here).

This book came about for the very simple reason that readers have demanded it. Prior to Hogshead Publishing taking over the distribution of Warpstone, we printed much smaller quantities of each issue. Thus many of our current readers never had the chance to see these earlier gems. Indeed, we gather that occasional collections of Warpstone have been selling for vastly inflated prices! We always intended that the articles in Warpstone would be made as widely available as possible; those that are not currently in print can be found on our website.

When putting together Corrupting Influence, we used the opportunity to revisit some of the articles and illustrations that had promise, but which we weren't completely happy with. A few changes were only to be expected, given how far Warpstone has come in the last five years. Those brave few who replied to a classified in the now defunct Arcane magazine ended up with an A5 size booklet, much of the art coming from a clipart collection, a rant against Games Workshop, some sketchy reviews and a group of articles that seemed to find favour with readers. Only one article from issue one reaches this collection - but we remain intensely proud of it, and of every one since! (Of course, we also look back and groan occasionally, but hey! We were only human… at the time…)

Sitting down to think about what should go into these pages, we decided to include some areas that you might not expect to see. We looked at Corrupting Influence as a way of giving you, the reader, a flavour of what those early issues of Warpstone were like - hence the inclusion of discussion articles and fiction amongst the background articles and scenarios.

I hope you enjoy Corrupting Influence. Don't forget regular doses of Warpstone may be obtained over the counter of any good games shop.

The Game

Warpstone discusses WFRP and, to a lesser degree, roleplaying as a whole. An example of this approach is to be found in the first three articles. We attempt to make people look at WFRP and its world from new angles. The fourth article, Secrets of the Warhammer Artists, shows a lighter side to the game. We look at the history and development of the game with approaches ranging from looking at the in-jokes to interviewing the key players.

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Secrets of the WH Artists 10

In jokes and the like from one of WFRP's original designers.

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ABBREVIATIONS

A	Number of Attacks	GM	Gamesmaster	S	Strength
AP	Armour Points	GW	Games Workshop	T	Toughness
BS	Ballistic Skill	I	Initiative	W	Wounds
Cl	Cool	IC	Imperial Calendar	WFB	Warhammer Fantasy Battle
CR	Complexity Rating	Int	Intelligence		
Dex	Dexterity	Ld	Leadership	WFRP	Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay
EPs	Experience Points	M	Movement		
ES	Effective Strength	MP	Magic Points	WP	Will Power
Fel	Fellowship	NPC	Non-player character	WS	Weapon Skill
GC	Gold Crown	PC	Player Character		

Throughout Corrupting Influence all skill bonuses, where present, have been included in the NPC profiles.

www.warpstone.darcore.net

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Background

The diseased Templar crept up behind the one-legged Witch Hunter on the road to Marienburg. There, I think that covers everything. No? Hmmm... let's try again...

The Old World, where much of WFRP takes place, is among the greatest of campaign settings. Warpstone attempts to bring it ever more alive by looking at interesting ideas in detail. Here we bring you some in-depth examinations of various religious military orders, a look at diseases (and a history of medicine in the Old World), and even hints for your players in case one of the diseases rots a leg off. The Guide to Marienburg was designed to accompany the Hogshead book *Marienburg: Sold Down the River*, and gives players a flavour of the city.

Templars 12
Fiery Hearts, White Wolves, Blazing Suns, Order of the Shield, Templars of Manann & more...

Low-Life on the Highway 40
Some ideas for encounters on the road in The Old World. A smaller version of the original article.

Disease in the Warhammer World 46
Is that sniffle a cold or something much, much worse. A smaller version of the original article.

Player's Guide to Marienburg 55
Designed to introduce players to Marienburg. Was originally designed as a pullout but we couldn't do that here. Thus the cover is shown last.

Prosthetics in The Old World 59
All those nasty criticals that result in limb departure needed a solution.

Mankind's Last Best Chance 63
A defence of Witch-hunters and why they aren't all bad. Includes details of their organisation.

Fiction

Short stories are a regular part of Warpstone. Sometimes they serve as an introduction to the world; sometimes they give a new perspective upon it. Although nominally being fantasy fiction (and the story here is probably the most 'fantasy' that we've printed), many of the stories look at the world of WFRP, not its heroes.

The Final Adventure 67
Chaos Cultists, moaning adventurers and a dying letter.

Scenarios

I don't think there is such a thing as an 'average' Warpstone scenario. We have deliberately steered away (although not entirely) from using Chaos. The Old World has far more to offer than just hunt-the-cultists plots. For reasons of space, Corrupting Influence doesn't contain the scenario *Once Upon a Time in Marienburg* from issue nine. Probably the scenario I'd consider to be among the best from these issues, and I hope we can include it in a future release. The one I like least - One Hour (to) Mórr - is here, though. Why? Because it came top in our readers poll. Which just goes to show how much I know!

A Hundred Years of Trade 72
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Some brief encounters or scenario hooks, essential for GMs caught on the hop, so to speak.

The Eternal Guard 82
Dark things that go bump in the night. A new terror haunts the streets.

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Dark things that go bump in the night II. Only an hour to save their precious hides.

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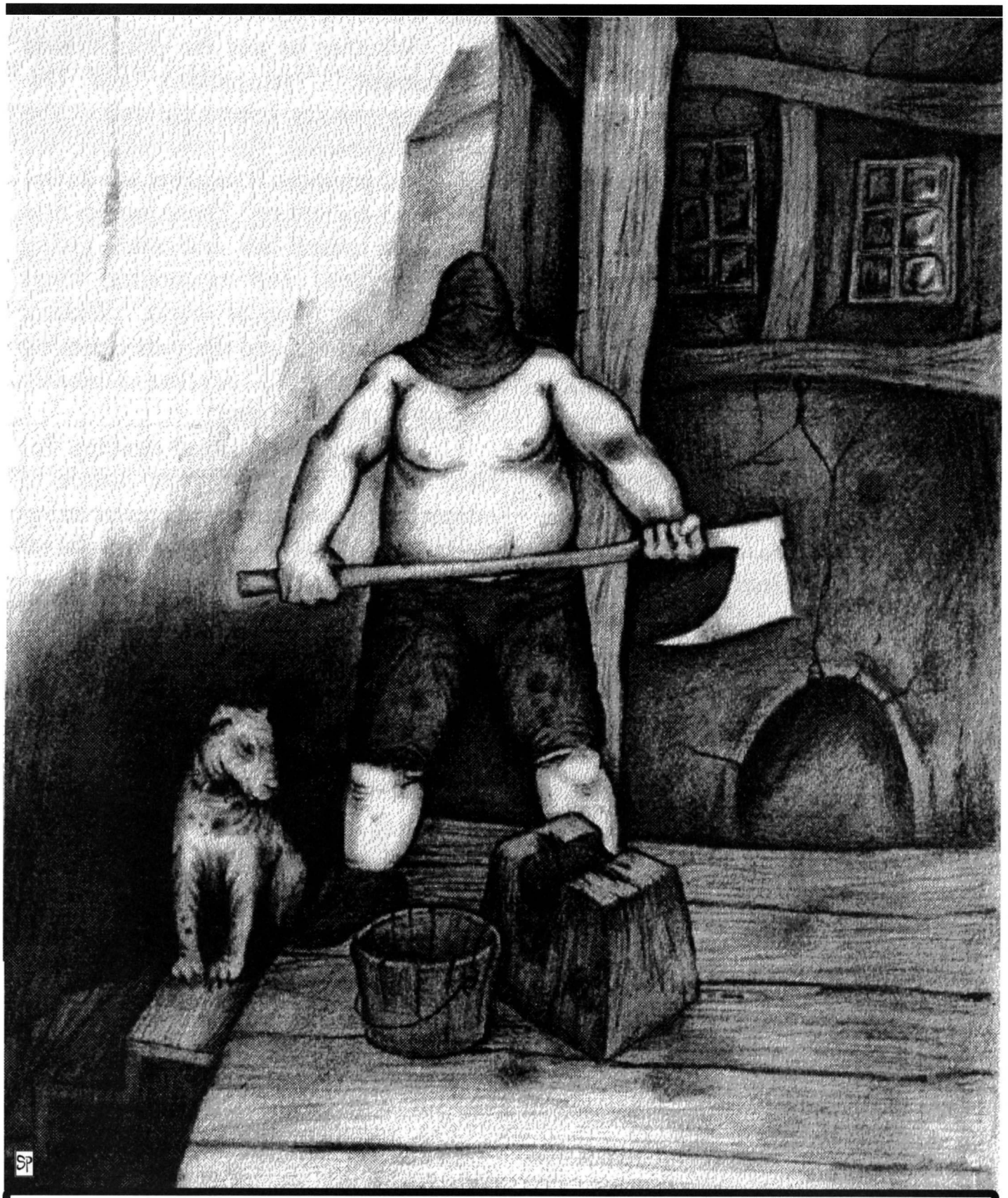
Greed, ambition and violence. With the PCs in the middle of course.

Missing Children of Regensdorf 105
Something strange is going on in the village of Regensdorf.

A Buried Past 119
Can you leave your past behind? Depends who you have upset.

Miscellany

No matter how many sections we had, there would always be something that just wouldn't fit neatly into any of the categories. This is where we've put all those awkward but essential bits. Included here are player handouts, and an index to Warpstone articles.



CHAPTER ONE
PLAYING THE GAME

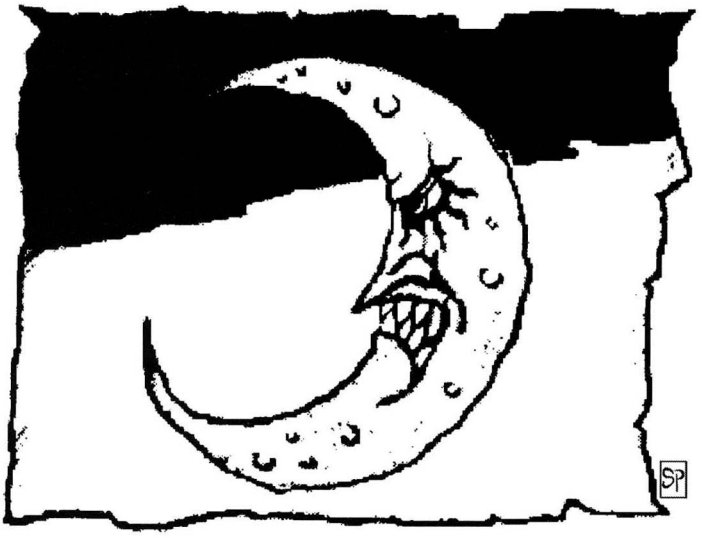
FIGHTING CHAOS: WHY BOTHER?

by Timothy Eccles

The purpose of the article is to question the rationale behind what I have always taken as the fundamental concept of Warhammer. In WFRP, the aim for PCs is to save the world from the insidious spread of Chaos – this is an idea that the rulebook states and published scenarios develop. More specifically, PCs are to fight the insidious infiltration of chaos within The Empire and other nations of the Old World. In doing this, WFRP is clearly different from the mass battle rules also set in the Warhammer World. In the battle rules, chaos armies are simply another set of figures to collect, another army to command. Chaos has an equal chance as any other force, assuming the game is balanced right. In WFRP, it is clear which side players are on, and so they should have a better than average chance if the game is to be playable. And yet, in WFRP, neither the PCs, nor the forces ranged against Chaos - those of Law, and of civilisation generally - stand a chance. Chaos is simply an invincible presence surrounding the bastions of society, so powerful that it could simply bulldoze its way across the world, regardless of servants working as a fifth column within those nations.

The Strength of Chaos

Now, do not get me wrong; I love the chaos-infested Old World. My point is that the WFRP environment is all about secret corruption and the enemy within. Chaos should be a murky unknown, a nightmare of the dark or a huddled tale told over a very bright fire in hushed tones. Too often this does not happen. The forces of Chaos are perfect examples of power gaming gone mad. The most blatant example of this in my games was when my party, having completed all the published adventures (and many others), went off to Kislev to encounter *Something Rotten In Kislev*. There we met Granax and his Bloodletter of Khorne, who was armed with a hellblade doing 3d6 damage. Three years of role-play were demolished in 5 minutes. Both GM and players were experienced, but weren't ready for such high fantasy in WFRP. No one was to blame for playing this scenario as was printed; it is clearly a problem with the game, not the players. I realise that Kislev is meant to be on the border of the Wastes and is not for the weak, but I mean - chaos armour (2 AP; no encumbrance), magic resistance, strength + 3 (yes, THREE), sword kills spellcaster automatically on a hit (and he hits 60% of the time), 4d6 damage from the sword and its poison. Our entire party, having completed the (then) entire campaign, had fewer items than Granax and his band.



But this perfectly illustrates the problem. Granax, in my view, is not what Chaos is about. Granax should be the ultimate in Chaos enemies, not the first of a string. Yet demons are increasingly common in WFRP material, perhaps influenced by Warhammer Fantasy Battle or high fantasy tendencies. If Granax and his kind were common, or at least as frequent as his sighting in *Something Rotten in Kislev* would imply, then why would Chaos need servants inside The Empire? Who within The Empire could stop even one from such a warband, never mind a dozen, or 50, or 100? The problem is thus twofold: the numbers of Chaos creatures, and their power. If Chaos is run as in *Realm of Chaos*, it gets its many boons and items on top of ordinary skills (yes, they also get dodge blow, strike mighty blow etc), that there really is no chance for the forces of 'Good'.

But it gets worse. PCs cannot use chaotic magical items. Even if PCs manage to overcome some of their enemies, they are unable to turn their armaments against them - a problem not shared by those chaotics who capture magic items.

And still there is more. Chaos itself is so easy to 'catch' - a disease, a questioning attitude, a desire for enjoyment - that the Old World cannot survive. We all become chaotics. Catch a cold, and you have been Nurgle'd. Believe in a different set of (economic/ political/religious) views and you have been Tzeentch'd. Enjoy sex and you have been Slaanesh'd. Yes, I exaggerate, but not by much. The entire concept of the world is out of balance. It is now worse than AD&D, where at least (say) the Forgotten Realms books read as a passable fantasy world (until you realise that even the whores have to be level three fighters). The justification of continued survival – all those excuses about the Chaos forces being too busy fighting themselves to bother the mortals - just doesn't make sense.

What's more, facing this invincible juggernaut is a divided and scattered opposition. The forces of 'Good' are divided over religious, political and economic differences, to name but a few. Within a WFRPesque 'enemy within', this works perfectly - but when faced by the ravening hordes, it simply sets the seal on the doom that awaits...

The Solution

I am not sure that there is one. I admit that I am from the old school of wargaming. By that I mean that I have been brought up on Aragorn and Gandalf triumphing in *Lord of the Rings*, Lawful/Chaotic Good AD&D parties versus Chaotic Evil baddies, and playing *Runequest 2*, where the Lunars were portrayed as evil, rather than *Runequest 3*, where they are merely another culture with different gods and values. I like my games to have the beleaguered forces of good overcome evil. In WFRP, they are just beleaguered. That is not to say I don't like 'grey areas'; I love WFRP for that. Some of the merchants in *Shadows Over Bögenhafen* were stupid and greedy rather than evil, and the scenario was much more credible for it.

Fundamentally, I think that the mass battle rules (WFB) that are

inevitably linked to WFRP's setting have led the game astray. Chaos armies became popular, and thus were given increasingly more items, skills and power. Rather than being an abstract enemy, Chaos became a focus in itself. The only real way to restore game balance is to junk the WFB/Games Workshop setting and produce a second edition of WFRP with balance - and a stress on the 'enemy within' - in mind.

Until then, the only alternatives are to weaken Chaos, or strengthen Law. The first I think is difficult, because the game's ethos seems to have changed. The ad-hoc removal of hellblades etc would not work on its own, and demands more work by the individual GM in rewriting what is supposedly a consistent worldview. However, downgrading the powers of Chaos and making it harder to become tainted would be a good start. The newer Realms of Chaos, describing beastmen as the most numerous creatures in the world, is the perfect example of material to be avoided - but even the supposedly classic version is far more powerful than ordinary WFRP material.

The second option would need to be done carefully and consistently, and so would also need a new edition. I do think that the gods of Law need strengthening (and returning to 'Good'), new 'chaos-hunter' type career classes need to be created, specialist skills should be introduced and that Malal should be reintroduced as a god for those innocents unfairly infected and seeking revenge. In my game, I also have relics of the 'Good' gods (like Sigmar's hammer) that are focused upon the destruction of Chaos, but are otherwise weak (and thus don't unbalance the game). And now we have a new Emperor, perhaps we could even have some social justice to remove the need for the masses to seek solace in Chaos?

One point that has not occurred to me until recently is that this might be precisely the point of some games. The world is doomed, regardless of the PCs' actions. This is, of course, perfectly valid, but it wasn't how I understand WFRP, and it is not to my taste. I like my fantasy to have some hope of salvation (however remote). If I wanted to revel is existential angst and morbidity I could just carry on living in the real world.

Conclusion

WFRP is a brilliant system, although twenty years on, many of the rules do need tweaking. However, in my opinion, Chaos' relative dominance over the Old World is a weakness of the system. Chaos is literally everywhere, both inside and out of the "civilised" nations. Kill one group and there are two more. They are in government, in the forests, in the slums, in the guilds and on the rivers. Chaos is just too strong, and PCs might as well not bother trying to do anything about it.

TO FIGHT, OR NOT TO FIGHT?

That is the Question... by John Keane

How many times have you, as PCs, found yourselves in a situation where it seems that you have no options available to you except the good old trusty (or possibly rusty) sword? It doesn't sound familiar? Well, you're either very lucky, have an extremely short term memory, or you're the GM. If you happen to be the latter then show us some mercy, please!

It must be said that this situation doesn't necessarily come from sadistic GMing. It often crops up as part of a pre-written "official" publication. One recent occurrences of this was as follows. We, the PCs, were desperately trying to save the world (again!), and had unwisely (in retrospect) deemed to stop at an Inn before the onset of the rapidly approaching night. We thought it would be safer to be inside in the warmth and hospitality of this small town Inn, than outside in the beastman-infested woods. In reality it was about as safe as inviting a Troll to your birthday party and then running out of cake. It should be noted at this juncture we had in our possession an artefact that didn't strictly belong to us – but it was imperative for the completion of the mission and had been given to us willingly and without duress by its rightful owner.

Upon entering the establishment and obtaining a room and some strawberry comestibles, we set ourselves down at a table near a worldly looking stranger. We soon discovered that he was in fact the Captain of the Watch for the town and an ex-adventurer. We chatted away with him quite happily in the sublime knowledge that we were not "wanted" men/women at this precise time in our careers. As the night continued the aforementioned artefact disastrously came into the possession of the Captain (through no fault of the PCs, and that's the honest truth) and at this point our dilemma reared its ugly head (as did the rest of the Watch). The Captain accused us of stealing the artefact and threatened to arrest us. What should we do? The fate of the world rested on our possession of that artefact.

I'm sure that this situation, in different guises, can be recognised by all. So, what do you do? Are there any alternatives to the wholesale butchering of these poor, honest folk who are just trying their best to uphold law and order?

It's Good to Talk

The truth is out there: And it will probably sound like it - way out there! The truth is good, the truth is honest, but let's face it, the truth sucks. Just imagine if a group of odd-looking people told you they were mankind's only hope against the resurrection of some long forgotten evil. You'd probably lock them up in a padded cell and throw away the key. This is exactly what the Watch will do. First they'd lock you up for a night or two and then it'd be a one-way ticket to the Nut House. The only possible good point is that you may have a chance to escape from jail or whilst in transit. However, this will delay your mission and may result in the loss of equipment.

The lying game: Make up some wild story like, "we're mankind's only hope against the resurrection of some long forgotten evil...", but remember not to go too over the top. Making up a convincing story on the spot is an essential art for most role-players, but no matter how convincing it is they probably won't believe you. Even if they do, chances are they'll still want to detain you until they can verify it. Either way you're screwed.

Call my bluff: This needs to be done without flinching and with plenty of bravado. Like the lying game, the story is a complete fabrication and can easily be exposed. If you try the old "you're

completely surrounded!" routine, be prepared to have them check out the story and arrest you anyway. A good one to try (or maybe not) is convincing them that they've confiscated a powerful chaos item that, if handled incorrectly (which it currently is), infects the individual. This in itself can develop into an interesting situation where you get arrested and executed as chaos worshippers, or the rest of the Watch/townsfolk turn against their Watch Captain, convinced by your argument. Unfortunately this may have repercussions later in your campaign when a Witch Hunter tracks you down and dispatches his usual brand of summary justice...

It's a Fair Cop

Mercy be thy name: Throw yourself onto the mercy of the Watch and beg for forgiveness. You never know, it might work! However, this is the most likely one to fail unless you have an extremely generous GM. (If you do have such a GM, though, you probably won't be in such a situation in the first place...) If you try this one, be prepared to be incarcerated for quite some time (if you're lucky!).

The 5th Amendment: Say nothing. If you don't say anything then it can't be used against you at some later stage, such as your trial. This will give you some time to concoct a real whopper of a story or, may give you the chance of a jail break. Who knows - maybe you'll even be thrown a future plot line whilst in the midst of the legal process. One thing is certain, though: your mission will suffer delays.

Run Away, Run Away!

The Goodyear Blimp: The idea here is to distract everyone long enough for you to make a hasty retreat. Most often used when any or all of the above ploys have failed. Distractions may be verbal, such as, "by the light of Shallya what's that big ugly monster outside the window which is fascinating to look at!" or it could be physical, such as, "whoops, I've dropped my lantern onto a keg of gunpowder!" The verbal approach usually gives a much shorter window of opportunity to escape unless you have confused them so much that they no longer understand the difference between standing still and running away at break-neck speed. The physical Blimp can give more time, but if you've burnt down the town's favourite/only tavern and then get caught, you may be invited to a lynching (and no, that's not the meal between breakfast and dinner).

Sacrifice a Pawn: (Or preferably a raving mad Troll Slayer.) If you decide on this rather extreme solution you'll need to take a few things into consideration. Is the candidate willing? If he/she is a Dwarven Troll Slayer, suffering from Heroic Idiocy or some such, then the answer is probably 'Yes'. Will the candidate survive long enough to cover your escape? With a Dwarf you're probably all right, but maybe you should think twice if it's a Halfling. Do they have anything on them that you want? The most important thing to consider (other than 'Do they have any magic items or gold?') is that if they're caught they might talk. There's not much point escaping if your ex-companion tells them where to find you!

Once More into the Breach Dear Friends

Passive Combat: Just because you're forced into a position where you have to fight, it doesn't mean that you have to kill anyone. To disobey the law is one thing but to kill it is quite another. If you fight using stunning and knock-out tactics and are arrested it will be significantly easier for you than if anyone was killed. This tactic is harder to achieve than the straight Hack'n'Slay option below as not everyone may be acquainted with the *Strike to Stun* skill, and even if they are, it's not that easy to knock out an opponent. Another version of this is a defensive retreat where you try and parry your way to freedom.

Hack'n'Slay: Sadly, this has got to be the most widely used of all the options. Whether you've tried any of the passive options or not makes no difference – once you've started, someone's likely to die. The sad thing is, although this can be a last resort – to be tried when one or more of the above options have failed – it's more often used as the default. If captured, the full weight of the law will be brought to bear on you. If there was minimal loss of life the sentence may be a lifetime's incarceration, but if the death count was high, execution is probably on the cards. Evading capture or jail break will only prolong the inevitable as your descriptions are circulated throughout the Empire and the vulture-like Bounty Hunters hunt you down like the dogs you probably are.

The final option seeks to redress this problem, and if carried out carefully will leave no threat of retribution.

Genocide: This is the ultimate form of hypocrisy, where the perpetrators will probably cite the immortal words, "The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few!" just before they begin carving the inhabitants of the pub/inn/town into little bite sized bits. The idea behind this tactic is if you're going to save the world, a few people have to die along the way. (Natural selection, or something!) Another consideration is that in case the world needs saving again some day, you'd better destroy any possible evidence/ witnesses so that you're still around to save it! This tactic is often chosen automatically after developing Post Dramatic Stress Disorder. The warning signs are clear: An unnatural affinity with your dice, inability to keep a readable Character Sheet and finally a total lack of comprehensible speech, other than "kill!", "maim!", or "how about a nice orc complex!" If this is the category where your group has found its niche, then all I can say is: "Sorry GM, give 'em hell. They deserve it!"

VOLATILE MAGICK

By Paul Slevin & Paul White

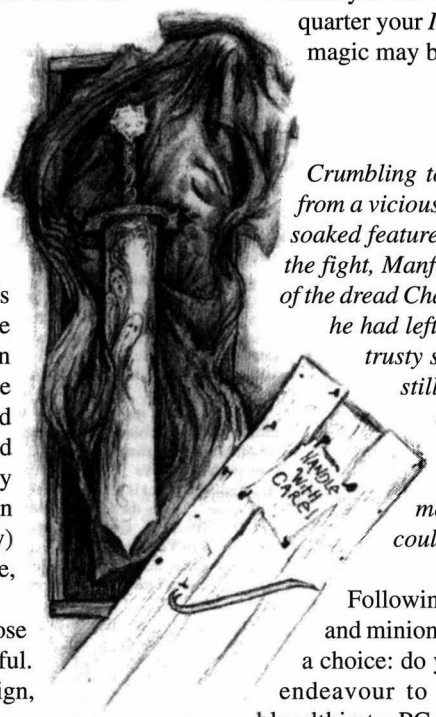
Many opinions have been voiced that suggest you *shouldn't* use magic weapons in your games, but there are times when they are a good thing. Magic weapons can be a godsend to a group of PCs facing incalculable (unless you have *supernumerate*!) odds, or if you are up against Undead or Demons. But they can also be not just a thorn but a spear, in the GM's side. Ideally, the players should only be able to use a magic weapon when they really need to. But that's not going to happen, is it...?

The solution is to give the PCs one or two magical weapons with nasty side effects. Just think *Elric*, and you get the idea. These weapons may get them out of a jam, but at great risk – and there's always a price to pay. The magic sword I gave my players has ended up being absolutely feared for its side effects, but has saved their lives on many occasions. Here are a few ideas for the sorts of things you could use in your campaigns.

Swords of a Thousand Men

"To put one's faith in Magic is to put one's faith in Chaos"

Solkan Priest



Chaos Sword

This sword is in fact possessed! Whenever a player holds it, they must make a *Willpower* test. If they fail, they are temporarily controlled by whatever it is that is lurking in the sword. Let them continue to act as normal, but at the GM's behest they must attack other PCs or NPCs – and they will always attack anyone who tries to take the sword from them. If the holder is separated from the sword by more than 5ft, then the control is broken, but they gain an insanity point and lose 2D6 from *Willpower* (permanently) as a side effect. In addition, the sword contains Warpstone, and if a Witch-Hunter sees it...

The sword could have several abilities (try some of those from *Realms of Chaos*) and should be moderately powerful. I used the *Animated* power for such a sword in my campaign, which allows it to move and attack on its own.

Charged Sword

This type of sword requires something to charge it to make it magical. When it is charged, it remains magical for a set time. Ideally this should be around ten minutes - enough time for a fight. Whatever charges it should be either hard to come by or else costly to the players. This could include a permanent loss in *Strength*, *Toughness* or *Movement*, or temporary loss of *Wounds* or *Magic Points*. Hard to come by items could include a freshly killed Elf corpse, a piece of magic armour, or the like.

Cursed Sword

Swords like this are *very* dangerous to all involved. They may have moderate power, such as giving +20 **WS**, +2 damage, or the like. The problem is that whoever wields it will be unable to use any other weapon, or let anyone else use it. There will also be some nasty side effects, such as mental disorders or physical deformities (whether cosmetic – with **Fel** modifiers – or disabling). These swords also make the players paranoid about picking up *any* new sword, since it too could have horrendous side effects...

Hopefully, these ideas will redress the magical balance. Is it really worth risking mind and body, or should the PCs just run away? You've lost your weapon and just found a new one, but should you pick it up, risking being cursed, or should you put up with the small disadvantage of being unarmed? Try putting a few cursed swords in, with an easy means of ridding your players of them (which they will be unable to replicate), and then start watching them sweat at the sight of every magical sword to come their way!

And it needn't just be weapons; other magic items can be made like this too. Imagine a ring of *Toughess*+1, which gives you *Strength*-2 while you use it. Or what about "Boots of Speed", which quarter your *Initiative* through fatigue. Just remember, magic may be powerful, but it isn't necessarily safe.

A Double-Edged Sword

Crumbling to the floor from exhaustion, with blood from a vicious head wound streaking across his sweat-soaked features and muscles numb from the rigours of the fight, Manfred could just make out the prone figure of the dread Chaos Warrior. It had taken every last ounce he had left to cut her down, and he had broken his trusty sword in the process. And then, his mind still muggy from the countless blows he'd absorbed, a thought struggled through to the surface of his consciousness. That sword the warrior used; that was one mean sword. 'Just think of the damage I could do with a sword like that...'

Following a tumultuous battle with a Champion and minions of Khorne, the PCs are confronted with a choice: do you take up a chaos-tainted weapon and endeavour to use it to your own ends? For most bloodthirsty PCs, there would hardly be a moment's hesitation. This presents the GM with an ideal opportunity to test just how far the average power-hungry gamer is prepared to go in search of the ultimate weapon.

Make the sword, or whatever weapon you choose, as appealing as possible, emphasising its unnaturally sharp blade and the hot pain it caused as it sliced through the characters' armour and into soft flesh. Bonuses of +20 to *Weapon Skill* and +2 to damage, and the property of *Destroy Magical Weapon*, are not unreasonable. But that's where the good news ends. Essentially, the weapon should exert an ever-increasing influence over the PC. Bearing in mind that it has been enchanted by the Chaos Power Khorne, it will have its own very definite agenda (i.e. wholesale slaughter) and will be intent on using the PC to accomplish it.

Exactly how you incorporate this ongoing storyline into your campaign will depend on your players' reactions. If they fail to see the dangers and persist in using the weapon, they should experience nightmares of growing frequency and intensity, a gradual erosion of sanity and a loss of humanity, perhaps even temporary loss of control

as the weapon goes on a killing spree of its own. This would only happen in the latter stages, though, as the sword becomes an integrated part of their body and psyche – by which point, it will be *very* hard for them to give it up. Ultimately, they will be confronted by a vision of Khorne in all his glory and forced to battle for their sorry soul…

Of course, any player with an ounce of sense would dump the cursed blade after the first couple of nightmares, so you need to give them a few compelling reasons for wanting to keep it. Make the dreams ambiguous to begin with, perhaps re-living previous battles in gory detail, or being stalked by a faceless shadow. Increased strength and combat abilities are always welcomed by bloodthirsty PCs, and in the latter stages you could even throw in an appropriate chaos gift or two, such as Blood Rage or grafting of the weapon onto the PC's arm itself! And if you time the nightmares and visitations well, they probably won't even realise they are connected with their possession of the sword – until it's too late! To further complicate the issue, you might like the followers of Khorne to take an active interest in the party, both while they have the weapon and even after they get rid of it. Somehow I doubt the Blood God likes his 'gifts' being refused.

The purpose of this storyline is to get the players thinking about the nature of the power they wield, and force them to question their own motivations in acquiring powerful magic. It also underlines the dangers of exposing yourself to the subtle workings of chaos, where everything has its price.

Of course, this sort of thing should not be seen as an everyday occurrence, even in the Warhammer world. And it should develop gradually; each nightmare, each subtle change in psychology or physique, separated by days or even weeks of game time, to enhance the effect and also disguise the true source of the nightmares. Run this sub-plot alongside your main campaign storyline, returning to it whenever the player starts to get overconfident or boastful about their new-found power. Reveal the weapon's hidden powers one by one, and remember that whenever you give with one hand, you should take away in larger quantities with the other. Make the player increasingly aware of the sacrifices they are having to make to gain their power, and let them slowly come to realise the fact that they are losing control over their character. And if, after all that, they still want to keep the weapon, you have a ready-made Champion of Khorne with which to plague the rest of the party for many sessions to come.

"What, you didn't honestly think I'd let you keep the thing, did you?"

THE SECRETS OF THE WARHAMMER ARTISTS

by Graeme Davis

Humour is as much a part of Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay as horror, and although in retrospect this may seem like a truly inspired design decision, I can now reveal that it was mostly the inevitable result of putting together a group of people who were all highly creative but who possessed appalling senses of humour. Many readers, I'm sure, will have noticed the bound collection of *Playboy* on the alchemist's bookshelf, but there's a lot more you don't know. So here, just for fun, is a quick guide to the hidden gags you'll find in WFRP artwork. At least, to all the ones I know about - there could well be more...

By the way, you'll notice that I avoid using page numbers for the most part. This is because there have been quite a few re-printings and compilations, especially of the early *Enemy Within* adventures, and I didn't want to cause confusion. Besides, you wouldn't want me to make things too easy for you, now, would you?

THE WFRP RULEBOOK

GW Notables

Starting with John Sibbick's cover illustration, the warrior in black armour has the face of Bryan Ansell, who owned GW until a few years ago. The magician looks a little like him, too. On the back cover, the head impaled upon the goblin's banner is a self-portrait of John Sibbick himself.

The career illustrations, by Tony Ackland, feature the likenesses of several Games Workshop notables, not always in the most flattering light! The Bawd is a portrait of Richard Halliwell, who was known for his spectacularly messy private life. The sign over the door in this picture reads "Ye Olde Den of Iniquity".

The Beggar has the face of John Blanche. There was occasional friction between John and Tony, since they had pretty much an opposite approach to art, life and everything else. The illustration for the *megalomania* disorder also bears a certain resemblance to John, probably because of some piece of office politics at the time.

The scribe is Rick Priestley, who wrote the first draft of WFRP, as well as doing done most of the writing on the Warhammer miniatures games. Inscribed on the side of his desk is "Rank Xerox", which was the brand of typesetter GW used at the time.

The Charlatan is Bryan Ansell again. The paper he is holding is "The All-Purpose Unsolicited Testimonial" - obviously from a satisfied customer!

The Cleric is Richard Ellard, who was the manager of the GW Design Studio, and is now in charge of GW US. The holy symbol hanging on his chest incorporates the Volkswagen logo in tribute to his beloved (and far too fast) car of the time.

The Illusionist in the magic chapter is based on Steve Jackson, who co-founded Games Workshop and co-wrote the Fighting Fantasy gamebook series.

There are a couple of other hidden celebrities, too. The Bounty Hunter looks a little like Clint Eastwood's "Man With No Name" character from the Sergio Leone westerns, and the Tomb Robber (who also appears in the illustration for the Spot Traps skill) looks something like Indiana Jones. And if you have the original GW hardbound edition, take a look at the colour plate opposite page 241 - "Evil Races" by Bob Naismith. You'll find the ghoul bears a distinct resemblance to Margaret Thatcher. Well, despite her many years in office, she was the most unpopular Prime Minister in British History...

Arcane Writings

Whenever you see a book, a scroll or an inscription in a WFRP

illustration, pause for a moment and take a good look. It's amazing what you'll find. The character being shadowed by the Bogartesque detective in the skill section is going through a doorway marked "House of Ill Repute".

The alchemist in the advanced careers section has a number of interesting books on his shelf, beside the bound collection of Playboy I already mentioned: "The Electron Microscope", "A Quick Guide to Quantum Physics", "Do-it-Yourself Nuclear Fission", "Organic Polymer Chemistry", and "How to Blow Up..." (we'll never know what, since his head is in the way). The lawyer in the same section has a book under his arm that will no doubt prove invaluable - its called "101 Easy Ways to Pervert Justice".

The books for the wizards in the advanced careers section are somewhat more basic - "Magics" and "Book of Base Metals". However, the wizard at the start of the Magic chapter has a more advanced library, including the "Necronomicon" and the "Book of Eibon". No wonder WFRP is often compared to Call of Cthulhu!

Dave Andrews' magician in the section on grimoires also has some fairly standard-looking magical books: "1001 Spells", the "Book of Base Metal" again, "Arcane Magic, Vol III", and the ever-popular "Total Mayhem and Destruction". But look closer - you can just make out the first couple of lines of the parchment at the bottom right of the picture: "Once upon a time, there were three bears..."

WFRP SUPPLEMENTS

Death on the Reik

Martin McKenna is another artist who likes to put familiar faces into his illustrations, and you can tell he's a fan of old movies. For example, the cultists pictured alongside the generic cultist stats at the start of the adventure are clearly Peter Lorre and Vincent Price, and the determined-looking lady holding the lantern in the section about the Dwarf town is none other than Greta Garbo, in her role as Queen Christina.

The racketeer Luigi Belladonna has a passing resemblance to Marlon Brando in "The Godfather", too. Especially about the cheeks.

Corrobreth the druid is a little more modern - he's based on Ian McShane, best known these days as the roguish antique dealer Lovejoy on British TV.

Herbert Marcuse the Innkeeper looks suspiciously like Stanley Holloway, who played Eliza Doolittle's father in the film, "My Fair Lady".

Kurt Kutzmann is based on Steve "Bil" Sedgewick, who was a graphic designer at GW at the time, and is also the creator of the Gobblebdigook cartoon strip, which ran for several years in *White Dwarf*.

...and Kurt von Wittgenstein is Charles "Chaz" Elliot, who was also a graphic designer at Games Workshop at that time, and is now a very senior member of Wizards of the Coast UK. Which either says something about Chaz or something about *Wizards of the Coast...*

No prizes for guessing who Graf Orlok in *River Life of the Empire* is based on!

Warhammer City

Martin McKenna strikes again. In the encounters section, the Bunko Artist is Paul Daniels, a popular stage magician on British TV at the time, and the Racketeer is based on Gareth Hale, half of the TV comedy duo Hale and Pace who were renowned for their tuxedo-clad thug characters Ron and Ron.

But Tony Ackland is not to be outdone. The cultists of the Jade Sceptre include Rick Priestley and Sid, who was a Citadel figure painter at the time. Sid, an outlaw biker through and through, was not too pleased with, shall we say, the ambiguity of this portrait.

Martin McKenna's picture of Gotthard Goebbels (also in *Power Behind the Throne*) was based on Paul Cockburn, one-time editor of *White Dwarf*.

Something Rotten in Kislev

Another Martin McKenna quip, but this time at the behest of Ken Rolston: the characters of Krogar and Dolgan Jim are based, respectively, on *White Dwarf* comic character Thrud the Barbarian and the strip's creator, Carl Critchlow.

Character Pack 2nd Edition: The Graf Manfred

This contains an obscure one from Tony. In the group scene of the street brats, there's a piece of graffiti on the wall at the lower right of the picture. It reads, "Katzen-jammer who?" - a reference to the vintage American comic strip, "The Katzenjammer Kids".

Lichemaster

The picture on page 40 is re-used from the WFRP rulebook, but is not so closely cropped, so a little more is showing: enough to read the inscription "Nuclear-Free Zone" on the bottom of the tombstone at the lower left of the picture.

The character of Cecil de Vere Cholmondely is based on English character actor Terry Thomas, who was well known for playing upper-class cads, bounders and con-men in the 1950s and 1960s.

Doomstones: Fire in the Mountains

This doesn't really count as a joke, I suppose, but take a look at the picture of the Elves in the section "The Twisted Lands" and see how many rabbits and squirrels you can find.

Doomstones: Dwarf Wars

Another obscure one from Tony. The Dwarfen robot is based on one from the old Republic Pictures adventure serials. If you look at its chest very closely, you may be able to make out the figure of an eagle (the symbol of Republic Pictures) and the words "Republic Pictures" in runes.

Death's Dark Shadow

The street scene (by Steve Tappin, I think, although he's not credited) is reproduced from Warhammer City, and like the graveyard scene in *Lichemaster*, a little more is visible here - for instance, the tavern sign at the far right, reading "Wuthering Heights".

Warhammer Companion

In a picture by (I think) Kevin Walker in the adventure *With a Little Help from my Friends*, the kidnapped child is holding a soft toy which looks remarkably like Snoopy, from the "Peanuts" cartoon strip.

In "180!", the Tony Ackland picture from *Fire in the Mountains* is reprinted. It's a little darker, so you may have more luck spotting the wildlife.

So - there you are. I hope you found at least a couple of things that you hadn't seen before, and were amused in the process. If you enjoyed this, look out for the "Secrets of the Warhammer Writers" which appeared in Warpstone 14 & 15. It explains some of the gags hidden in the ridiculous German names, and a few NPCs and plot elements that tell you more than you need to know about life at Games Workshop in the late 80s!

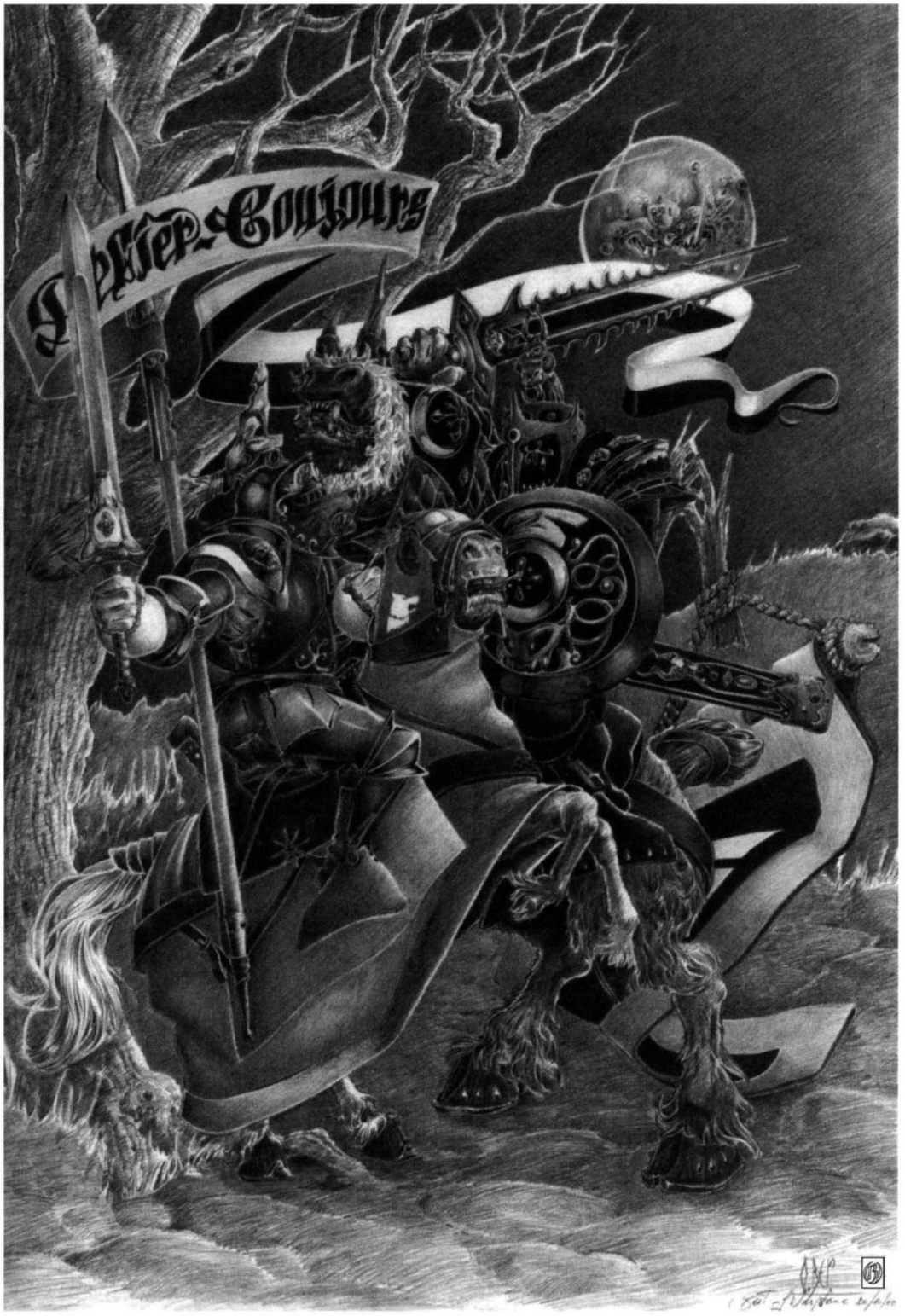
CHAPTER TWO
THE OLD WORLD

HOLY KNIGHTS, PAGAN DAYS
Knights Templar in The Old World

Fiery Heart, White Wolves & Myrmidian Orders by Peter Huntington with Additional Material by John Foody, Templars of Manann by Anthony Ragan, Other Cults by Tim Eccles & John Foody, New Skills by Tim Eccles

Most WFRP players have some idea of what a Templar is, even if just a shortcut to a neat set of skills and advances. Some of you might even be thinking, "Ah, mediaeval crusader turned Rosicrusian turned Freemason" (or any other secret society you care to mention). In this series of articles we are going to try and explain what a Templar really was, what they were about, and then suggest how they could be integrated into your game for various Old World religions. Templars were (and are in WFRP) the avenging sword-arm of a religion – and if that doesn't make for some blood'n'guts fun, nothing will.

Much of the Real World 'history' about Templars is, in reality, unsubstantiated speculation, and you could argue about what is or isn't true until the cows come home. The first part of the article is just to report on the 'official' story, so if there's something about it you want to argue with, at least it won't be my problem...



THE REAL TEMPLARS

The Founding of the Templars

Jerusalem, 1118 A.D. - Godfroi de Bouillion had seized the Holy City during the first Crusade, but now his brother, Baudoin, was king. It was he whom the French nobleman Hugues de Payen and eight friends approached, asking to form a knightly order that, "as far as their strength permitted, they should keep the roads and highways safe – with especial regard for the protection of pilgrims." They took the name, "The Order of The Poor Knights of Christ and The Temple

of Solomon", and in spite of the daunting size of this self-imposed task, they recruited no help for nine years.

When the nine returned to Europe in 1127, their fame and reputation had spread far and wide. The Pope officially recognised the order, and for the next two decades they expanded on an extraordinary scale. Younger sons of noble families flocked from across Europe to enrol, bringing with them huge donations.

Upon joining, knights took a vow of poverty, handing over their property and wealth to the order. This, coupled with the fact the order never refused gifts, meant it was soon richer than most nations, and better equipped too; it had its own navy, surgeons and priests. No European monarch would even consider going on a crusade without their support. However, the Templars answered to no monarch, only the Pope.

Crusader!

In the Holy Land, the order gained a fearsome reputation, becoming the archetypal crusader. Upon entry into the order, a knight not only took a vow of poverty, but also of chastity and obedience, shaving their heads and growing beards. They were seen as fierce, fanatical warrior monks; knight mystics distinctively clad in a white mantle or surcoat with a splayed red cross over their hearts. They were the storm troopers of the Holy Land. They fought to the death, never retreated unless outnumbered at least three to one, never asked mercy if captured, and knew that none - up to and including the Grandmasters - would ever be ransomed by the order.

Over the next one hundred and eighty years the Templars' flourished and the order grew wealthier and more powerful, although they did make a few mistakes as they went. In 1153, as a Christian army was laying siege to Ascalon, the Templars forced a breach in the city walls. Through this the Grandmaster of the Order entered with a party of forty knights. He ordered his remaining knights to defend the breach in the wall against the other Christian soldiers who would try to enter, intending that the capture of Ascalon would be a victory purely for the Order. At first, the Muslim defenders fell back, daunted by the Templars' reputations - but when they realised there were only forty men, they made short work of them.

This story shows the sort of mentality it took to make a Templar. Supremely disciplined, yet prone to incredible arrogance, they are prepared to fight and die (and slaughter as many heathens as possible) in the name of their religion.

The Fall

For the Templars, though, the end was near. In 1306, Philippe IV of France, jealous and afraid, decided to rid his lands of the Templars and seize their wealth. To do this, Philippe had to enlist the help of a Pope (there were three at this time), as only a Pope could order their dissolution. Between 1303 and 1305, Philippe had one or possibly two Popes killed, and one of his own candidates elected to the position. The new Pope, Clement V, was greatly indebted to Philippe and could hardly refuse his demands, including the suppression of the Templars.

Philippe planned his moves with a secrecy any secret service would have been proud of. Sealed orders were dispatched across the country, to be opened and acted upon at exactly the same time. At dawn on Friday, October 13th 1307, all Templars were to be arrested and their wealth seized by the king's men. However, despite his best efforts, word seemed to reach the Templars, who were able to hide their wealth where Philippe would never find it. Many Knights were captured and charged with crimes against the Church, including Heresy and the worship of idols. Those that did not confess and repent were tortured and executed.

Although Philippe tried to get other monarchs to join his cause, none matched his zeal. In France at least, the Templar's fate was sealed – Philippe harried and persecuted them without mercy. In 1312, bowing to pressure from Philippe, the Pope officially dissolved the order, and in 1314, the last official Grandmaster of the order, Jacques de Molay, was burned at the stake.

Considering the large number of Knights that escaped arrest, both in France and abroad, the order did not cease to exist. It went underground, only to surface in legend and rumour time and again throughout the coming centuries. Some maintain that it still exists.

PLAYING A TEMPLAR IN WFRP

How can you realistically play a character like this? And will they survive more than ten minutes?

A player wanting to become a Templar ought to be able to justify this choice, be it as penance for some crime or as a 'divine calling'. They should be familiar with the religion (rather than the advance scheme) – the GM could even insist on them serving as an initiate first. Acceptance into the order will involve the character swearing to serve the god for a fixed period, usually until they die. From then on, the character's first loyalty must be to the order, to their new brothers and their religion. They will be expected to hand over all worldly possessions, to obey cult strictures, and often to complete some task or trial set by the Grandmaster or clerics.

All this will make it necessary to have a large stock of plot devices if the player wants to continue 'adventuring'. More appropriate are adventures involving obligations such as ceremonial rites, acting as an honour guard, or joining military campaigns. Since Templar detachments are highly regarded for their professionalism, every warring Prince or Baron will seek to win their support with a suitably sized donation to the order's coffers.

Rivalry between orders is legendary, with the Sigmarite and Ulrican disputes being the most famous. While orders are not currently openly hostile, there have been many wars over the last thousand years, taking the field simply as an excuse to fight each other. However, despite this antagonism, threats to The Empire always unite them against the common foe.

On the battlefield few sights are more awe inspiring then watching a Templar charge. Whilst it's unlikely a GM would ever have to referee this, it could be included in a narrative to add atmosphere to a dramatic battle. They will draw up opposite the most dangerous opponent on the field (unless tactics dictate otherwise) in silence – only the commands of their officers and the blessings of their clerics will be audible. Then, when the order is given, the company will charge, falling on their enemies like a spiked wall of polished steel. This sight alone is enough to cause most foes to break, but if combat is joined, the Templars will not willingly withdraw unless ordered to do so. It is said that anybody witnessing a Templar charge will never forget it, and a well-timed charge can easily turn a battle.

Templar Orders in The Old World

Many religions have followers willing to defend them, but few have enough ardent enough to form an order of any size. Typically, only the warrior gods can muster enough men and clerics, and for the Old World, this means Sigmar, patron deity of The Empire, Ulric, god of battle, wolves and winter, and Myrmidia, goddess of war. The largest, oldest, strictest regulated and most easily recognised force is the Order of the Knights of Sigmar. Many of the other cults do have smaller, more specialised Templar Orders and we will look at them as well, in particular the Templars of Manann.

THE ORDER OF THE HOLY KNIGHTS OF SIGMAR

Helrick's Vision

In 666 IC (Imperial calendar), Emperor Otto von Dassbutt II signed the Royal Charter and proclamation (see Panel) which effectively bought the Templars of Sigmar into being. At this time, the cult of Sigmar was still relatively young, still at the stage when its structure was fluid, with many Holy Men vying for the position of Grand Theogonist. The clerical orders of The Silver Hammer, The Torch and The Anvil (The Enemy Within, pg. 19) were still in their infancy after years of being just one central order.

Despite this lack of firm organisation, many felt drawn to this new religion, especially warriors who felt a great affinity with Sigmar's ideals. In the year 656 IC, according to the order's own history scrolls, Helrick Frisk, a young warrior from the Imperial bodyguard, first approached the Grand Theogonist. He claimed that he had received a vision from Sigmar himself. At first, the Grand Theogonist refused to see the young warrior. (He was, after all, a busy man with a religion to run, and didn't have time to see every wandering priest or mystic who came to him.) However, Frisk was determined. With the courage of his convictions, and as an excellent soldier and bodyguard, he had earned the ear of the Emperor, who agreed to request the meeting on his behalf. Eventually, the Grand Theogonist gave him the hearing he desired.

Frisk told the Grand Theogonist of his vision, and how Sigmar had commanded him to "gather about you like-minded men, and fashion them into a force to protect my empire. Become my hammer, and deliver crushing blows onto all mine enemies. Blows from which they will never recover. Choose men of iron will, pure of heart, who will never turn from this worthy cause. Test them, bend them, fashion them. Only the weak will break. Do as I command."

The Grand Theogonist questioned and interrogated Frisk about the vision, trying to catch him out. After all, why would Sigmar bless an ordinary soldier with such a vision? Why not visit the Grand Theogonist himself? Envy aside, though, the Grand Theogonist recognised a good idea when he saw it. He knew it would be a good excuse to form an official guard devoted to protecting his position in these troubled political times.

The Founding of Sigmar's Templars

So it was that the Grand Theogonist announced that Frisk had indeed received a vision from Sigmar, and that a new religious fighting order was to be formed. Unfortunately for Frisk, he was to play only a small role in the Grand Theogonist's plans.

Initially, the fledgling force was little better than a band of mercenaries, lacking inspired leadership. The Grand Theogonist placed men he could trust in positions of rank, with Anton von Karroll as the first commander. Von Karroll was an officer and a noble who had served without any great distinction in the Imperial cavalry, but also happened to be the Grand Theogonist's cousin. After his military service, he had joined the cult of Sigmar, quickly rising through the ranks thanks to his family links. By giving him command of the order, the Grand Theogonist guaranteed his own control of the Templars. For the next ten years, the force claimed to act in the name of Sigmar, but did little more than implement the Grand Theogonist's will, seizing land from other religions and seeking out heretics (i.e. opponents of the Grand Theogonist).

Meanwhile, Frisk remained loyal to the order, occupying a position of low rank. He despaired of what his vision had become, fearing that he failed in his task. However, he and a few like-minded comrades had already begun to act out his vision, living a monastic lifestyle and devoting their time to martial training and the praise of Sigmar. The time was just not quite right for him to realise it.

Chaos Invades

In the spring of 666 IC chaos made one of its many probing incursions into the north of The Empire, through the wastelands surrounding what was to become, Kislev. The vast bulk of the imperial armies were away in the southeast fighting a large force of goblins and orcs knocking at the door of Black Fire Pass. This left the forces of Middenheim, Nordland and Ostland stretched to breaking point, and unable to send enough men to reinforce Wolfenburg.

The Emperor decided that he had little choice but to find more troops from somewhere. After conferring with his advisors, it was decided to raise and send a force of reserves and local militia to the north. To strengthen this force, The Warriors of Sigmar's Temple (as they had become known) would also go, although they were, as yet, an untried force – this would be their first open battle. At first the Grand Theogonist objected to the idea of risking his own private soldiers, but the Emperor insisted and the Grand Theogonist was forced to give in gracefully. Besides, it would be good propaganda for his warriors to save Middenheim, the city of the White Wolf and seat of the cult of Ulric. Little did he realise that when they marched from Altdorf, they were marching away from the control of the cult of Sigmar forever.

The Grand Theogonist made a great spectacle of his warriors leaving Altdorf, insisting that they marched at the head of the column of reinforcements destined for the north. He made sure that the procession stopped in front of the grand Temple of Sigmar, so that he

could give his public blessing to the assembled troops. Secretly, he had ordered von Karroll to avoid combat where possible and guarantee his army's safe return. He had also ordered him to only accept orders beneficial to the cause of Sigmar, "on religious grounds."

The details of the campaign are hazy, but are not vital to the story of the Templars of Sigmar. Suffice it to say that in the opening encounters and skirmishes, Anton von Karroll kept to his orders, refusing to commit the warriors to anything even remotely risky. Whilst the whole blame for the campaign's failure to turn back the incursion cannot be given to him, the demoralised and disgruntled warriors of Sigmar, together with the commanders of the campaign, soon started to point the finger in his direction.

So it came to pass that the forces of The Empire took to the field on 17 Nachexen 666. What had begun as a mission to halt a minor incursion now faced disaster. With their forced spread thinly across the field of battle, they were all that stood between Chaos and The Empire.

The Battle Of Ochen Mounds

I see the heart of Sigmar.
I see the fiery heart of Sigmar that burns with the pride and joy of battle.
It burns in the centre of a sea of darkness.
I will achieve it, or die trying.
This I swear.

Helrick Frisk, at the Battle of Ochen Mounds

The battle of Ochen Mounds would see Helrick Frisk made into a hero, the birth of the Order of the Fiery Heart and the Templars of Sigmar, and the beginning of a long, proud and illustrious history.

The terrain at Ochen Mounds was such that it did not lend itself to cavalry charges. The ground was made up of wet, soft earth situated between two large mounds about a mile apart; these themselves were situated in the fork of a river. The imperial forces had chosen the sight as it offered very little opportunity for their demoralised forces to break and run. This was a battle they had to win, and they knew that the Chaos horde would attack them no matter what the conditions on the battlefield.

The mixed force of cavalry and infantry that made up the warriors of Sigmar were (at the insistence of their leader, and to the fury of the other commanders) kept to the rear. Here von Karroll claimed that they would plug any holes in the imperial lines and deter would-be deserters.

The forces of Chaos used the tactic that they most favoured in open battle: a full frontal charge in all their grotesque glory, falling upon their enemies with a fury that could shatter an army's confidence and steal the sanity from its soldiers. In a short time it appeared that the army of The Empire would be swept away in a screaming, howling black tide. The front line buckled and began to give after the very first charge. Panic swept through the imperial forces, and still von Karroll refused to commit the warriors of Sigmar. The other commanders remonstrated and cursed him, but still he stuck to the Grand Theogonist's orders. Even when his own warriors begged to be allowed to fight, he would not order it. He considered the position to be beyond redemption, and all he was concerned with was saving his own life and avoiding the wrath of the Grand Theogonist.

It was at this point that the imperial line collapsed. It was also at this point, in a fury that he later claimed that he could not remember, that Helrick Frisk broke all military law. He struck down Anton von Karroll with a single blow, almost killing him in front of his own men and the other panic-stricken commanders. He then turned to the other members of the Warriors of Sigmar and said, "I would rather die fighting an enemy of The Empire in combat, then have my shame paraded through every road, street and alleyway in the world. I am a solider of The Empire, loyal to the emperor, loyal to my word and above all loyal to Sigmar. And what is more, I will die that way!"

He then turned to face the Chaos horde and said, "I see the heart of Sigmar. I see the fiery heart of Sigmar that burns with the pride and joy of battle. It burns in the centre of a sea of darkness. I will achieve it or die trying. This I swear." Then other members of the order began to mutter that they could see something too, and as if in a daze they began to mount their horses and form into a line. Those without horses climbed up behind their comrades, and, to the total amazement of the rest of the imperial forces (who swore they could see nothing) they charged the centre of the chaos horde. They drove deep into its heart, smashing and destroying all that lay before them, until they reached very centre of the chaos army.

Realising that they had been given a chance for a victory, the commanders rallied their almost broken army and rejoined the battle, but the warriors of Sigmar had already done the damage and the army of chaos was put to flight.

In the aftermath, while the rest of the imperial forces celebrated their astonishing and unexpected victory by looting what they could from the dead and the abandoned, the warriors of Sigmar quietly, dazedly, gathered fallen dead. Almost as one, they fell to their knees, and with Helrick Frisk (who had survived in spite of terrible wounds) leading the prayer, they gave thanks to Sigmar for their deliverance.

Herlick Excommunicated

On the triumphant return to Altdorf, the Emperor summoned his commanders to explain how they had almost brought disaster to the army. As one, they blamed von Karroll. However, when they told of

From this day forward, until the end of all time,
I relieve the Holy Order of the Knights of Sigmar
And all orders contained therein, of all bonds
Of servitude, loyalty and responsibility to any
One man upon this world apart from the Emperor himself.
Upon their mighty shoulders they must bear the
Responsibility for the spiritual well-being of all
Lawful citizens of The Empire.
Where words and reason fail, may their swords and deeds convert.
Where Sigmar's law is questioned, may his knights enforce.
They shall be Sigmar's will embodied,
May all enemies of our great and noble empire quake
At their presence and in them know the will of Sigmar
As I have proclaimed, so shall it be.

Emperor Otto von Dassbutt II
Bakertag 18 Sigmarzeit 666 IC

how the warriors had fought under Helrick, they could hardly contain their praise. The Emperor was not satisfied and summoned Helrick, the injured von Karroll, and the Grand Theogonist to explain to him and his advisors how this situation had arisen.

The Grand Theogonist denounced Frisk as a heretic for striking and disobeying von Karroll, and in so doing disobeying him and ultimately Sigmar himself. Frisk countered, saying that it was a vision of Sigmar who had told him to disobey and attack. Furthermore, he said he would leave the practice of religion to the clerics and holy men and that they should leave the practice of war to warriors and soldiers. From this point onward, he and any warrior that would come with him would operate outside the confines of the cult of Sigmar.

A furious Grand Theogonist excommunicated him on the spot, believing that none would dare follow him. However, on learning of his excommunication, the warriors who had seen the fiery heart and followed Helrick into battle announced that they go with Frisk. Among these was Anton von Karroll, who had seen the error of his ways and wanted to make amends for his cowardice.

Faced with this potentially disastrous split in the cult, the other high-ranking members met to see if a compromise could be reached – but to no avail. This inability to find common ground came to an end with the death of the Grand Theogonist; he was murdered by a strangely calm and serene Anton von Karroll. At his trial, he would only say that what he did was the will of Sigmar and the benefit of all The Empire.

The True Order Emerges

The Arch Lectors and Lectors elected a new Grand Theogonist and negotiations were begun to bring the Templars of Sigmar back into the fold once more. However, Helrick insisted on certain conditions. Primarily, the Templars would become an autonomous group, who, while closely linked with the Cult of Sigmar, would govern themselves and answer to no-one but the Emperor. This was met in an Imperial proclamation signed by Emperor Otto von Dassbutt II on the 18th Sigmarzeit, 666 IC. The Order of the Templars of Sigmar had been born, dedicating their lives to the furthering of the glory of Sigmar.

Fall and Rise

The greatest threat to the Templars since they foundation came from a most unexpected source. This was to be the Emperor himself. In the year 1109IC Emperor Boris Goldgatherer (the Incompetent) moved to outlaw the order. Seven years earlier he had outlawed Wizardy, supposedly for being heretical. In truth he wanted their wealth. The Fiery Heart was at the front of this wave of suppression. However, it also resulted in the death of the Grandmaster. The new Grandmaster was not so complicit, and saw something even darker than greed behind Boris's actions. When Boris proclaimed the Order guilty of heresy, many believed that this was a pre-emptive strike against a force who he knew would soon expose him. However, his motivation was just as likely to be greed, as the order owned large amounts of property and wealth. Much to his anger it was only the property he got his hands on – for the wealth was missing.

His anger was taken out on the Grandmaster and the other captured Templars. They were dragged out and burnt at the stake. As the flames licked around his body, the Grandmaster called out, cursing the Emperor. Many say this curse was to bring down the devastating plague two years later.

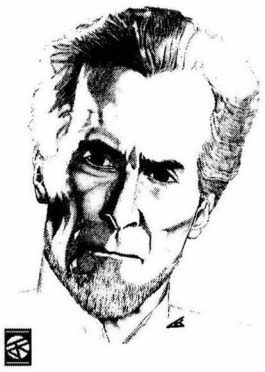
Not until 1360IC, with the threat brought by Grand Duchess Ottilia, was the order reinstated and most of its land returned. Although much of its wealth was also "found", the order was not able to regain its former strength until many years later. However, as the death of Boris the Incompetent in 1115 IC brought the line of Sigmar to an end, authority over the Fiery Hearts was returned to the Cult of Sigmar until the "return of Sigmar or his heir". However, the Grand Theogonist was not able to obtain personal control, and therefore the Order is unusual in that its Grand Master is theoretically able to ignore the order of his spiritual leader. Such an event has not yet occurred, however.

Civil War

Although their wealth was not was it was, the military strength of the order was soon restored, its tradition being maintained by constant Sigmarite fighting. It was to be in the years of civil war in The Empire that the Order truly came to prominence, fighting the cult of Ulric after Talabecland outlawed of the worship of Sigmar. During this war two Grand Masters died, and the accusation that one of these was murdered by the Order of the White Wolf still sours relationships between the two religions today.

The Grandmaster

The current Grandmaster of the Templars of Sigmar is Conrad Thornkov. He was born to a Kislevian noble family, who had made their fortune as merchants. His first love was horsemanship, and with it, the noble concept of the Pure Mounted Knight. As soon as he came of age, much to the despair of his family, he ran away to join the imperial cavalry in Altdorf. His burning ambition was to become a member of the Knights Panther.



It was while fighting against Orcs that he first saw the Templars of Sigmar in action. In one mounted charge, with the close support of Dwarfen infantry, he saw them drive back a determined Orc attack. It was an action that his commander had called folly and refused to commit his troops to.

Inspired by what he saw, Conrad immediately did all he could to find out about these Templars of Sigmar, and upon his return to Altdorf began to worship Sigmar as his patron deity. At the first opportunity he resigned from the imperial cavalry and tried to enrol as a Templar. For two years running he was turned down, and ended up living on the streets as a beggar. He refused to accept defeat or return to his family in Kislev.

When he tried for his third time he was ill and starving, but the masters of the selection saw the potential in him and he was welcomed into the order. He proved himself an able and gifted soldier and horseman. His rise through the ranks was meteoric, time and time again he proved he could command men with authority and flare, never asking them to do anything that he would not do himself.

He was made Grandmaster a little under five years ago, and was a popular choice for the position. In appearances he looks much younger then his fifty-eight years and heads his order with the vitality of a much younger man.

He is of medium build with average looks, making him a far cry from the doughty warrior that most people expect. Intelligent, with a razor sharp wit, he will not suffer fools at all. He is incredibly proud both of what he is and what he represents.

The Order today, and its Influences on Player Characters

The Order is as strong today as it has ever been, with the loyalty and professionalism of its members beyond doubt. It is the largest order of Templars in the Old World, mainly due to the patronage of Emperors through the years. The order has won a reputation for ferocity in battle and quickly developed itself into a predominantly cavalry force, which can operate and respond quickly to threats to the security of The Empire or Sigmar's religion.

Its members do more than fight though, and many a sacred item or relic was saved by the swift intervention of the order. They also gained a reputation for upholding the letter of the law, leading to a drop in the crime rate (everyone is too frightened to risk being caught by these religious warriors) in the areas they visit.

Despite their somewhat awkward start, the order and the cult of Sigmar are now virtually inseparable. Templars are stationed at all main temples in all the major cities, with their grand lodge in the grounds of the main temple in Altdorf .The Grandmaster of the order is elected in almost an identical way to the Grand Theogonist, from within the hierarchy of the order. While the Grandmaster does not have a vote when it comes to electing an Emperor, the Grand Theogonist often seek the opinion of the Grandmaster.

The general rank and file of the order are drawn from almost every walk of life, though most are warriors of some description. When they join they can either elect to serve for a fixed period of time or for life. Advancement in the order is primarily by commitment and talent, rather than wealth or birth. The order is divided into two main groups: the order of the Fiery Heart (named by the founder, Helrick), and the order of the Fist. All new recruits are initiated into the Fiery Hearts, and members of the order often claim to be able to see the fiery heart of Sigmar before a battle, and will often charge heroically (recklessly!) after it, into the midst of the foe.

The order's natural enemies are all creations of chaos and threats to The Empire or the Emperor. They also hold great animosity towards followers of Ulric, especially the Templars of the White Wolf. This stems from persecution at their hands during the Age of the Three Emperors. The only reason that the two orders are not engaged in open hostility to this day is the fragile peace secured between them by Magnus the Pious, when he united The Empire against the Chaos threat in 2302 IC.

Out of all the religious warriors of The Empire, player characters are most likely to come across those of Sigmar, especially members of the Order of the Fiery Heart. These could be encountered at any of the temples or shrines to Sigmar that are scattered around the cities and towns in the Old World. In addition, they can be found reinforcing imperial troops or aiding their Dwarfen allies in their ever continuing struggle against the Goblin hordes.

The Order of the Fist

This secret order within the Templars is made up of its most fanatical and talented members. Entirely dedicated to the promotion of the religion of Sigmar, they tolerate other religions, but are not afraid to accuse them of heresy if it suits their aims. Most members have an academic as well as a military background.

Whereas most Templars are to be found honing their skills on the parade ground, you are more likely to find a member of the Order of the Fist pouring over an ancient magical or religious scroll. Members often roam abroad, infiltrating other religions, collecting evidence of heresies, or stealing artefacts and knowledge. Admission to the order is by invitation only and is always for life. They answer to nobody but the Grandmaster himself. He is always a member, even if he is not invited to join them until his election.

Their origins are murky, but they filled a need that the Templars had during the Age of Three Emperors. When Grand Duchess Ottilla declared Talabheim independent and persecuted the cult of Sigmar (with the aid of The Templars of the White Wolf), The Order worked behind the lines to gather information and keep the flame of Sigmar's faith burning. It was dangerous work, and they were hounded by the followers of Ulric with a fanaticism and hatred that would have made a Witch Hunter proud. Only the best were used for these dangerous tasks – a tradition that survives to this day.

In spite of this subversive training, when the horn of battle is sounded, the order of the Fist is often first to the fray, and last to leave it. They are also the only part of the Order who make a point of studying and using magic. For the rest, such support comes only from associated clerics.

The Order owns a large secret library of writings that would be considered heretical and blasphemous by most authorities. The Quadix, a sub order dedicated to this task, maintains this in a secret location. The Quadix take their name from the Order of the Fist's four ideals set down by their now-forgotten founder. These are inscribed above the library's entrance: Knowledge, Purity, Strength & Wisdom.

It is possible that characters may discover a member of the Order of the Fist. If the member realises that his identity has been uncovered, he will do every thing possible to protect himself and his mission, usually including silencing the player characters. So let them be warned: if they interfere they do so at their peril.

Dwarfs in the Order

No Dwarf has ever been a full member of the Fiery Heart, although many have fought alongside them. Some have been invited to join the Order of the Fist, where they are much valued. Also, the Grandmaster of the order keeps six places spare (out of twenty) in his personal guard for Dwarfen warriors. Their ruling king recommends these, and Dwarfs consider it a great honour to render such service. Each is required to serve the Grandmaster for seven years and seven days.

Actually, Dwarfs are allocated seven guard positions (the 21st). The seventh, however, has been left open ever since Dost Snubnose saved the life of the seventeenth Grandmaster and numerous Templars. During heavy below-surface fighting, the Templars were forced to retreat, with a numerically superior goblin force close on their heels. As they crossed an old stone bridge, Snubnose stopped, and with mighty hammer blows began to smash it to pieces. The Goblin vanguard soon reached him, but he held his ground, fighting until the bridge crumbled and fell into the chasm below, taking tens of Goblins down with it. Witnesses swore they saw him hacking away at his enemies even as he fell into the darkness. Dost's body was never found, and he is referred to as "our missing brother". Each day, armour is polished for him and a place set at the table.

Joining the Order

If a player character decides he wants to join the Templars of Sigmar, make it plain that they are relinquishing their freedom, and will have to answer to a higher authority for their actions. They have, after all, joined an army. While they may work for the order directly or covertly, they should not be allowed to join the Order of the Fist.

Players can only join the Templars of Sigmar by turning up at the entrance to the main Templar barracks in Altdorf on the 18th Sigmarzeit, and declaring for one whole day to all who will listen their intention to serve Sigmar. If and

when they are invited to try for a place they will be tested on their fighting abilities, courage, loyalty and faith. Only when they have satisfied all the conditions will they be asked to join. The details of the tests can be left to the GM; just don't make it too easy.

Templar Strictures

Templars must follow the same strictures as clerics of Sigmar, as well as the following:

- Those joining the Order relinquish their possessions. This includes armour and weapons. Those joining for a temporary period will have these returned when they leave. Should they die during their period of service, all possessions become the property of the order.
- On being accepted into the order, the recruit's head is completely shaven. They are allowed to shave, but many choose not to, to indicate their length of service to the order.
- Templars must be celibate. This encourages purity of mind.

Although not compulsory, many new recruits also take a Dwarfen name. Successful applicants are be trained in Altdorf in the arts of warfare and horsemanship, before being assigned to a Temple. They will be allowed to wear the emblem of the fiery heart on their shield, and from that point onwards can claim to be a Templar of Sigmar, a member of an organisation as powerful in influence and wealth as any guild, and with a fighting force known and respected even outside the Old World.

On rising to Knighthood, they receive full orders. They can request to be allowed to continue adventuring, as long as they are dedicated to Sigmar's ideals. If possible, they are to return to Altdorf every two years for new orders (although these may remain the same).

A Templar's Armour

After his weapons and horse, the most important item a Templar has is his armour. On entering the order, they receive a complete suit from the armoury. On rising to the rank of Knight, they are presented with a suit of armour that once belonged to a previous Templar, giving them a link with the Order's past. To lose their suit is considered a great sin, and a dishonour.

Considering the damage done to armour in battle and the progress in production methods, most armour is fairly recent, although it is likely to include elements of older suits. The Temple employs its own smiths to ensure it remains of the finest possible quality.

Desertion

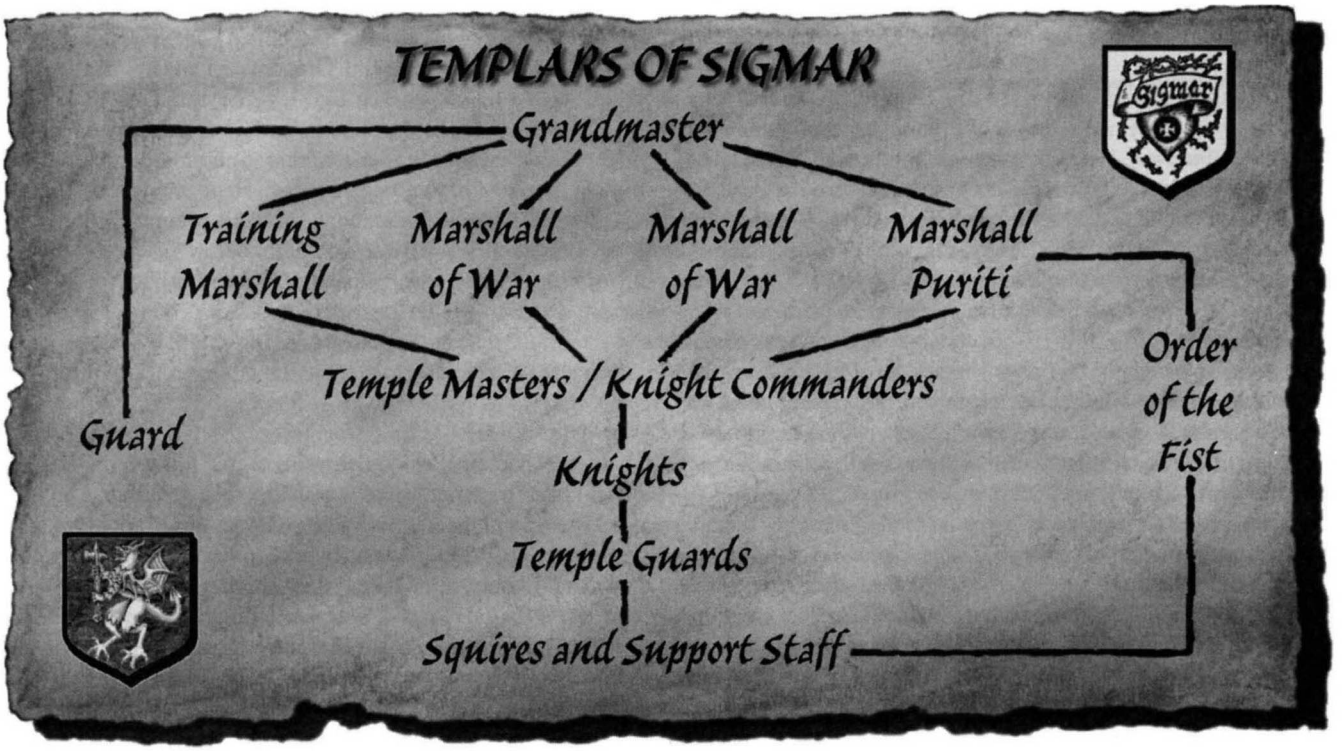
As is to be expected, the order takes a very dim few of Templars deserting. Those that do so are hunted down and brought back dead or alive to face a Court Martial, headed by the Grandmaster (the dead ones don't usually get off, as they can't say that much in their defence). Those that deserted in battle have a slim chance of only being expelled when special circumstances are taken into consideration (such as terror inspired by unnatural creatures or by Magic). Those that cannot explain their actions are executed swiftly and privately. The Order does not wash its dirty linen in public.

Squires and Support Staff

Templars could hardly be expected to cook or fend for themselves. As a result, the Temple employs vast numbers of support staff (approximately five to each knight) whose duties cover every possible menial task. In fact, the only responsibility left to the Templars is the upkeep of their own horse, which is a commodity too valuable to be entrusted to a servant.

General staff are banned from dealing with Temple finances and must swear an oath of secrecy when first employed. Oathbreakers are dealt with severely, punishments ranging from a flogging for minor offences to excommunication and execution for treason.

Templars are not expected to provide their own squires, but are allocated one by the administration. Squires are also required to abide by Temple Stricture. Unlike the squires of secular orders, those of the temple do not necessarily come from Noble families. A squire's indenture ends on their sixteenth birthday, at which point they must choose whether or not they wish to be inaugurated as Templars. If so, they must pass the same criteria and tests as a non-squire joining the order. Officially their previous service gains them no advantage, but the fact that they've lived with, worked with, and trained with the Order stands them in good stead to pass the tests.



TEMPLARS OF SIGMAR
Advance Scheme

Temple Guard
As the name suggests, many Temple Guards are sent out to protect Sigmarite sites of worship across The Empire. This is the lowest rank of Templar, and the obligatory starting point for all who enter the order. Once knights have completed the advance scheme *and* served for at least a year minus a day, they become full Knights Templar. The period of a year minus a day means that most Temple Guards are made Templars before the arrival of new recruits the next day.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+20	+20	+1	+1	+6	+20	+1	+10	+10	+10	+10	+10	+10

Trappings: None
Skills: Animal Care, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Read/Write, Ride - Horse, Secret Language - Battle Tongue, Secret Signs - Templar, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Stubborn Determination

Knights
The standard Templar rank. These are not referred to as 'Sir', but as 'Knight'. Only those that have sworn lifelong service to the Temple can progress past this rank.

Select knights may become part of the Grand Master's personal guard. Knights can also be seconded to the Order of the Fist for specific tasks

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+30	+30	+1	+2	+8	+30	+2	+20	+20	+20	+20	+20	+20

Skills: Heal Wounds, Righteous Certainty, Specialist Weapon - Lance, Theology (Sigmar)

Temple Master/Knight Commander
Each Temple Master has the responsibility for the running of a Temple. This involves not only internal politics, but also dealing with the local government and nobility.

Many Temple Masters are knights of long serving, retired to this less active role after being badly wounded. They are expected to have some degree of diplomatic ability in addition to strong leadership skills.

Knight Commander is an equivalent rank, generally applied to battlefield leaders. When not at war, they are responsible for training. This is the standard rank for the Order of the Fist. If they rise higher in the Order, the duties of the post (Marshall or Grand Master) take precedence.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+30	+30	+2	+2	+8	+30	+2	+20	+30	+20	+20	+30	+30

Skills: Dynastic Knowledge, Etiquette, Intimidate, Law, Public Speaking, Secret Language - Classical

Marshall
The four Marshals of the order are its generals and ministers. Each post has its own area of responsibility. These are:
Training - Located in Altdorf. Takes charge of the recruitment and training of Templars.
War - There are two Marshal posts for war. One of these is always in the field, the other becomes a close adviser to the Grand Master. Typically, one of these will succeed the Grand Master on his death.
Puriti - Also located in Altdorf and historically having great influence with the Grand Master. The holder of this post is responsible for maintaining the ideological purity of the order, and controls the Order of the Fist.

The marshals fulfil various roles, acting as the Grandmasters trusted lieutenants in all matters. At Court they deal as equals, although they retain a certain distance from courtly intrigues. They are addressed by the term 'Marshall', or the ancient Dwarfen title Kazdar Zek.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+40	+30	+2	+2	+8	+30	+2	+20	+30	+20	+30	+30	+30

Skills: Influence

Grandmaster
The leader of the Templars of Sigmar. The Grandmaster is located in Altdorf, where he has considerable influence. Of necessity, he must be a formidable leader and statesman. Once he starts to fail in his powers, it is the responsibility of the Marshals to recommend his retirement (generally to a post of Temple Master outside Altdorf).

The Grandmaster's symbol of office and power is Reticulum, a magical Dwarfen-crafted warhammer. It was presented to Beaufort Ishmail, the 13th Grandmaster, to symbolise the close friendship between the Dwarfs and the Order. Its true powers are unknown, except to the Grandmaster and the Marshals.

Order of the Fist
Although the Order of the Fist has a number of career exits, these are taken within the confines of the order. Where possible, all training is partaken internally. Where this is not possible the Templar secretly finds his knowledge elsewhere.
Additional Skills: Arcane Language - Magick, Disguise, Linguistics, Scroll Lore, Secret Signs - Order of the Fist

NEW SKILLS

Righteous Certainty: Templars and clerics *know* that they are correct, that their teachings are universally true, and that they cannot be wrong. Quite how this is to be played is a little difficult to specify, but if players enter into the spirit of things (intolerance, droning on, even bigotry etc) then a +10 bonus can be given to *Willpower* tests at the GM's discretion. They do, however, suffer a -10 *Intelligence* to all tests regarding matters outside their faith that may have an adverse effect on their beliefs.

Stubborn Determination: Templars and clerics will not be swayed in their beliefs or actions, nor turned from their course by physical or magical obstacles. At the GM's discretion, a +1/+10 bonus to appropriate *Strength*, *Cool* or *Willpower* tests can be given when facing relevant trials. As above, a -10 *Intelligence* modifier may be applied in circumstances relating to challenges to faith, such as in realising that a patient is not recovering by use of divine healing. This can be cumulative with the penalty above.

THE TEMPLARS OF THE WHITE WOLF (OR ULRIC'S SONS)

"From beyond the massed ranks of the Middenheim spearman, we could hear the rise of the frenzied screams. My men glanced around nervously, unnerved by this supernatural horrific sound. Even the small contingent from the Fiery Heart on my left flank shifted in their saddles. It sounded strong like a hundred pack of wolves, their frenzy rising in pitch. Suddenly, it stopped. Silence drifted across the battlefield like carrion.

And then it began.

From the centre of the enemy a trumpet blew and was answered by others along the lines. The whole army began to steadily advance. Then, from the ranks burst near fifty men. Heavily armoured, those that did not carry two-handed weapons carried two swords. As they ran at us, wolfskin cloaks billowed up behind them, their faces contorted with rage and frenzy. The howls they screamed could be heard over all else. They were more like animals than men. These were Ulric's sons and the blood of battle flowed through them."

General Otto-Volker von Delberz, Battle of Hopden

Mad men, lunatics, psychopaths; the Templars of the White Wolf have been called many things by many people but they have always been known as "Ulric's Sons". After the Knights of the Fiery Heart, they are the most famous order of holy knights in the Old World and have a history just as long and bloody.

While their order is in fact younger than that of the Templars of Sigmar, they claim a pedigree as a fighting order predating that of Sigmar by many hundreds of years. It is a claim with some justification. After all, there have always been warriors throughout the ages who have been prepared to fight and die for the greater glory of Ulric, long before the religion of Sigmar was even founded. They were just never organised into a permanent standing force of soldiers before the founding of the Templars of the White Wolf.

Heresy

It is fair to say that the Templars of the White Wolf were founded through heresy, or at least the cult of Ulric's interpretation of it. During the life of Sigmar, when he was building The Empire for mankind, there were many warriors who fought, died and embraced the ideals of Sigmar yet followed the word of Ulric. It was widely believed that Sigmar himself had been a follower of Ulric, so it was a great shock to the hierarchy of the religion of Ulric when the Cult of Sigmar was founded.

Ar-Ulric, leader of the cult of Ulric, began to grow jealous of this new religion's popular appeal. After all, how could a man who had worshipped Ulric (and the other gods) become deified and then attract more followers then the true gods he had worshipped in the first place? He protested loudly at this turn of events to the Emperor himself, claiming it was heresy to worship a man – but the Emperor did nothing. Why should he? Any member of the cult of Sigmar was dedicated to the Emperor, The Empire and all it stood for. Ar-Ulric was forced to concede that for all its popular appeal the Cult of Sigmar was no real threat at this time and the charge of Heresy was not pursued.

Across The Empire, the worship of Sigmar began to eclipse that of Ulric's (although not around Middenheim or Talalbheim, and more amongst the peasants than the nobility). Throughout this transition, Ar-Ulric ensured that the thorn bush of discontent, planted by the worship of Sigmar, flowered.

The news of Grand Theogonist's formation of the Knights of the Fiery Heart was greeted with horror by all those loyal to Ulric. From the very start, the Graf of Middenheim and Ar-Ulric pressured the Emperor to disband them. It was after the battle of Ochen Mounds in 666IC that the Cult of Ulric began to feel that the time had come to respond to the threat of the cult of Sigmar. With the permission and sponsorship of the Graf, Ar-Ulric began to assemble loyal warriors to form his own fighting order. They would be dedicated solely to the protection and promotion of the religion of Ulric. The Templars of the White Wolf had been born. (Note that the Knights of the White Wolf are a separate Order; more details of these can be found on page 23.)

Holy War

From their inception, the uncompromising attitudes of the Templars of the White Wolf came into conflict with the other religions. Often it was all that the Ar-Ulric could do to keep them in check and stop them offending all his other political neighbours and starting unnecessary wars. Things were particularly tense with the cult of Sigmar whom the Templars believed to be heretical and inferior – and in 1360IC, they almost brought it to its knees.

When Grand Duchess Ottilia of Talabheim, declared herself Empress without election (with the backing of Ar-Ulric), one of her first edicts was to outlaw the cult of Sigmar. This situation had arisen through jealousy and rivalry among the electors of The Empire. Ar-Ulric had recently been made an elector to counterbalance the influence

of the Grand Theogonist. However, due to provincial alignments, in reality, the Grand Theogonist had the deciding vote in Imperial elections. The cult of Ulric believed that nobody apart from themselves deserved to hold any such influence, so when the Cult of Sigmar helped the Count of Stirland to rise to Emperor, the Duchess' arguments for a Holy War met with Ar-Ulric's keen support.

The Duchess claimed that she could provide evidence that the Cult of Sigmar had been founded on the hallucinations of a madman whose visions had been misinterpreted. The gods (including Ulric) had blessed Sigmar's reign and he was no god in his own right. Therefore, anyone who followed him was a heretic, including the Emperor. Using this to convince Ar-Ulric, who had recently moved to Talabheim, to back her in her own quest for power, the Duchess persuaded Ar-Ulric to order the cult to move against the followers of Sigmar in and around Middenheim and Talabheim. They did so, the persecutions led by the many Templars that had followed Ar-Ulric to Talabheim. Religion and politics had become the excuse to destroy Sigmar's Empire. This was a political and holy war.

Battle Joined

The Templars of the White Wolf led the Ulrican forces who moved swiftly against all followers of Sigmar, torching temples, desecrating shrines, murdering followers and burning clerics at the stake. The Templars of Sigmar stationed in the area mounted a valiant defence against overwhelming odds but were easily swept aside by the aggressive fighting of the White Wolves. Those that did survive were forced to retreat back to Nuln.

The Templars of the White Wolf took all the credit for defeating the Templars of Sigmar, and rightly so. It was their willingness to fight them in open combat when other troops would not that had ensured the success of the suppression of the cult of Sigmar in that region. As the Templars of the White Wolf pursed the followers of Sigmar back towards Nuln, more and more Templars of Sigmar were drafted in to protect the fleeing followers. The early encounters between the forces are well documented and accounts can be found in both cults' archives. Contemporary sources on both sides say that they were some of the most bloody and violent encounters ever fought in The Empire.

"The ground shook and the air was filled with the baying of wolves, crashing steel and splintering bone. The followers of the new god were forced to retreat before the fury and vengeance of the White Wolf and Ulric's sons. When all was done there was no sound of the injured, no cries of the maimed; of the vanquished none lived, all were dead, and of the victors, all suffered in silence and offered prayers of deliverance."

To be fair to the Templars of Sigmar they were usually greatly outnumbered in the early engagements and most of the advantages lay with the Templars of the White Wolf. When things were more evenly matched, the result was more often than not a bloody draw. However, it was only a matter of time before the areas surrounding Talabaheim and Middenheim were cleared of the 'heretics'.

For two hundred years civil war shook The Empire, with neither the followers or descendants of the Grand Duchess Ottilia or the count of Stirland able to force a victory. All the while, Templars of both sides persecuted and pursued their own private conflict against each other disregarding all other enemies on the battle field. In 1547IC the Grand Duke of Middenland also declared himself Emperor, plunging The Empire into the Age of the Three Emperors. War raged for the next four hundred years and The Empire steadily disintegrated – and with it both orders. Attrition and lack of recruits took its toll, but perhaps most importantly, people were losing faith in the Gods who had bought such misery.

During this period of instability the Templars withdrew to positions of strength, keeping smaller contingents garrisoned in and around high temples and other important sites. This brought the order into the relatively reduced roles they now occupy. They only ventured forth when their intervention was deemed absolutely necessary; they were considered far too valuable to waste when ordinary troops could be used. However, individual Templars of both religions could be found wandering the land gathering intelligence and carrying out quests. It was not until 2302 IC, when the chaos gates in the north became more active, that the Templars of both sides remembered their duty and took to the field in all their splendour and glory ready to fight for The Empire.

Magnus the Pious

In that year a noble man of Nuln, known as Magnus the Pious, inspired and gathered around him the men and women of the war torn Empire and led them north to stem the black tide of Chaos that threatened to engulf them all. With him marched the Templars of Sigmar. Magnus knew that if his army were to have any chance against the forces that opposed them he would need every fighting man The Empire possessed and that included all warriors of every political faction and religion. To achieve this he knew that he would have to bring peace to the two warring orders. If this could be done he felt sure everybody else would follow. Magnus used his considerable charisma and logic to convince the Grand Theogonist of the wisdom of his plans but he felt that Ar-Ulric and the Templars of the White Wolf would be far harder to persuade.

In what was to become known as the 'Year of the Shaming', Magnus travelled to Middenheim with his cousin General Jurgen von Karow. Here Magnus convinced the Cult of Ulric to join him, not least as a result of his dramatic passage unscathed through the holy flame that burns in the Temple of Ulric – a flame that has always been used to test for Heresy. With his purity proved, they began to make plans. However, the White Wolves took a different view, believing Magnus's protection from the fire a trick. Days passes and it seemed increasingly likely that the Templars would break away from the main Cult. Other duties forced Magnus away from Middenheim and he left von Karow to finish negotiations with the Order.

However, things did not work as Magnus intended. Jurgen told of Magnus's dream of reuniting the forces of The Empire in order to face the threat of Chaos. He told how the Templars of Sigmar were prepared to set aside their grudges for the good of The Empire. The Templars and the Cult remained spilt, many suspecting

an elaborate trap. However, the issue resolved itself after von Karow converted to the faith of Ulric and became a Templar. Centuries of civil war had finally come to an end. (Some academics argue that von Karow lied when taking his vows and becoming a follower of Ulric, simply to bring the about this resolution.)

The sceptics believed Ar-Ulric had been fooled, and several clerics and high-ranking Templars devised a plot to overthrow Ar-Ulric. When they were discovered, they fled the city, taking many important documents and cult items, including the banner of the Templars of the White Wolves. They fled east, and although hotly pursued, were never seen again.

This split almost caused the collapse of the fragile alliance between Ulric's sons and the Fiery Hearts even before it had been officially agreed. Many followers of Ulric openly asked if the loss of their brothers and their banner was too high a price to pay for a unified Empire. In the end, Jurgen convinced them of the sense of Magnus's plan, arguing that when chaos had been repelled and The Empire saved, their misguided brothers could be found and brought back into the fold. To this day, this has not happened!

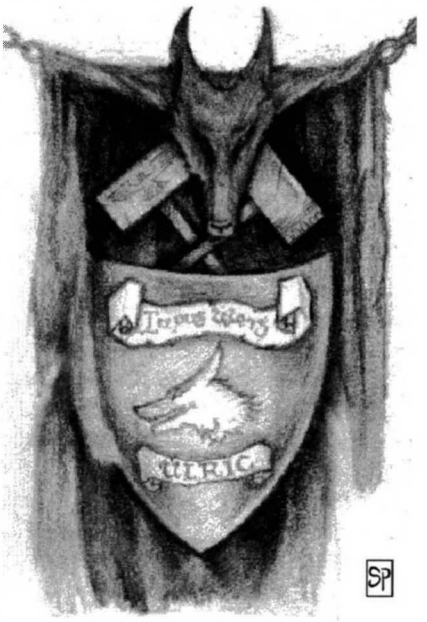
Magnus's victory over the forces of Chaos is now a matter of history and accounts of it can be found in any library of the Old World. The Templars of the White Wolf did join his army and they served with distinction under Jurgen. Fighting alongside the Templars of Sigmar, the enemies of The Empire were thrown back by the united religions of The Empire. After the war the two cults kept on polite if not friendly relations, with both sides swearing loyalty to the new Emperor, Magnus.

It was the question of the succession that threatened to bring them to war once again. When Magnus died he left no heir, and many thought that the title of Emperor would automatically fall to his younger brother, the popular Ulrican Grand Duke Gunthar of Middenland. However, the Cult of Sigmar now had no less then three electors, and felt that under no circumstances could they let a devout Ulrican of such popularity ascend to the throne. Using their influence they blocked Gunthar's election. The Templars and countless disappointed priests of Ulric were livid and prepared to go to war again, dragging Middenheim and Talabheim with them. Fortunately, Ar-Ulric was an intelligent and reasonable man and knew that another civil war would probably cause the downfall of The Empire and lead to troubled times for all Ulricans for decades to follow. As supreme ruler of the Templars as well as the Cult of Ulric, he used his political position to create a fragile peace which has been maintained between the two religions ever since.

Templars of the White Wolf Influence on Player Characters

The Templars of the White Wolf are made up of the most fierce and dedicated followers of Ulric. However, it is no longer as numerous a force as it used to be, nor yet as large as the Fiery Hearts. It is financed entirely by the Cult of Ulric and the city of Middenheim, and does not enjoy the royal Emperor's patronage. Members are drawn almost entirely from the ranks of the Knights Panther, clerics of Ulric or Knights of the White Wolf. Potential recruits undergo tests of martial prowess, endurance, character and faith. Finally, sent out into the wilderness of the Drakwald Forest alone, unarmed and naked, they must hunt and kill a wolf and bring back its skin. Success in this final test is seen as Ulric's blessing for joining his holy order of Knights.

While members are less formal in appearance than their counterparts in the Templars of Sigmar, they remain unmistakable. They are rarely seen without their armour and wolfskin cloaks, and many decorate their bodies with tattoos in the style of Norse warriors, using designs and symbols sacred to Ulric. Over this they wear plate armour, again decorated with sacred designs and images. Their swords are decorated with wolf-head pommels, and their shields are also decorated with wolves. Every image is different, and will be a great source of pride to the knight, who will have spent many hours creating it. This creative endeavour is a way of declaring undying loyalty to Ulric. All Templars wear the wolfskin they brought back from the Forest on ceremonial occasions, or when going into battle. Only Templars of the first rank use shields in combat (although all ranks may use them against missile fire), although all Templars carry them on ceremonial occasions. Similarly, wearing helmets is discouraged and the Templars make much of growing their hair and beards. The Temple Guard in Middenheim, formed by Templars of the White Wolf, wear ceremonial armour of grey plate mail with golden edging.



Those who belong to the order also pay respect to a number of ancient practices. One of these, now dying out, is scarring. This involves filling battle wounds with dyes that stain them a permanent black. Also followed is the myth known as Blanchiktu – the belief that Ulric favours his bravest warriors with white or grey hair. This ancient belief disappeared from the clerical hierarchy long ago, something which has caused arguments for years. Although it is no longer acknowledged officially, however, many followers still place their faith in it.

The White Wolves tend to keep themselves to themselves. They have a great sense of brotherhood, considering themselves totally superior to every other warrior in The Empire, although they do hold a grudging respect for their fiercest enemies. In war, unless fighting under their own leaders, they fall under the command of the representative of Middenheim due to an unofficial agreement between Ar-Ulric and the Graf of Middenheim. In battle they have a fierce reputation, often attacking enemies that greatly outnumber them. Before they charge, they drive themselves to the point of frenzy (known as *Lupenir*). When they do commit themselves, they rush in howling like wolves. This sight is so terrifying, many enemies simply flee in panic rather than fight. The Templars never use magic themselves, preferring to trust in the clerics of Ulric for such support.

The Templars frequently hunt down mutants in the Drakwald Forest and surrounding areas with a fanaticism that would make a Witch Hunter proud, and very often work with such individuals to further their common aim. Such brutality is not just extended to their enemies, though. Templars who are unable to fight cannot remain in the order, and there are many tales of those maimed on the battlefield being killed by their fellows. Those who leave the order are not supported by it in any way.

PCs are most likely to come across White Wolves guarding the Temple or Ar-Ulric in Middenheim, or out hunting mutants in the Drakwald Forest. Sometimes they may be found alone or in small parties delivering messages to some far-flung Temple of Ulric, or perhaps escorting an important cleric on a dangerous journey. Occasionally a Templar may, as an act of penance for some actual or imagined sin, seek permission to go out into the world

and hunt for the missing war-banner of the Templars of the White Wolf. Most who do this go east over the Worlds Edge Mountains, where they believe it has fallen into the hands of Orcs. Others turn north, seeking it in the Chaos wastes. To this day, it remains lost. Players may also see a whole force of Templars, should there be a war in which Ar-Ulric feels the cult of Ulric needs representation.

No matter how the player characters come across the Templars of the White Wolf, the situation must be handled with care. They should be sensitive to the beliefs and attitudes of the Templars, and aware that the wrong word said at the wrong time could cause all sorts of trouble for them. As with the Templars of Sigmar, it is usually safest to avoid interaction whenever possible. Offend them at your peril!

Joining the Templars of the White Wolf is a difficult task. Only the most skilful and dedicated warriors are admitted, many of whom are drawn from the ranks of the Knights Panther and the Order of the White Wolf.

Templars are asked to join after proving their devotion and loyalty in battle. On joining, recruits spend a month in the temple proving their purity of purpose, after which he should be fully versed in the ideals of Ulric (acquiring the *Theology* skill). As soon as winter comes, he will be sent forth into the forest to survive for forty days, and return having killed a wolf with his bare hands. Only then will he be considered a full Templar of the White Wolf.

While the Cult has many duties both in and outside Middenheim a number of Templars have chosen to forsake this. They take to travelling (alone or in parties), carrying the word and sword of Ulric far and wide. While Templars of the White Wolf are in no way encouraged to tread this path, it is accepted that some may feel restrained by the Order. However, to become a Wanderer and remain a Templar, the warrior must have proven his loyalty and bravery beyond doubt.

"These were Ulric's sons and the blood of battle flowed through them."

The Order of the White Wolf

The Order of the White Wolf (or Knights of the White Wolf) and the Templars of the White Wolf are sometimes confused. The Knights of the White Wolf form a secular army of warriors that fight in the name of Ulric but who are not tied to the Cult in any official way. The Knights evolved from a normal militia force into a more efficient military unit by adopting some of the tactics of knightly orders (like the use of full helms and lances), becoming a knightly order almost by accident. The Order is more like an army than the Templars, having a full military structure and fighting on a number of fronts.

The Kislevian Order is one of the largest and most feared. They live for months in the cold wastes, constantly skirmishing with Chaos.

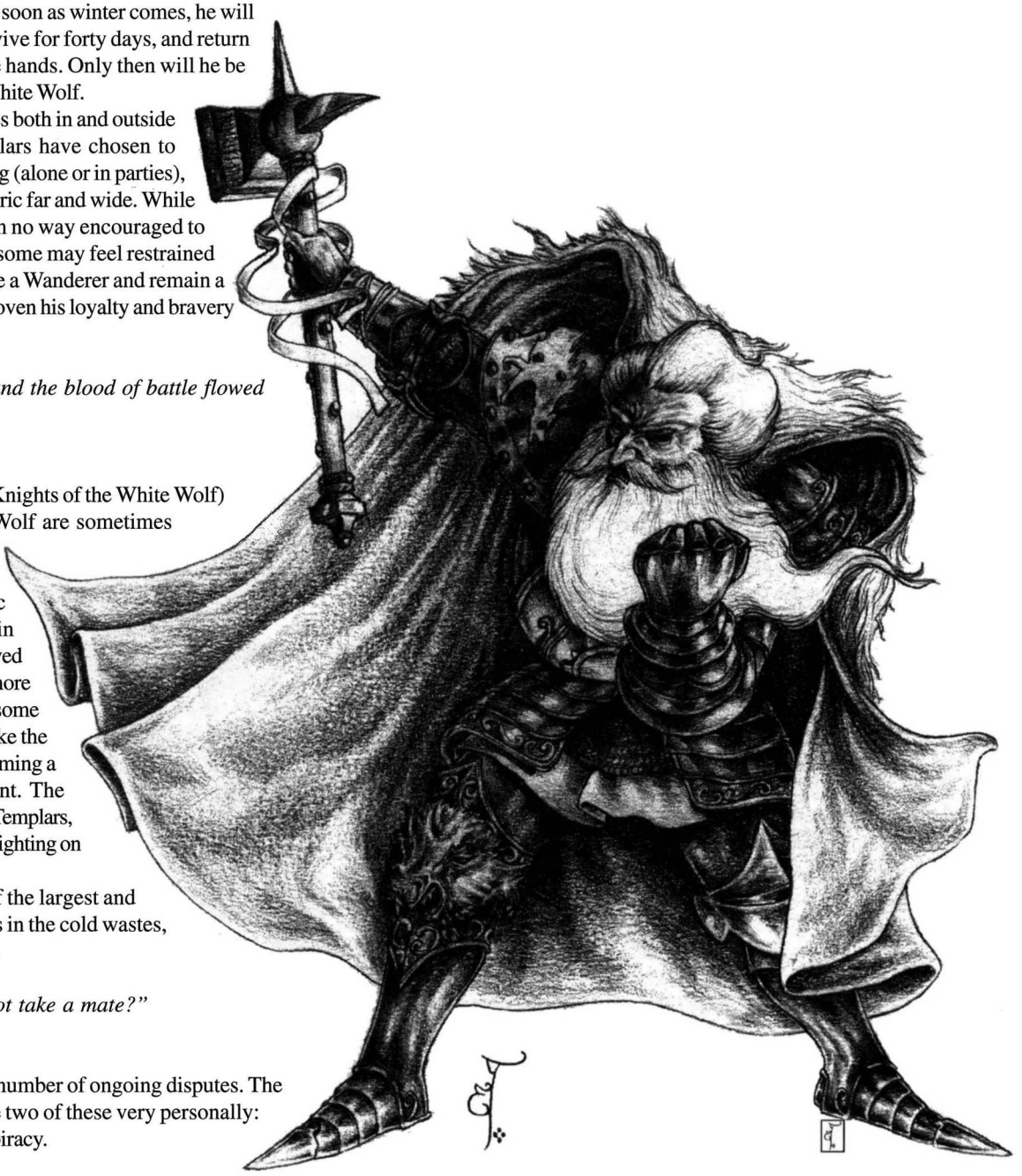
"Does the wolf not take a mate?"

Ongoing Debates

The Cult of Ulric is involved in a number of ongoing disputes. The Templars of The White Wolf take two of these very personally: Celibacy and the Sigmarian Conspiracy.

Templars are not required to become celibate but only those that are can enter the Priesthood. This is another source of tension within the cult: the Templars angry at what they see is unwanted interference from the Cult of Sigmar (see *Middeheim: City of Chaos*). Although the agreement on celibacy was reached between Ar-Ulric and Grand Duke Heinrich of Middenheim in 1547 IC, the Order and many Ulricans blame the Sigmarites for secretly conspiring to bring about this change.

Whilst the Order tries to remain within the boundaries of the Cult of Ulric, certain official teachings are scorned. Most Templars believe that Sigmar was a prophet of Ulric and that the Cult of Sigmar is heretical. This belief is embodied as a fierce rivalry with the Knights of the Fiery Heart. The faithful of the White Wolves wait expectantly for the time of truth, when the heresy will be revealed.



TEMPLARS OF THE WHITE WOLF
Advance Scheme

To outsiders, the Templars of the White Wolf are all of one rank. This is because they are closely bound up with the cult hierarchy, and are simply viewed as elite guards. However, within the Order there are three grades of Templar, headed by the Master of the White Wolf. A combination of prowess in battle and the favour of Ulric obtains movement through these grades.

Kindred

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+20	+10	+1	+1	+7	+20	+1	+20	+10	+10	+10	+10	

Skills: Dodge Blow, Frenzied Attack (Lupenir – Stage One), Righteous Certainty, Secret Signs - Templar, Secret Language - Battle tongue, Stike Mighty Blow, Stubborn Determination

Chosen Sons

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+30	+10	+2	+2	+8	+30	+2	+20	+10	+10	+10	+20	

Skills: Lupenir (Stage two), Specialist Weapons - Two handed, Fist weapon, Street fighter, Theology

First Born

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+40	+10	+2	+2	+8	+30	+2	+20	+30	+20	+20	+30	

Master of the White Wolves

The Master of the Order is known as the First Son. He is directly answerable to Ar-Ulric, who is responsible for his appointment. While his base is located in Middenheim, he often leaves to fight. Nearly all of the Masters have died in battle, leaving behind many tales of their bravery.

Skills available at all ranks:

Charm animal (Wolf), Disarm, Game Hunting, Silent Move Rural, Strike to Stun

Lupenir

Literally translated as "Spirit of the Wolf", this is the state of frenzy that Ulric's followers are famed for. There are three stages of Lupenir, which correlate to the three ranks of progression. Each advance must be purchased as a separate skill.

1 The first stage: treat as the *Frenzied attack* skill.

2 As above, but with a -20 **Cl** modifier, making *Frenzy* more likely.

3 The Templar attains complete control of his *Frenzy*, and may enter and leave it at will.

Before battle, Templars of Ulric bring themselves to a state of frenzy by screaming and roaring. This is known as the "baying of the wolves". If more than one Templar attempts to invoke Lupenir in this way, each gains a further -20 modifier to their Cool roll

Templars with Lupenir who must make a *Fear* or *Terror* test can first roll against Cool to see if they go into Frenzy instead.

THE ORDER OF THE SHIELD & THE KNIGHTS OF THE BLAZING SUN

"The Shield is the greatest weapon your troops can have. Not only does it provide excellent defence against missile attacks, but when used by novices, it gives them something to place between themselves and the enemy. I have seen troops break in front of a charge, when they would have stood had they shields. Finally, in the hands of a warrior, it gives time. Time to plan a strategy, time to wait, time for you to strike back."

Captain Artus Oldenheim

"Our faith shall shine like a thousand suns"

Anonymous Knight

Of all the religious fighting orders of the Old World, the Templars of Myrmidia are probably the most tolerant and reasonable. Their most prominent Templar Orders, The Order of the Shield and The Knights of the Blazing Sun, were born within a few months of each other. They arose from a situation where co-operation and trust were essential to the survival of the many peoples and religions involved during one of the most dangerous periods of The Old World's history. This was the time of the crusades against Araby in and around Estalia and the Tilean city-states. These Templars differ from the other orders in that they were raised not only as a fighting force to stand against a specific enemy, but also to provide an ideal around which to rally followers of several religious and political factions. As such, they have come to be seen as independent, and above the political interests of any one ruler.

The Order of the Shield is the most individualistic of the Templar orders. Its members are often to be found in the role of advisors to various nobles and warlords. They also spend time in the Old World's wilder borders, teaching settlements how to defend themselves. Primarily an Estalian order, they are more likely to encountered there or in Tilea.

The Order of the Shield maintains a very close relationship with the other main Myrmidian Templar order, The Knights of the Blazing Sun. Both were born from the same series of battles in Estalia, but the Blazing Suns are more cosmopolitan with chapters in Estalia, Tilea, Bretonnia, and the southern Empire (around Nuln). They are a more traditionally military force, joining armies were they are needed, whether with a Kislevian force battling beastmen or a Ostland battalion fighting Goblins. Both Orders can sometimes to be found defending Temples of Shallya.

The Invasion of the Southern Lands

Prior to the founding of the Templars of Myrmidia, the Southern lands were divided between many squabbling and scheming rulers. No one had succeeded in uniting them, a fact noted by the rulers of Araby. For many years they hungrily eyed the lands of Estalia and Tilea from across the waters.

The clerics of Myrmidia were a very astute and informed group. Men and women of the highest calibre, they were called to the worship of Myrmidia by a love of the science of battle and war. Many had joined the faith after years serving as soldiers or mercenaries, and many high-ranking ex-officers from across the Old World featured in its clergy. They were not, however, just fighters – they were also superb diplomats. For decades (through a combination of spying, magical divination and superior intelligence activities) they had known some form of offensive from Araby was inevitable, and concluded that the South was not prepared. Despite their best efforts to promote unity and peace, they swiftly realised that lasting alliances were impossible between the shifting factions that held power. A common enemy was needed to unite them. The Temple knew they would have to wait for the Arabians to attack before any alliances could be made. With this grim thought in mind, the clerics set about readying themselves. They, at least, would be prepared.

The first attacks were small lightning fast raids all along the coast, concentrated around the major ports of Luccini and Remas in the Tilean city-states, and Magritta and Bilbali in Estalia. Sartosa, the Pirate City, was heavily blockaded. As the respective rulers of the ports always managed to repel these attacks on their own, they still refused to listen to pleas to form an alliance. The clerics tried pointing out that the damage to these ports and the blockade of Sartosa made it impossible to mobilise a fleet, making it safe for large sea-going transports. The rulers simply couldn't believe it – *they* weren't capable of such co-operation, so neither were their foes.

However, the clerics' message did not fall entirely on deaf ears. Many local commanders began to see the logic in what was being said and turned to the clerics for advice. All they would say to them was, "When the goddess calls, answer her and come. She will lead and protect you."

On the eighth day of Jahrdung, just before the spring Equinox, the Arabians launched their full-scale invasion. Forces attacked all along the coast, concentrating on those cities they had previously attacked with smaller numbers. Luccini, Remas and Bilbali fell in days, their defenders scattered into the surrounding countryside and their rulers forced to flee. Nowhere did the hammer fall harder than at Magritta, spiritual home and site of the High Temple of Myrmidia. Only through the inspired leadership of the Cult's clerics and the courageous self-sacrifices of the city's people did the city refuse to fall in those first bloody weeks of the invasion. The Magrittans prepared themselves for a long siege with no obvious hope of deliverance – all the other major cities had fallen, and help from elsewhere was months away at best.

The Call to Arms

Now the clerics could put their plans into operation, moving amongst the fleeing troops, spreading the word that only unity under the banner of Myrmidia could save them from total and irreversible defeat. They preached that only the banner of Myrmidia supported the cause, not one leader or another. Only the banner of Myrmidia could be relied upon to listen with impartiality to the plans and grievances of all. Almost immediately, the commanders of these forces reformed their troops in answer to the rallying call.

On the Autumn equinox of 1455IC, a council of war brought the remaining rulers of the region together, presided over by the clerics of Myrmidia. At the same time, word went out to clerics in The Empire that the high temple itself was about to fall, bringing the faithful flooding South in order to prevent the disaster. As they travelled, they spread the word to all who would listen (especially the Sigmarites, with whom they were on good terms) that if the South fell to the invaders, Bretonnia and The Empire would be left open to attack. It is fair to say that the clerics did their best to cause panic, and soon troubled voices were raised at the very highest levels. The news reached the ears of the Emperor himself, who played down the worries of the nobles in attendance, and asked his advisors what could be done. In the autumn of 1455IC, the Emperor called for a holy war against the heathen Arabs. He called for a Crusade.

However, the army could not be organised immediately. It would not be until the spring at the very earliest that a force could be sent. This was particularly unfortunate – in the south the winters were mild, and the fighting would not wait until spring. Until then, the South, rallying under Myrmidia, would have to stand alone.

The Inception

Meanwhile, the clerics held their council of war. Progress was slow – for the dejected commanders would only co-operate in a limited way with each other, and none would place their troops under the command of any traditional rival. Meanwhile the Arabs secured their positions and intensified the siege around Magritta. A loose coalition of Southern forces attempted to retake some of their lost towns, but poor leadership meant their attempts were doomed to defeat.

By the autumn of 1455IC, the Southerners had withdrawn to defensive positions, unable to function as a cohesive fighting force. With the onset of autumn clerics began to return from The Empire, and with them came many volunteers. These warriors and errant Knights had come in answer to their appeals for help.

At first, the clerics had intended to use these fresh warriors to prop up the struggling forces of the South. However, when these new men saw the morale, leadership and political infighting of the armies, they refused to join. The clerics, too, had grown tired of all this disarray and took matters into their own hands. They fashioned these men into a fighting force in their own right, under their direct command. They then could act as an example of what could be achieved with co-operation and tolerance. However, they did not have much time – Magritta was close to falling. They knew this battle would be a test for the feasibility of their force. They would strive to raise the siege, or, at the very least, harry the attackers so that supplies could be brought through.

The clerics now had to decide how to mould this rag-tag collection of troops from across the Old World into a well-rounded, balanced fighting unit. They needed a way of instilling pride and passion into a force which had never fought together. Taking the Templars of Sigmar and Ulric as a model, they tried to copy the way these orders used religious beliefs to inspire their men to amazing acts of courage and valour. The question that remained was whether Myrmidia would inspire as much fervour in the heat of battle as Sigmar or Ulric.

Over the winter months, the clerics used their vast experience as soldiers and their knowledge of tactics to create a force that could operate with efficiency and strength. They overcame the problems caused by diversity of language by training all of them in battle tongue, but no matter how hard they strived, the clerics knew that something was missing.

Eventually, the time came when action had to be taken. The situation had grown desperate for the defenders of Magritta, and the siege had to be lifted or else the Arabs sufficiently damaged so the city could be given room to breathe. The problem was worsened by the Arabians' dominance on the sea. So far, only they had been able to land reinforcements. However, the gods were on the side of the city. The region suffered the worst storms it had ever known, lasting for days and sinking several Arabian reinforcement ships. Then, as the storms subsided, the ships of Sartosa broke through the blockade and wrought carnage on the vessels that had survived the storm. Legend adds that the High Priest of Myrmidia received a message from the temple of Manann telling them that now was the time to move. Whether that is true or not, the clerics knew full well that their time was ripe. The Arabs could not receive reinforcements now until the early spring, and even then they would have to run the gauntlet of the pirate fleet of Sartosa.

Visions and Portents

The attack on the forces at Magritta was planned for the first day of Vorhexen. It was to open with an attack by a mixed force of foot soldiers, cavalry and archers, comprised of troops drawn from the local forces. These would rush the Arab lines and withdraw quickly to minimise casualties. This tactic would be repeated as often as necessary in order to lure the Arabs into pursuing, at which point they would be ambushed where the terrain favoured the Southerners. Meanwhile, the new foreign legion of troops would attack the gap left in the Arab lines, aiming to strike behind the front line and cause mayhem before retreating. The plan was a sound one, as you would expect from clerics of Myrmidia. Its aims were also sensible – to weaken the Arab forces around Magritta, preventing them from taking the city and thus buying time for the forces of The Empire to arrive. The raid would also serve to raise the morale of the defenders, who had been besieged now for almost ten months, and perhaps even to get supplies to them. The clerics did not believe they were about to save the city by themselves; just buy some time.

In the days leading up to the attack many of the Knights of Myrmidia (as they were now known) suffered nightmares and bad dreams. Several soldiers were found staring trance-like into space during the day. Those who experienced the dream all told the same story. They were charging the enemy, only to see the ground open up

to reveal the bodies of their comrades in arms crashing down in crumpled heaps. Their bodies consumed in fire, giant black serpents then rose in front of them, spitting fire and venom down on them.

The clerics, to whom they turned in panic for guidance, had no idea what these portents meant. In desperation they prayed for guidance, but none was forthcoming. Their only conclusion was that the forthcoming battle would be a disaster, and as the date for the attack approached, they considered calling it all off.

On the eve of the battle, a strange thing happened. All the soldiers, to a man, fell asleep. It was as if a spell had been cast on them. Nothing could raise them, and the clerics began to panic, fearing that the sorcerers of Araby had bewitched them. However, as dawn broke, the men rose, and as they began to talk among themselves, it became clear they had all experienced the same dream. It had started exactly as the earlier one had done but this time, when the serpents began to spit, a beautiful woman carrying a spear and a shield appeared and told them to follow her. Promising that she would protect them she led each warrior past the spitting monsters and on to a glorious victory.

Faith

In the early morning mist, the forces loyal to the leaders of the South began their attacks on the Arab lines. Volleys of arrows fell into the units dug in around Magritta, trying to lure them out. On the sixth attempt, just before noon, a column of cavalry burst forth to pursue the attackers. Spotting the gap this left in the Arab defences, the senior cleric mounted his horse, and ordered the four hundred and eighty men hidden in wood above the battlefield to do the same. Slowly, he led them out at walking pace, towards the enemy, in perfect cavalry formation.

This was the moment Emir Wasr the Cruel had been waiting for. In charge of the siege of Magritta since the beginning of the invasion, he was an experienced and talented general. His enemy's tactics had been obvious to him from the first faked charge. Although it had taken him all morning to prepare his 'weak spot', all was now ready. He turned to a short man standing next to him, covered in sweat and smoke, and told him to await his command. He raised his telescope and scoured the ground between himself and the slowly approaching force. As they reached one third of the distance, the cavalry began to canter. As they reached the half way mark, he gave his command.

The Arab line exploded; balls of burning oil dropping out of the sky onto the enemy. At first the Knights of Myrmidia were unsure what was happening and continued their advance. Around them the balls exploded in waves of consuming fire, splashing onto armour and horseflesh. The ground was like a smith's furnace, its heat burning the skin from screaming men. Black smoke wreathed around them, and it carried the stench of death with it. The order was given to charge, but the siege engines had found their range and spat out in a series of volleys that crashed down onto the attackers. Before they had even covered two thirds of the distance, the Knights of Myrmidia were forced to retreat to the cover of the forest.

Wasr the Cruel watched the retreating troops. This was the first opportunity he had had to use his newly developed siege engines and their vicious oil. It was meant for castles and cities, but he had always wondered what it would be like on formations of soldiers. Now he knew – and so did the Southerners. Intelligence sources had indicated that such weapons were still virtually unknown in The Empire and he had been sure that they would give him a considerable advantage. It would not have surprised him if the city surrendered after that display. He looked at one of the engines, the throwing arms shaped after the heads of the spitting serpents that lived in the desert. He knew that as long as he protected the oil and trained men, he would have few problems dealing with this small skirmish. Assured of victory, he set about making plans for the final assault on the city.

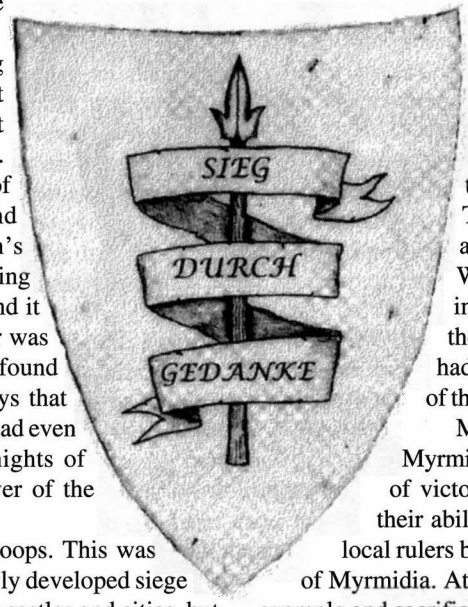
In the woods overlooking the city the surviving knights quickly took stock. A third of their number, including the lead cleric, lay dead or dying on the killing ground. It had been as the dreams and visions had foretold – the fire, the spitting serpents: all true. But even as this became clear, some began to argue that if one dream had come true, so would the other. If they put their faith in the goddess, she would protect them, and guide them.

Quickly they formed a new plan. They would charge the whole way across the divide in loose formation, making it harder for the serpents to target large numbers of them. At the last minute, they would close formation, driving a deadly wedge through the ranks of the defenders in order to strike at the serpents themselves. Myrmidia would protect them!

They had, at last, discovered what that had been missing. They had discovered faith. What they were about to do they did for Myrmidia, and for Myrmidia alone.

Not all the remaining Knights of Myrmidia charged out of that wood into North Valley. Some just did not have enough faith. However, of the three hundred and twenty or so who had survived the initial slaughter, over two hundred and eighty made the second charge. They moved faster than the Arab engines could cope with, smashing through the defenders to strike. Wasr the Cruel looked on in horror as his defences crumbled. His trained engine operators were slaughtered to a man and his engines smashed.

Although the knights took heavy losses and were eventually forced to retreat, they weakened the Arabs greatly. Perhaps more importantly, though, the Templars of Myrmidia had forged themselves in the heat of battle into a fighting force with faith as its motivation, its weapon, and above all its shield. Myrmidia now had Templars of her own.



The Order of the Shield

The knights' numbers had been reduced to just over one hundred men, the rest selling their lives dearly to give to the people of the south their first taste of victory. Instead of glorifying themselves, however, the survivors went off to a Temple of Myrmidia to give thanks for their lives and to pray for the souls of their fallen comrades. Whilst they did so, the story of their mad charge into the teeth of death spread through the rest of the dejected army like a fire. The Templar charge had shown what could be done when the good sense of the clerics was used and petty differences put aside.

More and more soldiers flocked to the faith of Myrmidia, believing that this alone offered the best hope of victory. Realising their people were losing faith in their ability to deliver them from the Arab invaders, the local rulers begrudgingly aligned themselves with the clerics of Myrmidia. At last a true alliance had been won – through the example and sacrifice of the Templars.

Meanwhile, as the Arabs held their positions awaiting the spring and the arrival of their supply fleet, the Templars hid from the world. Taking over a Myrmidian Temple, they allowed nobody other than the most senior clerics to see them. No-one apart from those involved can ever know what transpired between the clerics and the Templars, but the Templars did not venture forth from the temple for over two months. When eventually they did it was as a knightly order in their own right - the Order of the Shield. The name was to serve as a reminder of how, in the charge into the siege engines, they had used their faith as a shield. During their two-month absence from the fighting, many of the survivors took holy orders and became initiates of the goddess – but all had sworn allegiance to Myrmidia and renounced any other gods as their patron.

Many fighters flocked to the new order, wishing to join their ranks, but almost all were turned away as they did not fit the criteria laid down by the knights. Nobody, other than the knights, seemed to know what these criteria were. Of the few that were accepted into the ranks some were women and some were clerics. All were treated as equals. However, one man, Lord Carlos de Staferio, laughed at those of his men rejected by the clerics. After all he told them, devotion could only get in the way of a good fight.

With the arrival of spring came the resumption of hostilities with the Arabs. The organisation of the forces of the South were much improved over that of the previous year. The Order of the Shield had emerged from the Temple to provide a consistent chain of command. Instead of forming one large unit they separated, attaching themselves to the southern forces. Here they provided advice and skill. Under their orders, using superior tactics, the forces of the south prevented the Arabs from breaking away from the coast and moving further inland. Occasionally the Templars, relatively few in number, came together with great effect. Often providing the hammer blow in some cleverly laid plan, the Arabs came to dread the sound of their horns signalling a charge. However, where they really made a difference was in leading the other troops on the field.

The Dawn of the Blazing Sun

Nevertheless, the battles that raged were only a prelude to the final terrible battle. The southern forces were taken by surprise by the sudden Arab assault on Magritta. It seemed a foolhardy attempt; the walls were as firm as they had always been. However, Wasr the Cruel was not so easily defeated. As they approached, one of the gates was opened: men of the city had been bribed to clear the way. His men poured into the streets, and fierce fighting began all along the walls. The streets ran with blood, as the gate became the resting-place of many from both sides.

The Southern forces weren't slow to react but their attack was stopped by a strategically positioned rearguard. However, some units did force their way through. One, led by Lord Carlos de Staferio, was among the first onto the streets of Magritta. Leading his men, he fought his way into the heart of the city, with the bronze statue of Myrmidia standing atop the temple as their guide. Here the fighting was worse. The Magrittains were pitted against the elite forces of the Emir, who had personally struck the commander of the Magritta forces' head from his shoulders. Evening came and the fighting did not abate – and de Staferio and his mercenaries found themselves surrounded by the Black Guard, the Emir's fiercest troops and bodyguards. Raising his sword de Staferio knew he was soon to die, and prayed to Myrmidia for strength.

It was then the ground and buildings shook. All were fearful at this great portent. Then the street was bathed in red. The statue of the goddess toppled from the Temple, seemingly afire from the reflected setting sun. For those below there was nowhere to run. The Emir and much of his Black Guard were crushed to death on the streets. The Magrittains and de Staferio made short work of the remainder.

As the sun set across the city de Staferio and his men poured down the hill, their armour ablaze. Their standard was the head of the Emir. It wasn't long before the Arabs broke, streaming away from the gate. Those that remained in the city were slaughtered. But it wasn't over yet. The Arabs still surrounded the city. Behind the walls, de Staferio swore his allegiance to the goddess and promised he would join the Order of the Shield out of gratitude. But things would not be so straightforward.

As the war progressed the Order of the Shield gained a fearsome reputation and the Arabs came to loathe them – putting a bounty on their heads. Amongst their own side they gained a reputation for professionalism which was unparalleled in the rest of the army. While they were respected by all they were never feared by their troops in the same way as the Templar forces in The Empire were. Towards the end of the war, as the crusade swept down from The Empire, the Templars (whose forces were depleted by their apparent wish not to take recruits) were reduced more and more to commanding rather than fighting. The Order of the Sheild's finest hour was at hand: the battle of Magritta in 1457, the final large battle of the war. The city, now led by de Staferio, looked as if it would fall to the Arabs as the city's defenders fought bloody hand to hand battles in the streets against their numerically superior enemy. Then, on the field in front of the city where it had all began for them, the appearance of the entire force of the Order of the Shield routed the Arabian forces and saved the city from capitulation. This defeat marked the beginning of the end for the Arabs; by the following year they had retreated back across the sea to Araby. Estalia and the Tilean city-states were once again free. The clerics and Templars of Myrmidia had, through example and self-sacrifice, saved the South, and potentially The Empire.

"The victory was not ours. The victory was Myrmidia's"
Carlos de Staferio

Aftermath

In the days following the victory, Carlos de Staferio presented himself to the Order of the Sheild. He was accepted with great honour. However, many of his men were not. Soon the Order's policy of rejecting most of the recruits that came to them began to alienate de Staferio. More and more of those who had been turned away came to him and stated their case and their sincere desire to join. He in turn presented them again to the Order. Again, there were turned away. The feeling amongst the local knights was that they were being excluded and that the Order was for foreigners only. Only weeks after joining, de Staferio stormed away.

In the ruins of Magritta, standing at the base of broken statue of Myrmidia, he swore to create his own order: The Knights of the Blazing Sun. They would fight in Myrmidia's name wherever they could. Around him a hundred Estilean knights bent to the ground and swore their allegiance to the goddess. (Ironically, however, in the many years that followed, the composition of the orders swapped around. It was the Blazing Sun which spread and recruited from across the Old World, while the Order of the Shield became heavily Estilean.)

"Your troops are your greatest asset. Rule them through fear and they will die for you, but gain their loyalty and they will fight and die for you."
War Marshall Juan Medina

The Shield and the Sun

The Templars of Myrmidia in both Orders are far more 'religious' and mystical than their Imperial counterparts. Members are more like warrior priests than religious knights. Their secrets and traditions are jealously guarded and nobody outside the orders or the priesthood is allowed to know them.

Following their victory both orders retreated into seclusion where legend has it that Myrmidia herself came to them through dreams and visions, giving them a blueprint for the orders they were to become. At first the clerics of Myrmidia did not want to lose control of their knights but they soon became convinced of the validity of the dreams and visions and so gave their blessing and relinquished control of the orders.

In hindsight this was probably the best move they could ever have made. It enabled many of the knights to take holy orders and become clerics as well as knights. It ensured that there was no split in the religion in the same way as there had been when the Templars of Sigmar had first been founded. By letting the Templars dictate their own affairs they did in fact bind the Temple Orders and the Clergy tightly together in one faith. Even to this day, that alliance has never been threatened.

However, over the years the two Orders have taken on different personalities. The Order of the Shield live their lives very differently to their Templar brothers in the other main orders. Whereas the Templars of Sigmar and Ulric are for the most part feared and avoided, the population of the South respects the Templars of Myrmidia. While they have a reputation for savagery in battle that is comparable to any other order, they are also known for calmness, serenity and above all fairness when dealing with people who are weaker than they. Very often when an appeal is made to the clerics of Myrmidia to intercede in a dispute it will be the Templars who make sure that the judgement is fair. All of the Templars observe the same strictures as the clerics of Myrmidia.

The Order of the Shield's members are not kept together as a standing army. The newer members are to be found performing guard duties at all the major temples in the cities and there is always a detachment kept at the ready at their own preceptory, the Temple of the Shield, that to all intents and purposes is their own castle located just outside Magritta. Many wander The Old World openly, joining armies as advisors, in which capacity they are always welcome. They may also travel secretly as priests trying to convert the simple soldiers who make up the armies. They are continuously recruiting to their ranks.

Their recruitment policy is different to the other orders in that they actively look for members. Very few people are able to show the strength of faith and the discipline needed to learn the practices of war to the high standards required by the Order of the Shield. They secretly search for promising young men and women, who do not necessarily have to come from a warrior background. Only rarely do they find a suitable individual. They then befriend them, secretly test and assess. Only after they are convinced of their qualities do they invite them to travel with them to their preceptory to be tested further. There they are examined on their faith and their intelligence. If selected, they are invited to learn the mysteries of Myrmidia. These are not just martial skills but mystical ones as well: they are taught meditation so as to be able to stay calm and keep a clear head in battle, how to channel their will to resist spells and psychological attacks, and battle tactics and history of warfare so that they can be prepared for any eventuality on the field. They are also taught individual specialist skills to a high level such as *Animal Care, Heal Wounds* and even *Surgery*. Even though they are a small force they are well rounded and prepared for almost anything. The serving members who are also clerics even have a full range of battle magic spells.

The Templars of the Shield, in conjunction with the clerics of Myrmidia and the Knights of the Blazing Sun, also make it their business to find out what is going on in the rest of The Empire with regards to politics. To this end they have no qualms about spying. Their main target for activities of this kind remains Araby, sometimes resorting to bribery and blackmail to further these ambitions in addition to ordinary intelligence gathering. They also actively root out spies that may have infiltrated the courts and households of the rulers of the Estilea.

The Knights of the Blazing Sun became a more traditional military order. They are to be found further afield than the Order of the Shield, with Chapters in The Empire and Bretonnia. Units travel the wilder region of The Old World, joining forces about to go into battle with Chaos or Goblins. They are not always welcome, as they don't always take orders, particularly where they are foolish or misguided. Any soldier who has proven themselves on the field of battle and who can demonstrate their devotion to Myrmidia may join. They may only take the Blazing Sun upon their shield once they have fought with the Order. Their headquarters remains in Magritta but this is staffed by only a few older Templars. A number of their other Castles are scattered around The Old World. The Grand Master of the Knights fights alongside his men, moving between units and locations.

The Mysteries of Myrmidia

As a religion Myrmidia has no enemies as such; however the Templars do share a professional rivalry with the followers of Ulric whom they consider to be barbarians with little understanding of the art of war. While the orders are not hostile to one another each considers themselves to be the superior. Apart from this, the Order is on good terms with all the other main religions and does not go out of its way to persecute anything other than enemies of The Old World – especially Araby, and Chaos.

The War Council, the nine most experienced warriors, makes all decisions regarding the Temple. They can be Templars, clerics or Knights of the Blazing Sun. When the temple finds it necessary to call the Templars together, runners are sent to track them down. When the Templar's location is not known, magical summons are used. Such summons are rare, and Templars are expected to obey straight away.

The Temple of Myrmidia places three books above all others:

The Words of Myrmidia - Scripted by Henri de Havialland from a series of visions. Contains advice for warriors in the field. Also contains the two hundred psalms of Myrmidia. Many warriors consider it a great gift to be presented with a small book containing these.

Tactics and Strategy - A very old book, translated from an Arabic source. Contains advice on strategy and commanding troops. Strong rumours suggest lost chapters. The book details ideas for weaponry, some of which has not yet been developed.

Sieges, Siege Weapons and Using Dead Cattle Offensively - A book

by Otto von Ottoheim III detailing the constructing of various siege weapons, as well as defences. This has been rewritten a number of times as progress in this field is made, most notably by Saldo Ghiozzis.

The Singouri Conspiracy

Pablo Singouri was a member of the War Council who rose to fame in the siege of Carrosack. It was during the fierce fighting that he grew to hate the Arabs. He believed that, unchecked, they would eventually rule the civilised world. He began to campaign for a crusade to wipe them out once and for all. However, he would need to convince the nobility to supply troops and money. Many believe he was on the edge of a breakthrough when he was murdered by an unknown assassin. Since then a number of Templars have striven to influence a generally uninterested nobility, but without success.

Appearance & Armour

The Knights of the Blazing Sun are unmistakable, dressed in full armour adorned with the Blazing Sun symbol. However if PCs come across a Templar of the Shield the chances are that they will not recognise them for what they are, especially if they are travelling on the road in disguise. Unless preparing for battle they do not dress in an obviously military way. In barracks (usually this just means staying in a temple) they will dress as clerics in robes. When travelling on the road, whether as a group or as an individual, they will wear a minimum of armour, carrying the rest on pack horses. They do not display their membership of their order, preferring not to draw attention to themselves. They will, however, wear a ring or medallion declaring their allegiance to Myrmidia, and usually wear white cloaks with red edging. When they do put on their full armour it is as impressive as any Templar from any order. Both Orders' armour is always immaculate and they all have a shield showing the simple device of their order (for the Templars of the shield, this comprises of a shield and a spear). On ceremonial duty they carry a spear and shield, but otherwise the choice of weapon is left up to the individual.

Templars of Myrmidia typically have a squire (should they so wish). These squires usually approach the Temple by themselves, and return to seek a new mentor when their previous Knight has died. The Templars sometimes look amongst the towns and villages for those that have the potential to be good squires. In Tilea it is considered a great honour to be chosen for this calling.

TEMPLARS OF MYRMIDIA

The Order of the Shield Advance Scheme

To become a member of the order, the character must complete the initiate career and a warrior career. During their training they are taught the Art of Warfare. At the end of this period they are expected to have learnt the basics of strategy, and to progress are required to make a successful *Intelligence* test in addition to paying the standard 100 Experience Points. Failure means the Experience Points are lost. This test must be made to advance each level. The clerical level costs are also to be used.

The Templars are closely bound to the clerics of the order. The four Templar advances are equal in responsibility and position to the clerical levels. As they progress, they are expected to learn all aspects of warfare; for this reason, progress is relatively slow.

Spear Bearer

On reaching the first rank, new entrants are assigned to a senior Templar. They travel together until the trainee reaches the rank of the Shield Bearer.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+20	+20	+1		+5	+20		+10	+20	+10	+10	+10	+10

Skills: Animal Care, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Heal Wounds, Read/Write Other Language, Secret Language - Battle Tongue, Strike Mighty Blow, Secret Signs - Templar, Strike to Stun, Specialist Weapon (player's choice), Theology

Shield Bearer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+20	+20	+1	+1	+6	+30	+1	+20	+30	+20	+20	+20	+20

Skills: Carpentry, Engineer, Heraldry, Ride Horse, Read/Write Other Language, Strike to Injure, Specialist Weapon - Lance, Specialist Weapon (player's choice), Stubborn Determination

Knight of Myrmidia

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+30	+30	+1	+1	+7	+30	+2	+20	+40	+30	+30	+30	+30

Skills: Public Speaking, Meditation, Read/Write Other Language, Specialist Weapon - Bolt thrower, Specialist Weapon - Bombard, Specialist Weapon - Stone thrower, Specialist Weapon (player's choice)

War Marshall

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+40	+30	+1	+1	+8	+30	+2	+20	+40	+40	+30	+40	+30

Skills: Read/Write Additional Language, Specialist Weapon (player's choice)

The Knights of the Blazing Sun Advance Scheme

The Knights use the same advance scheme as The Knights of the Fiery Heart. However, there is no equivalent to the War Marshall rank and there a few changes at other ranks.

Temple Guards

Skills: Theology (Myrmidia)

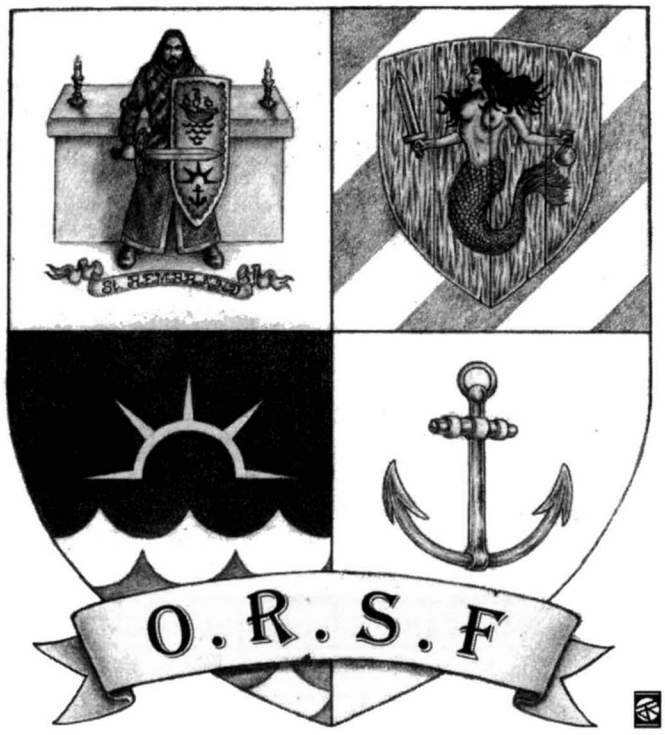
Knights

Skills: No Theology

Temple Master/Knight Commander

Skills: Read/Write Additional Language

THE KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY ORDER OF ST. REMBRAND THE FAITHFUL



"Two points to starboard! Drummer, call battle stations!"
Captain Tobias Rook turned his gaze back to the north as the bosun's mate hammered out the alarm – his men knew what to do and he needed to give all his attention to planning the coming battle. The ships would be in range in just a few minutes. While marines hastily donned their armour and barefoot sailors clambered through the rigging to set the sails, he watched as a speck grew on the horizon. It was changing its course, too – it was obvious that the commander of that ship wanted battle as much if not more than the captain of the Vengeance of the Seas.

The enemy was close now. Rook saw clearly through his spyglass what he had suspected ever since he heard first heard those reports, weeks ago now, of savage pillaging along the Norscan coast. These were no commonplace pirates. Nor were they fanatics of Stromfels seeking sacrifices for their demon god. The leering red Chaos moon painted on the sails and the corpses of tortured villagers swinging from the rigging told him that the mysterious reavers were servants of Khorne, the Blood God. They were madmen who cared nothing for treasure or even slaves, just blood and death for their mad patron. And they were led by a Champion of Khorne, someone who had become the Skull Lord's dedicated slave in return for earthly power. Rook could see him now in the glass, his armour the colour of the sun at sunset and his face hidden by a grotesque helm. In one mailed hand he held a tremendous axe as he gestured at his crew with the other.

The Chaos ship was bigger and faster than his own – even though the Vengeance was one of the best of the new-style galleons being built in the shipyards of Manaanshaven, it couldn't outrun the Khornate vessel. But flight was never an option. They had all sworn an oath before the altar in the Great Cathedral of Manann itself. They were Knights of the Holy Order of St. Rembrand, and they were duty-bound to clear the seas of obscenities like these. As Captain Rook gave the spyglass back to his cabin boy and put his helm on his head, he made his decision:

"Portside gunners, every other gun arm with chainshot and aim for their rigging! I want their manoeuvring crippled. The remainder arm with grapeshot – sweep their decks when we close to fifty yards! Starboard gunners and marines – one volley with crossbows, then prepare for boarding!"

Just then the wind changed and carried sounds from the deck of the Chaos ship, the sounds of the crew chanting as they, too, prepared for battle. "Blood, for the Blood God! Skulls, for the Skull Throne!" Captain Tobias Rook, Templar of Manann and veteran of thirty years at sea, shook off the faint twinge of fear he felt in his spine. He offered a silent prayer to the Sea Lord and gave his final instruction to the crew.
"No quarter."

Introduction

The Knights of the Holy Order of St. Rembrand the Faithful (more commonly known as "Manann's Marines" to Marienburgers) were founded in Marienburg nearly a millennium ago. Since then, they have come to serve as the cult's main military arm, protecting temples and striking at its enemies wherever they are found in the Old World and beyond. It is dedicated to the interests of the cult first and Marienburg second, and serves the ArchPriest as a counterweight to the Household marines of the Ten.

The Legend of St. Rembrand

The Order was born in the waning days of the Bretonnian occupation of Marienburg at the end of the 16th century. When the approach of the Imperial Army under Grand Duke Albert of Middenland and the revolt of the city's populace forced his withdrawal, the Duc du L'Anguille, Honore du Pepignard, ordered his soldiers to sack the Great Cathedral of Manann. "If I am to be evicted, then I shall take its treasure as my quit-fee!"

Though they fought their way past the cathedral guards, they were halted before the altar by a lone figure, a marine named Rembrand Zegwaard. Dressed in chain and wielding a sword and shield, he called the Duc and his men blasphemers and ordered them to "flee these holy precincts now, before the Sea Father's wrath washes you away!"

The Duc, not one for religious debate, ordered his men to kill this lunatic.

Fighting like an enraged shark, Rembrand saw off a full dozen L'Anguillois mercenaries till only the Duc and a few retainers faced him. Though bleeding from two score cuts, he remained unbowed and defiantly challenged the Bretonnian to single combat. The Duc, ever the pragmatist, knew he couldn't win. Preferring his own skin to the treasures of the cathedral, he bowed and ordered his men to withdraw.

They then promptly surrounded the temple, set fire to it, and watched while it burned to the ground with Rembrand still inside. As the building collapsed, the Duc boarded his ship home and fled Marienburg just as the Oostenpoort gates were being opened to the Middenlanders.

Days later, after the Baron of Westerland had been formally restored to his throne, an amazing discovery was made by workmen among the rubble of the cathedral: near the altar, laying in a pose of perfect peace, his hands crossed over his chest, was the body of Rembrand. He was dead, but his body was unharmed. Though he lay

at the centre of the fire, his body was not burned. Indeed, it was fresh to the touch and coated with a thin sheen of cool water – sea water.

Upon seeing this, the Arch-Priest of Manann declared it to be a miracle and proclaimed Rembrand a saint of the cult. Within a few years, sailors and marines who claimed to be visited by St. Rembrand in their dreams were petitioning to form a fighting order dedicated, as he was, to the service of Manann and the sea. After long weeks of prayer and discussion among the upper clergy, the petition was granted and the Knights of the Order of St. Rembrand the Faithful (Ordo Rembrandis Sancti et Fidelis or O.R.S.F.) was formed under their first Grandmaster, a nobleman named Cornelis de Roelef.

The Order in Later Days

While serving as the mailed fist of the Cult, the Order was present at crucial moments in Marienburg's history over the next several centuries. Not all were happy with the return of the Sea Elves after the Lughsoll-Siaisullainn sailed into Marienburg's harbour. Solkanite radicals considered the Treaty of Amity and Commerce tantamount to an alliance with Chaos – for weren't the Elves masters of strange magic, magic that could only be wielded by tapping the power of Chaos itself? In secret they plotted for over a year and then made their strike, soldiers assaulting the palace and demagogues whipping the crowds into an anti-Elf frenzy. Only the timely intervention by a squad of the Knights of St. Rembrand saved Baron van Hoogmans from being hanged in his own bed chamber, while others interposed themselves between the mobs and the small but growing Elf-colony. Their steadfast loyalty saved the Treaty and perhaps even prevented a war with Ulthuan. As a reward, Baron van Hoogmans named the Order the personal bodyguards of the barons of Westerland and their family, and bestowed upon them the motto they carry to this day, "Always Faithful."

The great crisis of the Order came during the Incursion of Chaos, when the polar warp gates expanded and the creatures of the Void threatened to overwhelm the world. Like Imperials everywhere, Marienburgers heard the clarion call of Magnus from Nuln and answered his cry for troops. Since the barons of Westerland were the hereditary Sea Lords of The Empire and Admirals of its fleet, their response was to put together a mighty flotilla of over 100 ships that sailed for Erengrad. Their mission was to protect the flank of Magnus's army by clearing Chaos from the Sea of Claws. The order gathered its forces from around the Old World and manned the fleet as one body, over a thousand strong.

It was well they did, for out of a fog one day came a vast Chaos fleet under the command of Rengaard Bodywarper, a sorcerer and Champion of Tzeentch. The two fleets fought a titanic battle outside of Erengrad harbour, with the ships lashed together and soldiers battling mutants and worse from deck to deck like some mass street brawl. Fire and magic flew with abandon during the battle, and many ships burned or were destroyed as Chaos itself warped their wood and sank them. Yet, just as the forces of Magnus were victorious at Grovod Wood that fateful day, so did the Imperial fleet win its test. But the price was high – few ships were left undamaged, and many of the wounded had to be killed to prevent mutation. Worse still, Baron Paulus van der Maacht had died on the end of Rengaard's sword, whimpering for his life. Of the Knights of St. Rembrand, only ten remained of those who fought in the battle. The order had been butchered and looked as if it would die out.

And yet it survived. The death of Baron van der Maacht meant the extinction of the Westerland Royal House, and the new Directors wanted bodyguards loyal to them, not the potential Theocrats in the Great Cathedral. The Order returned to being protectors of the cult's temples and serving on its ships.

Since then, it has rebuilt itself and concentrated on fighting the enemies of Manann and of all who depend on the sea: pirates, Stromfels cultists, and Chaos reavers all pose a continual threat. It does not limit its protection to Wastelanders or Imperials: all whose lives are touched by the sea earn its protection. Thus it was given the fortress of Viksjoergsberg on an island off the coast of Norsca by a grateful High King in IC 2483 for suppressing pirates that had been raiding his coasts. While loyal to the Arch-Priest, if there is no conflict of interest it will serve Marienburg too. A small detachment of Templar-Marines fought with the city's army during the War for Independence – it conducted the commando operation that destroyed the Imperial army's supplies in the Grootscher Marsh.

Organisation and Membership

The Order of 2512 IC has nearly regained its old strength, numbering roughly seven hundred members scattered throughout the Old World. The Order comprises roughly seventy percent 'common' marines, twenty percent 'true' Templars who are the officers, and the remainder

following 'other' careers, generally non-combatants like scholars or artisans. They are typically organised into 'companies' of twenty marines, each commanded by a sergeant, who is a Templar. The sergeant commonly answers to the temple's Master of Arms, a senior priest with military experience. In temples with more than one company, command is often vested in a Captain-General. This is usually a senior marine with experience as an officer (e.g., Ship's Captain, Mate, Navigator, Mercenary Captain). Such officers are highly respected and report only to the Arch-Priest of the temple himself. In this case, the Master of Arms is instead called the Master of Novices and is responsible for the training of new Knights.

While the Knights of the Order of St. Rembrand generally deserve their ferocious reputation, the quality of the companies varies from location to location, since each temple must pay for its own forces and some are far richer than others. While the companies based in Marienburg and the Grand Chapel in Miragliano are regarded as elite strike forces, others are of lesser quality. The worst of all is the Compania di San Pietro in Tobaro. The Arch-Priest there, Guido Pancarelli, is an unrepentant skin-flint and refuses to spend a penny more than he has to on arms and training. His marines are recruited from the shepherds of the hills around Tobaro, eager for an easy life of drinking and wenching in the cliff-city's taverns. The situation has grown so bad that the Grand Chapel is considering calling a synod of the Tilean temples to depose Pancarelli and assume direct control of the Tobaro temple. Such a meeting is at least a year away, though.

Joining the Order

PCs may wish to join the order if they feel the call of religion, but don't want to enter the priesthood. New Knights may also be serving a sentence of penance, atoning for some offence by fighting for Manann's cause. Terms can be of any length for new recruits, from one year to a lifetime. PCs wishing to follow other careers before their term of service is up must have the approval of the Arch-Priest of their home temple.

Candidates must have served at least one career as a marine or sailor and be vouched for by three members of the cult of Manann. Test against Fellowship, with a +5 modifier for each sea-going career served and another +5 for dedicated service to the cult. Apply a –10 penalty for any hint that the character, his family, or any close to him have had anything to do with the heretical cult of Stromfels. Certain connection to that hated cult will bar the character forever from service in the Order – and perhaps get him arrested if he's stupid enough to make it known! Otherwise, failure of the Fellowship roll means that the PC can try again next year.

New recruits typically serve one term as marines or sailors in the cult's service, even if they have followed these careers before – this is a trial period for them to prove their worthiness. Provided they haven't disgraced themselves in some way, they become full members once they have taken all advances and skills in their career, and accumulated the necessary experience to move to another. Even though they are not Templars per se, these marines and sailors are still Knights of the Order and are bound by its strictures.

Characters coming from advanced careers that have skills useful to the Order, such as Navigator, Wizard or Scholar, will still be admitted if they meet the above requirements. Rather than serving a term as a common sailor or marine, they will instead be given duties that best fit their skills and the Order's needs. In no case, however, will anyone be allowed to advance to the Templar career and thus high rank in the order without having first served as a Marine. Tradition demands it.

Strictures

As members of a holy order, the Knights of St. Rembrand The Faithful follow certain religious strictures, similar to those followed by priests. In addition to the strictures imposed on priests of Manann, Knights of St. Rembrand must obey the following rules:

- Always obey the order of a priest of Manann, unless the Knight is himself a priest of higher rank or obedience would lead to heresy.
- Oppose the works of Stromfels and Chaos wherever they may be found, and never suffer their servants to live, unless commanded otherwise by a Priest or higher-ranking Templar.

Trials & Blessings

Along with the trials common for the priesthood, typical tests assigned to Templar-Marines include slaying a shark in single combat, a period of work among the common sailors, or clearing a gang of wreckers from a coastal village.

Blessings from Manann include those mentioned on p. 196 of the WFRP rulebook, along with +10 bonuses to tests involving *Weapon Skill, Leadership*, or *Cool*.

Important individuals in the Marienburg Order

Grandmaster of the Order, Nicolaas van Meeter: Nearly sixty-three years old, van Meeter has been a Templar for over forty years, since he had a religious epiphany while serving as a marine for House den Euwe. In that time, he has served in all the major temples of Manann in the Old World and even travelled to Lustria. Before losing his left

leg and eye to torture at the hands of the cult of Stromfels, he was famed as a daring officer and ferocious warrior. His greatest moment came when he led the assault on the Ducal Palace in Sartosa during the Great Raid of 2499, personally killing the Pirate King Horvaty in his throne room. The banners and arms taken during that raid hang in the Order's refectory to this day.

Grandmaster van Meeter is a fanatical follower of Manann and is loyal to Arch-Priest Wouter Berkhout. He rules the Knights of St. Rembrand with an iron hand, and no one rises in the Marienburg hierarchy without his close scrutiny. Though distance keeps him from governing the companies beyond Marienburg as tightly, there are few among even the Arch-Priests of the great temples who would openly oppose him. Within Marienburg, the Templar-Marines stay above the factional politics of the city, other than to help in the policing of Tempelwijk. Should push come to shove, though, the nearly a hundred Knights of St. Rembrand The Faithful would be a force to reckon with.

Master of Novices, Brother Egbert Huibers: The current Master of Novices is Brother Egbert Huibers. He is responsible for the training of new Templar-Marines. Huibers has the final word on whether a recruit is qualified to be a marine. Politics and social standing mean little to him – he recently caused a stir when he washed-out the younger son of a Nuln noble. "I don't need no dandies in the marines! Let'em write poetry to their cooing ladies and let real warriors handle the fighting!" Huibers is a favourite of Grandmaster van Meeter and it is assumed that he is being groomed for higher command.
For more information, see his entry in Marienburg: Sold down the river.

Mistress of Ritual, Sister Maartje Pellikaan: Sister Pellikaan is a stern, dour woman in her mid-forties. She coils her salt-and-pepper hair in a tight bun and wears no make-up or jewellery, which she dismisses as "feminine affectations." She rarely smiles but, when she does, the scar she received from a Dark Elf marine makes her grin look grotesque. She has memorised the Holy Scriptures of the cult and liberally sprinkles quotations from them in her conversation.

Sister Pellikaan is responsible for the spiritual probity of the Knights of St. Rembrand in Marienburg. She is their confessor and teacher, and she is a stern taskmistress. She regularly grills Templar-Marines on questions of theology, probing them for any hint of error or heresy. Knights who do not meet her high standards are required to attend "remedial catechism" lessons that can last for weeks. As Maartje Pellikaan also regularly represents the Cult of Manann on the tribunals of the Star Chamber, failure to learn one's lessons can have very serious consequences.

Adventure Hooks

Capture the flag

Not all the battles the Order fought in ended in victory. One in particular still rankles – the loss of the caravel Hesperia IC 2230. It was sailing from Bilbali to Marienburg as part of a three-ship convoy of honour for the then-Grandmaster, Siemon Peerenboom. It never made its scheduled stop in L'Anguille and was presumed lost at sea with all hands. Or at least, it was until six months ago.

Word has come to the Cathedral of Manann of Peerenboom's fate: his flotilla was attacked by Bretonnian pirates. The survivors, including the Grandmaster, were sacrificed to Stromfels and the loot taken to Moussillon as trophies for the clandestine temple of the Lord of the Raging Sea. A merchant returning from Bretonnia, Oldrik Elderen, told the order about his visit with Marcel du Pont, an important merchant in Moussillon. Du Pont had the ceremonial sword and banner of Grandmaster Peerenboom on display in his mansion's dining hall! No one knows how he came to possess them, but the Order is determined to get them back – honour demands their return.

But du Pont refuses to sell at any price. So the Order is sending a band of Knights to the accursed city to recover the artefacts – if not by purchase then by force. Just getting around damned Moussillon will be bad enough, but is du Pont just a merchant, or a Stromfels cultist laying a trap for his enemies? (If none of the PCs is a Knight, then the Order hires them because their own people would be too easy to spot, thus alerting du Pont. They must still take an oath of service, though.)

Swash till you buckle

The Knights of St. Rembrand The Faithful regularly rotate between service aboard ship and service on land guarding the Cult's properties and personnel. The PCs are assigned to one of the new galleons, the Flying Westerlander, as it patrols the Sea of Claws from Marienburg to Erengrad. Their mission is to keep the peace and protect legitimate commerce. Several adventures can come from this setting. The first two are ideally suited to new members of the Order or characters in their first career or two who are in its service.

- The ship encounters pirates attacking a merchant-man or coastal village. To the rescue!
- PCs can use the stops in-between to trade on their own, or the GM can arrange mini-adventures for the "shore leave." Perhaps they are left to guard a cargo while the veterans get to enjoy a night on the town. Of course, this is the night when the local gang decides to steal the goods!
- Captain Zacharias Westdijk is a cruel bastard who drives his men hard and treats them worse. Still, he is the captain – his word is law and the PCs have sworn an oath as Knights. One day, he orders a man keel-hauled for a minor breach. While he is within his rights, the crew can take no more and mutinies. Do the PCs uphold their oaths – or justice?

TEMPLARS OF MANANN
ADVANCE SCHEME

Marine

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+30	+20	+1	+3	+6	+20	+2	+20	+30	+20	+30	+20	+20

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Read/Write, Row, Sailing, Secret Language – Battle Tongue, Secret Signs – Templar (Manann), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Stubborn Determination, Swim, Theology (Manann)

Master

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+40	+20	+1	+3	+8	+20	+2	+20	+30	+20	+30	+20	+20

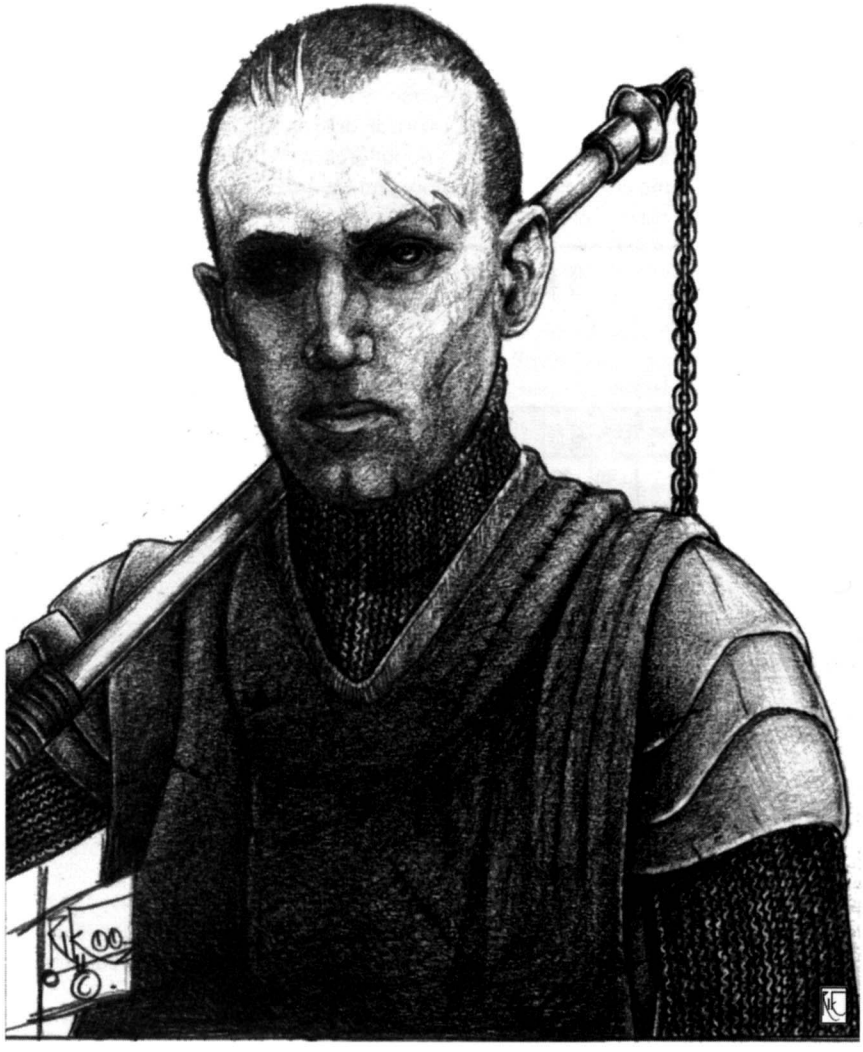
Skills: Etiquette, Influence, Righteous Certainty

Trappings: Two hand weapons (typically a combination of sword and axe), crossbow and ammunition, mail shirt, metal cap, shield, grapnel and ten yards of rope, prayer book and worry-beads, small sea chest for personal belongings

TEMPLARS BELONGING TO THE OTHER CULTS & NON HUMANS TEMPLAR ORGANISATIONS

Wolfgang winced and pulled the bandage tight with his teeth. Immediately blood seeped through, but not enough to add to the rust-like appearance of his chain links. By the hand of Mórr! This foul magi had a source of fresh bodies. In all his years he had never seen so much blood erupt from the unliving. Leaning back against the damp stone wall, he glanced around the corner looking for signs of movement. Two flickering corpses of the necromancer's servants illuminated the crumbling corridor, their still frames given up to the intense burn of the oil. Closing his eyes he offered up a prayer to Mórr that he would be guided to his realm.

It is possible that, in his great weariness, he even slept momentarily, for he opened his eyes with a start at the noises that echoed towards him. Pushing himself upward using the wall as his prop, he gripped his spiked mace tightly and stiffly brought his shield up. Stepping into the corridor he stood and waited to die. In the fading light his executioners came steadily towards him, chipped and broken weapons held in their dead hands. As they neared, he could smell their rot and see the decay and damage that had wracked their once-whole bodies. He prayed that his own body would be too badly damaged to be given life again by this dark magic. Somehow he doubted it would.



While the other human cults do not maintain large bodies of warriors there is still opportunity for following Templar orders within these. Use the Templar profile in the rulebook for advances, although you should feel free to modify this to suit the style of the relevant cult.

Mórr

"For their deaths are unseen but their deeds never forgotten."
Inscription on the Wall of the Lost

In addition to the Order of the Raven (*Apocrypha Now II: Charts of Darkness*) the cult of Mórr does contain opportunity for the Templar career to be followed. The Order of the Gate is relatively small and consists of a roughly equal number of clerics, Templars and Witch hunters who have dedicated their lives to hunting down and eliminating necromancers and the Undead. They refer to themselves as 'Gatemen', and the famous poem, 'The Dead Call the Knight to his Grave' by Fatell, is based on the Order's early encounters.

Those that wish to join the order must spend forty nights at the Temple in Luccini. Here they fast, meditate and study. Unusually, members of the Order do not have to be followers of Mórr, and many are not, but must follow his laws and be dedicated to the Order's aims. At the GM's discretion the character must take the Initiate career, however. During this time they learn the skills *Theology* and *Identify Undead*. Once the forty days are up, those seen as worthy are accepted and presented with a small brooch in the shape of Mórr's gate.

Gatemen operate freely, but when necessary must follow the orders of clerics. The only requirement on them is that they attend the general convocation in Luccini held every ten years. Membership of the order gives Templars access to a large body of knowledge concerning Necromantic magic and the Undead. The order is also known to own a number of magical weapons, which can be borrowed under exceptional circumstances, such as a sighting of an army of the dead – subject to the permission of the most senior cleric.

Long serving members of the Order become highly fanatical. This is for a very simple reason: they are terrified that they will become one of the Undead when they fall, believing that only total devotion to Mórr will preserve their body and soul from this corruption. There is also a certain morbidity among the ranks for all believe they will die unseen at the hands of the enemy, remaining unburied. To this end, those that do not attend the general convocation are assumed dead and their names inscribed on the Wall of the Lost. This wall, which is made of black marble, stands at the temple in Luccini, and has chiselled upon it the names of all the fallen Gatemen.

Solkan

The Knights of the Cleansing Flame make up a large proportion of the Law God's following. They are an extremely disciplined group of warrior-monks dedicated to guarding holy sites. This is in preparation of 'a great event soon to come', the details of which the priests zealously guard. These outposts are usually located in the most desolate areas of mountains and deserts.

Complete devotion to Solkan and skills as a warrior are required to become one of his Templars. The recruit is immediately subjected to a harsh and unforgiving

lifestyle. Those that cannot stand the pace desert or die.

The Order is strictly regimental in every detail. Strict military ranking is observed, and day to day life is filled with praying and training. Speaking is wholly restricted to orders and prayer. On waking each morning, the Ritual of Purity is performed. This consists of shaving off all head hair and a full body examination for signs of Chaos. Were these to be found, the bearer would not live to see the dawn.

All Templars wear the same uniform (plate armour) and carry the same weapons, with their only markings being those of rank. They hold the Witch-Hunter followers of Solkan in disdain, for although their work is important, their lifestyle is too undisciplined. Groups of Knights are often sent out to fight, acting as a fanatical elite force. This devotion often inspires those they fight alongside, attracting fresh recruits to their ranks. However, the Order's uncompromising stance tends to lead them into direct conflict with many of their allies.

Shallya

The concept of the Templar career is completely alien to the fundamental precepts of the cult and its doctrine. It is quite clear that no Templars of Shallya exist. Of course, there are stories concerning Magnus the Pious' great crusade of a number of infected soldiers who offered themselves to the goddess in either the hope of salvation or simple revenge, and formed a company who slew the followers of Nurgle in her name. Such deliberate killing did not sit well with the followers of Shallya, but others record them as fearless soldiers and brave souls who dared to face their malady. It is even rumoured that a grateful Kislevite lord granted land to such a group when they agreed maintain a permanent guard for his northern border against any future incursion. Of course, this tale comes from the same nation that claims that the forces of Chaos are returning. Not even the notorious Markov would accept the concept of a martial Shallyan order of templars. Would he...?

Taal

In the Cult of Taal it is possible to follow the Templar career within the Brotherhood of the Bear. This loosely organised group consists of ranger-warriors who guard the holy sites and forests of Taal. On occasion they will provide support for Druids of the Old Faith and for clerics of Rhya, as well acting as scouts for the Templars and Knights of the White Wolf. They are centred in Kislev, and few spend any time in The Empire.

Members of the brotherhood spend long periods alone in the wild, dislike urban areas and are skilled in fending for themselves in harsh conditions. They are forbidden from wearing metal armour in the same way as clerics. On the rare occasions they fight together with other forces, they act as highly efficient skirmishers, attacking and then disappearing back into the surrounding terrain.

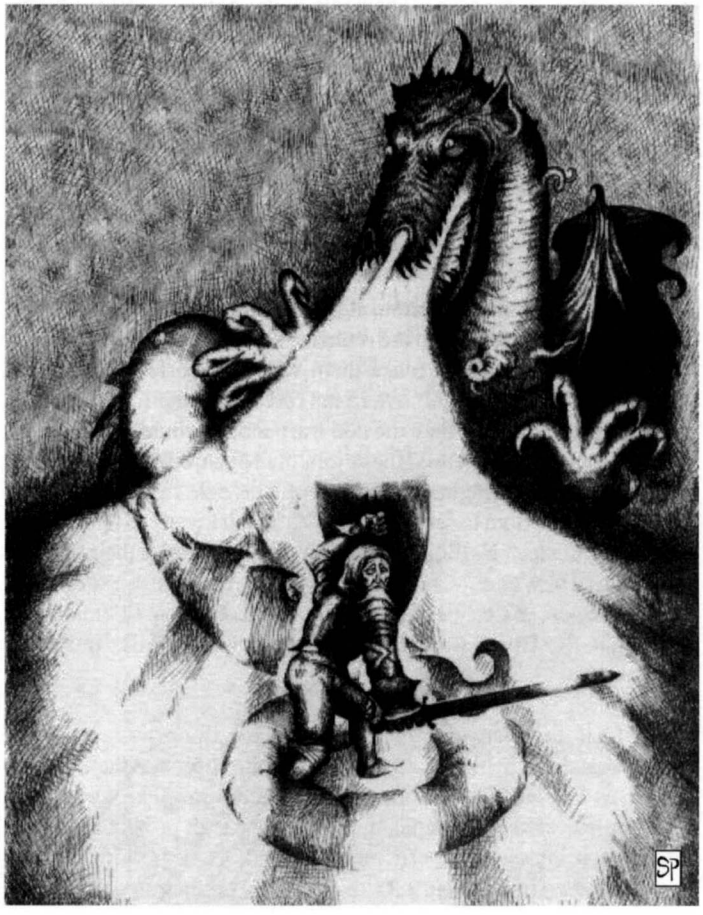
Verena

The followers of Verena stand against the widespread incompetence, bigotry, class discrimination and corruption which so undermines the concept of justice within the Old World. One group, in particular, battles to maintain the Verenan ideal, and instil fear in the perpetrators of injustice at all levels of society. Templars of Verena are the manifestation of Verena within The Empire and The Old World. Whilst all upholders of law and justice recognise Verena, the Templars ensure that the correct strictures are followed. The Templars of Verena police the justice system, from the lowest watchman to the highest magistrate, and the wider social, political and economic stratas of society. Whilst the Templars cannot (in theory) try an individual within their own courts, they are able to bring cases against any who break their own appropriate judicial system.

There are three levels of the Templar order. The Guardians are the most visible guardians of justice. It is their duty to physically guard the structures and servants of justice, and act as the strong arm of the cult. They follow the ordinary Templar career. Much of the work of the cult, however, is much more mundane and done by simple audit of accounts, legal documents and bills of trade. Auditors are the most unobtrusive of Templars, as they scour public accounts, investigate judgements and generally follow the bureaucratic trail of evidence to ensure no wrong-doing. They follow the Exciseman career. Finally, the most romantic of the Templars are the Agents of Justice. These special agents must be both skilled bureaucratic investigators and capable fighters for they operate under cover and must be completely self-reliant. They follow the Spy career after completing either one of the other two careers.

Non Human Templars

As a rule, the Templar career reflects a particular human behaviour towards both religion in particular and concepts in general. To most humans religion is a part of their life; to most non-humans religion *is* their life. This means that non-humans tend to regard religion as a part of their daily routine, an ever-present part of their every action. This is reflected, for example, in the Elf tendency away from organised religion, temples and priesthoods and the very different ways of



worship between humans and Dwarfs. Humans, on the other hand, even within a polytheistic belief system, have the ability to compartmentalise worship into specific times or situations. A Dwarf would constantly expect to refer to his gods; a human would do so at prescribed times or when they needed (immediate) divine aid. This is a source of much swearing within the Old World. The likes of "Shallya's tits" and "By the Scales of Handrich" are certainly partly blasphemous, but also reflect a subconscious call for divine aid - usually needed by those carrying out actions the gods would never have approved of in the first place! Templars reflect this human social division of labour, and need careful thought when applied to the non-human races.

The following non-human religions are likely to contradict the official forthcoming Dwarf and Elf Sourcebooks, but until these are available they are offered as examples for GMs to develop as required.

Wood Elf Templars of Laurelorn

Hierarchical organisation is not a prime characteristic of the Wood Elf nature, and thus the structures and strictures necessary for a Templar and their church are not present. However, the followers of Liadriel and Torothal both have such as defenders of the forest and as promulgators of their religion.

The Lords of Song and Wine (Liadrielinim) recognised that, as representatives of the leading Wood Elf deity, they had certain obligations to their followers beyond that of simple song and wine. Incursions of chaos and humans, Imperial civil wars and the increased interaction between Elf and Old World human, provided both the need and the model for a Templar structure.

The Templars of Liadriel are known in Old Worlder as Knights of the Order of the Jade Wineskin. Their sole duties are to serve Liadriel by protecting Laurelorn Forest, and the Elves therein, from harm so that they may continue to praise the god of song and wine. They have a number of holy glades deep within the forest in which they hold feasts and banquets to the glory of Liadriel. They may fight outside the forest in aid of a relevant cause, but will not allow individual members freedom to pursue their own interests. Their Grand Master, Cwr-Calambas Nar Liadriel, is a member of the Tree Council's Outer Council.

Increased Elf-human interaction, and the desire of certain Wood Elves to "see the world", has led to the return of some experienced warriors, who have seen things that make them view the world in a different light. Whilst still wishing to live in the forest with their fellows, they see much greater threats than the odd warband, and indeed, may seem almost paranoid. Frequently, these join the Minstrels of the Order of the Green Lute as Knights Champion of Liadriel. They are allowed much greater freedom to serve Liadriel, although loyalty to their leader, the Great Balladeer, Nalfin-Lambaras ur Liadriel, retains their primary obligation. They may in fact be met outside the forest more easily than inside, on some mission to curb chaos. Obviously, this is the order that PC Elves (and their insanity points) will find most welcoming.

The last Elf Templar order is Torothal's Tree Templars, a group of knights organised by the Flock of Torothal, the church of the Goddess of Rain and Rivers and patroness of the Laurelorn. Their Order sees the entire forest as her temple, and their duty is to protect the entire domain. All intrusion is defilement and will be dealt with harshly. They are served by Torothal's Rain of Death, a brotherhood of archers, who support the knights in combat, rituals and mundane hunting and camping tasks. Both serve the goddess in her aspect as the lifeblood of the forest. Their commander is Tuisich-Novasmair al Torothal, who is a member of the group who advise the Outer Council on military matters.

Nal Druchiil (literally Night-Lord) Serafin Skallier is nominally a Templar of Kaela Mensh Khaine, the Elf God of War. However, this is an aspect that the Wood Elves find distasteful and an aspect of their nature that they shun, and no-one will be allowed to enter such an order. Only the Night Lord serves Khaine, and he excludes himself from Elf culture except in times of military need, whereupon he sits on the Inner Council.

Dwarf Templars

Dwarfen nature is perfect for the militaristic traditions of honour that personify Templars. There are, however, few Orders within the Dwarf Kingdoms, and none outside of Imperial rule. This is due to the fact that Dwarfs' military units and the main churches already exhibit the traits of Templars – there is nothing to distinguish this new 'type' of warrior from any other in Dwarf society. All are loyal to their gods, homeland, kin and king. There is thus little need for Templar organisations, and few seek to join. The sole exceptions are The Orders of The Stone Wall, The Axe, Stone, and Granite, and these do not really fit the traditional human notion of Templars since they tend to owe fealty to the High King, rather than to priests. To a Dwarf, though, there is little difference between King and priest. Both represent the traditions of their ancestors. This is why Dwarf political problems

can become so messy – they are so completely unexpected. The Doomstones book *Dwarf Wars* clearly undermines any argument of Dwarf unity in all things politic and religious, as does their concept of The Grudge. At the same time, the rarity of such events confuses many of the participants.

The Order of The Stone Wall is for those who have been unsuccessful in meeting their Troll/Giant Slaying vows – in other words, those who are still alive after years of adventuring. In game terms, the idea arose because of the large numbers of Slayers that seem to survive. Dwarfs finding themselves unable to achieve their glorious atonement are faced with two options. Most head north to the Wastes, as Demon Slayers, where death is certain; some, however, seek judgement from the Lawgivers in their holds. If they are deemed worthy through their actions as a Slayer, a codicil is added to their entry in the Book of Atonement, and they join the Order. The Order guarantees certain, heroic death. They are called the Stone Wall because they never retreat. In the face of a defeat, they will die to a Dwarf covering their retreating brethren, whilst in the tunnel fights of their holds, they will never give ground. In other situations, they are the suicide squad who carry out any and all tasks. Note that they are still not accepted into mainstream Dwarf society, but tolerated as those awaiting death in a necessary cause.

The Order of the Axe serves the political needs of the High King and the clerics of Grungni as a distinct military wing of the church. With the diverse spread of the Dwarf peoples, the Order is a useful reminder of the central structure of the ancient Empire of Karaz-Ankor, fragmented in the Elf-Dwarf War and its aftermath. Templars are known as Axes of Grungni, or simply as an Axe. The Order is distinct from the Cult of Grungni, and demands no religious obligations.

Both the Order of Stone and the Order of Granite were created in order to provide a unified defence during the Age of Darkness. They serve the High King of Karaz-Ankor, the ancient Emperor from the days of old when the Dwarfs lived in a single Empire. The kings of the remaining Holds that still nominally form part of the Dwarf Empire lay claim to some degree of loyalty from the Orders. However, members of both orders actually swear their oaths in the name of the long departed empire and its ruler, the Emperor. In addition, their duty is to protect the entire Empire, even though large areas have been permanently lost. Their role is not necessarily to serve the individual kingdoms remaining. Nothing perhaps better exemplifies the pathetic stubbornness of the Dwarf people, as these two orders swearing fealty to a person and nation that has not existed for millennia. Because of the nature of current events, and the general order of each king's military, both Orders are small in terms of numbers, although both have large wealth in the form of the treasures which they managed to regain from the goblin invaders. For this reason, the Orders will always have some support, even if their plans to re-capture the lost lands frighten many Dwarfs. The Order of Granite is based in Karaz-A-Karak, whilst the Order of Stone moved to Zhufbar around the time of Sigmar, and pledged itself to that city's permanent defence.

Halfling Templars

Halflings are a peculiar race from a military angle. On the one hand, they are portrayed as predominantly lazy and weak, loving food and parties over work and fighting. (On a personal note, I find this a most worthy lifestyle, and not one that should be treated with such disdain.) On the other hand, they are unique in that they are the only Elector state to provide armed forces directly to the Imperial Army, rather

than to their own Elector. (This interpretation is derived from *The Enemy Within* section on the Imperial Army, and means the Emperor is personally given the troops, rather than his nobles - whose loyalty is not all it might be. This makes Halfling troops very valuable as they are a very potent missile force.) This makes the concept of Halfling Templars problematic – more so since there are so few details on Halfling religion.

There is only one Templar order that is indigenously Halfling: the Order of the Hearth. The Order is nominally under the control of the church of Esmeralda, known as the Kitchen of Esmeralda. It seeks to ensure the safety of the family, the kitchen and the cooking pot. Its members are those who left The Moot in search of adventure, and now seek to protect others from the evils which they witnessed. Whilst well respected, members are always regarded with awe and a little fear, as they are seen as being a little "different".

Bibliography

For further reading on Templars within the Warhammer World, try:
The Enemy Within Campaign Book (Hogshead)
The Empire – Warhammer Fantasy Battle Army book (GW)
White Dwarf - Issues 146 &147

There are numerous books on Historical Templars, both fact and fiction, the following are recommended:
Brockman, E. The Two Sieges of Rhodes 1480-1522
Stein, P. Wargaming the Baltic Crusades Society of Ancients [from www.soa.org.uk]
Wise, T. and Scollins, R. The Knights of Christ Osprey Men-at-Arms No 155
John J Robinson, Dungeon, Fire and Sword
Baigent, Leigh and Lincoln, The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail

LOW-LIFE ON THE HIGHWAY

Travel on The Empire's Roads by John Foody

"Abandon Hope all who you exit here."
Graffiti on Middenheim's Eastern Gate

Travelling on The Empire's roads can be an awkward and hazardous affair, and complacency can drastically reduce your chances of reaching your destination. Dangers, both real and imagined, are embellished with each telling, and those few who do venture as far as the next village do little to diminish the stories.

During game-play, some journeys can be got out of the way simply by saying, "you arrive in Nuln, after two days' hard ride". Others, you might want to flesh out in more detail. Just using a 'wandering monster' table adds little flavour; using a well-planned encounter can really bring out the atmosphere and add detail to the route. This article will give you some ideas as to the kind-of-people and places that will commonly be encountered during such journeys.

The Empire's Roads

The roads of The Empire differ hugely. Some are little better than tracks, disused and neglected. Others are broad highways, whose dense-packed and potholed surfaces bear the tread of hundreds of travellers each day. The two most frequently travelled, however, are the great trade routes linking Nuln to Altdorf, and Altdorf to Middenheim.

The Altdorf-Nuln road follows the river closely as far as Grunburg. Whilst the sheer volume of traffic at this end of the route makes it one of the safest in The Empire, the Southern end of the Grunburg-Altdorf road is amongst the most dangerous. Most traffic goes by waterway, passing the impressive site of Castle Reikguard. As a result, most of the patrols that guard the trade route are river-based. The few travellers who remain on the road are left to wander alone through the dense Reikwald forest at the foot of the Hagercrybs.

The Middenheim-Altdorf road is also relatively hazardous, in spite of regular patrols. Once travellers reach the Drakwald forest, matters become even worse. However, the Middenheim authorities zealously hunt down beastmen and bandits, and have brought a large number of raiders to justice in recent years.

Dispensing justice is not always simple, however. A couple of years ago a prominent road warden was revealed to be in league with a band of beastmen. Tracked to the Drakwald forest by a small group of Fiery Heart Templars, he would have escaped were it not for the unit of Middenland Roadwardens who flanked him. Unfortunately, a Templar of the White Wolf was escorting them. The massacre of the beastmen soon degenerated into a three-way fight, in which a Roadwarden was slain. Although the diplomatic uproar has since died down, the incident serves as a reminder that outside the civilising constraints of cities, violence often seems the swiftest way to solve disagreements.

"I'll tell you why the northerners are barbarians; no rivers. They have to go everywhere by those terrible roads. Why travel a potholed, muddy, wet track when you can relax on a riverboat. More wine, Hans?"

The State of the roads

Most of The Empire's road network was once owned by Provincial rulers, but over the years, various roads have been given to noble families or to city states. After Emperor Wilhelm the Wise introduced the Road Tax, the responsibility for maintaining and securing roads was taken on by the local cities and towns. They saw the immediate benefits in tolls and the long-term economic advantages that result from being well

connected. For the most part, this has led to a solid and efficient network.

There are various standards of roads, but most fall into one of two categories: roads and tracks.

Roads: Roads run between The Empire's main population centres and are, in principal, maintained by the funds raised by Road tolls. These roads often pass through towns, and proximity to a good road is a key factor in a settlement's success.

The best roads were created in the century after Wilhelm's introduction of the Road tolls. Dwarf Engineers were hired to supervise their construction, and the design was practical and solid, based on the pioneering engineering of the Remans. These roads form the basis of all that have followed.

Unfortunately, many of The Empire's roads have fallen into disrepair. While the tolls are meant to be used to maintain the roads, this rarely occurs, so that the best of roads are riven by pot holes, whilst the worst have been allowed to degenerate into little more than stony tracks.

Most roads are around three to four yards wide, enough only for a single wagon. However, there are various passing points along their length. Fights often break out over who should go backwards. Even where roads are wide enough for two wagons, most drivers still prefer to hog the centre.

The best road in The Empire (and perhaps the whole of the Old World) is the Middenheim-Marienburg road, followed closely by the Middenheim-Altdorf road. Middenheim has always taken its roads very seriously. After all, they are its lifeblood. The Dwarfen Engineer's Guild is paid a substantial amount of money to maintain these roads, and has a department dedicated solely to this task.

Every stretch of road has at least one tollgate; many have more. Another common feature of The Empire's roads are the coaching inns, located approximately a day's travel from each other. Travellers are also likely to pass through numerous villages and hamlets, although most of these will be clustered around larger population centres.

Tracks: Most of The Empire's roadways are simply tracks. The vegetation on these well-travelled pathways is kept in check by constant traffic, ably assisted by the local peasants who are expected to maintain them.

In winter, these become all but impassable, especially to wheeled vehicles. Rainwater floods holes and dips in the roads, while the cold freezes the mud into solid ridges that can prove extremely hazardous for horses.

The Enemy Within supplement gives daily movement rates for travel. The Table below expands on this, taking into account the season of the year. The rate given is for eight hours of travelling, with sufficient stops to rest the animals.

"Reaching an inn come dark is the difference between life and death."

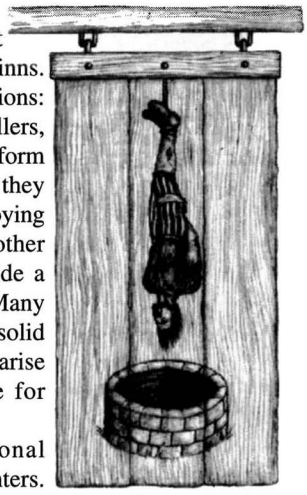
Roadwarden Otto Trevstein

"My son, I won't tell you not to go in The Empire to seek brave adventure. My only advice is to ensure that you stay in an inn rather than the forest. It is warm, safe and it means your companions won't spend all evening trying to convince you that your duty is to cook for them."

Retired Halfling Adventurer

	ROAD		TRACK	
(Miles per day)	Summer	Winter*	Summer	Winter*
Coach or Cart	30	26	20	n/a
Draft Horse	30	25	20	10
Horse	40	35	30	15
Pony/Mule	36	30	25	12
Wagon	15	12	10	n/a
Foot (as M rate)	100%	80%	75%	50%

Inns



Situated along all but the most infrequently used routes are coaching inns. These serve a number of important functions: they act as safe stopping places for travellers, provide fresh horses for coaches, and form bases for road wardens. Additionally, they provide local jobs and create trade, employing staff and buying local foodstuff and other goods. Just as importantly, they provide a social centre where locals can gather. Many inns also have thick walls, providing a solid defence against attack. Should the need arise the local population will flock there for protection.

The inn provides an exceptional opportunity for adventures and encounters. A variety of people from all walks of life can be brought together in one place, where (for reasons of safety) they are forced to stay for the night.

"Welcome travellers, this sanctuary of Sigmar will shelter you on this dark night."

Way Temples

Less numerous than inns are Way Temples. These are simply inns run by a religious group, and provide all the basic functions of an inn together with spiritual guidance. Patrons are not charged, but are expected to give a donation, taking into account the services received and their own personal wealth. Several cults maintain Way Temples in The Empire, including:

Myrmidia: The cult maintains one Way Temple, located outside Nuln. This is actually one of the largest Myrmidian temples in The Empire, and is often visited by those hiring mercenaries. In its grounds can be found shrines to both Verena and Mórr, as well as a graveyard in which worshippers can be buried. Military training, both practical and theoretical, can be obtained here. Although, they do not publicise the fact, the Temple is run by the Myrmidian Temple Order, The Knights of Blazing Sun.

Ulric: A small number of Way Temples are located around the northern Empire. Most are designed in the same fashion as Ulrican Temples and thus are well fortified. Usually run by a junior cleric, they are guarded by cultists, often as a minor service to the religion. Employers looking for combat-oriented, cheap labour regularly scour these stops. Additionally, numerous mercenaries and soldiers choose to spend their winters here, amongst others of their own kind. Although welcoming to all travellers, many feel uncomfortable in these places, not least because the atmosphere feels little different to a barracks. Nevertheless, they are very secure places to spend a night in the wild. Those Way Temples situated on the roads into Kislev are used as a regular stopping-off point for Kislevites entering The Empire.

Sigmar: A number of Way Temples are maintained by the Cult of Sigmar. These are mainly located on the borders of The Empire and are heavily fortified. Some incorporate small shrines to Grungni.

Shallya: Although the cult of Shallya does not run Way Temples as such, they do have a number of out-of-the-way retreats. These will happily offer hospitably to visitors. Their only condition is that weapons are left outside (or, at the least, locked away in the porch).

Ranald: Although there are no Way Temples dedicated to Ranald (for obvious reasons), his followers do run a number of inns. These provide the additional service of hiding people on the run. They can also help arrange disguises and transport. Such services are only made available

to those recommended by a cleric of Ranald. They will not help those who are wanted for violent crimes.

Shrines

Shrines are far more numerous than Way Temples and are scattered around The Empire's roadways. Most, especially those far from centres of population, are dedicated to Taal and Rhya. Others are devoted to Sigmar or to local deities. They can be used to offer prayers and sacrifices to any of the gods.

Many travellers place small gifts at these shrines as an offering for a safe journey. Poorer travellers sleep in the larger ones, which offer some protection. Some thieves use shrines as dead letter drops, placing items behind a certain stone or buried a set distance from the shrine. Clerics of all faiths, including the Druids, take time to protect and maintain shrines, and it is considered a grave offence to deface or damage one.

"I spend a day travelling six miles, having to personally push my coach on three occasions because the road was so rutted that the wheels disappeared. My coat has been ruined and my favourite wig was lost in a puddle the size of my bath. And after all that I was charged ten gold coins by some spotty peasant, 'for the maintenance of the roads'. Is it any wonder I ordered my man to hit him?"

Visiting Estalian Noble in The Empire

Tollbooths

Tollbooths can be found 20-60 miles apart on all roads, and are placed where there are few opportunities to bypass them. Road Wardens make sure they are not avoided, and offenders face severe financial penalties. Confiscation of horses and other goods is not unheard of.

Booths are usually fortified to some extent, and are regularly visited by road wardens. Some of the smaller ones are left unattended after dusk, on the grounds that only the foolish and the dangerous are abroad at night. The Tollbooths attendants in these cases live in nearby villages.

Most travellers are required to pay tolls; however, the list of those with exemptions can also be long. The local nobility, and in some cases, all nobility, do not have to pay. Guilds and other organisations may also be free from such obligations. The toll charged on most routes is one crown per leg. This applies to travellers and their animals. On more heavily used routes, this will be reduced. Market and feast days, when traffic is particularly heavy, can either see tolls raised or dispensed with altogether, depending on local politics.

Most coach companies have an arrangement with the tollbooths allowing coaches to go straight through. As they approach they ring a bell or blow a horn, and the gate is opened. Some coaches collect the toll money direct from the passengers, delivering it to the relevant authorities on arrival.

Tolls are set by the owners of the Roads, with little central guidance. This results in a wide variety of charges and exemptions. The profits from the Tolls should, in part, go to maintaining the roads but in reality this rarely happens as well as it should. Those roads not owned by the various cities and towns will be in the control the nobility whose land it runs through. Thus a journey on one road can result in tolls of different charges and roads of varying quality.

Running a tollbooth is perhaps one of the most dangerous jobs in The Empire. Toll keepers are often attacked by those who do not wish to pay or by bandits after the money. Most toll keepers are relatively well paid, with all developing some combat skills. The head toll keeper is usually a retired soldier, often an ex-officer. His assistants will be a mixture of ex-soldiers and locals, who will carry weapons and wear both leather armour and a badge of office. This could be a uniform, or just a cloak clasp.

Corruption is also relatively common, especially where the road wardens are taking a cut. Misdeeds range from taking a chicken or two from a passing trader to hiking up the tolls. Because tolls are so variable allegations are hard to prove. Corruption is harshly punished when discovered.

"Rain, wind, snow and ice. Goblins, bandits and worse. You have no chance of getting through. Not unless you travel Four Seasons, the biggest and best."

Quote from a Four Seasons Coaches pamphlet

Coaches

The population centres of The Empire can be reached readily by coach, and there are a multitude of companies who deliver this service (see *The Enemy Within*). Coaches are operated by a driver and a guard, both of whom will be familiar with the area they have to travel through and who will be ready to resort to violence to get their passengers through. Most coachmen will be members of the powerful Teamsters' Guild.

Coaches are sometimes used to deliver post, at a cost of 5GC for a letter and 10-20GC for a parcel. At such prices the cost of this service puts it beyond the reach of most. The company is also under no obligation to deliver the message within any specified time. However, Four Seasons have recently promised the letter will go with the first available coach and be delivered on the day of arrival for a mere 3GCs surcharge.

An extension of this service covers the delivery of urgent documents. A coach is hired and sent with all haste to its destination, empty of passengers. Coachmen are expected to defend their cargo with their life. A clerk or servant can accompany the document free of charge.

The price of travelling by Coach has dropped in recent years. Whereas many routes were run by a single company, Four Seasons Coaches made a fierce attempt to muscle in on the most profitable routes. By undercutting opposition, who were invariably slow to react, Four Seasons easily took a foothold. The older company either cut their prices of went bust.

All coach companies have arrangements with the inns along their routes. This ensures their passengers have rooms and food, while the Coach Company takes a percentage. Here, too, Four Seasons have made their presence felt, opening a number of inns as part of their business. This has forced many independent inns to close, a vital source of income cut away.

Entertainers

A frequent sight on The Empire's road is the entertainer. There are three broad groups of entertainers: minstrels, theatre groups and fairground workers. Their earnings on the road are minimal, and most only cover subsistence costs.

"For but a penny or two, I will tell you a story of heroism and strange lands..."

Minstrels: Generally found to be travelling on their own, minstrels hope to earn their board for the night as they practice their trade. They are forever moving on, 'to try my luck elsewhere' or 'to go somewhere where art is appreciated.' They find travel essential for picking up new stories and songs. Many hope they will meet a patron on their travels who will pay them royally forever more.

Elven minstrels only make up a small percentage of these entertainers, but they are greatly valued. Much to the annoyance of their human counterparts, they are seen as the genuine article. This is a feeling the Elves do nothing to dispel.

Minstrels will make an effort to learn local stories and songs, to widen their own repertoire. Thus they can prove an excellent source of background information for PCs.

Theatres: Groups of actors sometimes gather together as travelling theatres or circuses. They move from inn to inn, performing each night. They are expected to pay for their own board or sleep in their wagons but are always welcomed by landlords. The standard of these theatres is not usually up to that of their counterparts in the cities.

Fairground Entertainers: Across The Old World festivals are celebrated with huge fairs, drawing people from miles around. Larger towns and cities hold week long fairs annually, in addition to festival times. Entertainers that work the fairgrounds travel all year, moving from fair to fair, spending their whole lives on the road. These people are the current recipients of a tradition and culture that stretches back years. Their trade has been handed down from generation to generation and those that chose not to follow this 'trade of my father' are outcast from the community. They are a very close and insular people, dominated in The Empire by four families who own the best spots in the fairgrounds and marketplaces. They refer to everyone else as 'outsiders'

The fairground entertainers also treat their animals with the utmost care. When times are hard, it will be the animals that are fed first. This is especially true of those used in acts.

While it seems to locals that entertainers just arrive and set up stall where they can, positions are carefully regulated, with the best sites owned by the older families. These allocations (along with many of the other aspects of a travelling entertainer's life) are regulated by the powerful Guild.

The Guild is responsible for the interests of its members and is much respected by them. The guild is run by the eldermen, comprising of the most respected members of the four main families, with one or two other representatives invited to participate. The only meeting of the eldermen is held in the week following the Middenheim festival. All guild members are welcome to attend and contribute to this.

All children are expected to join the guild at the age of twelve. First they must convince an elderman they understand the laws and customs of their people, and swear an oath of loyalty. The first generation of any family of entertainers is forbidden from joining the guild. In fact they are looked on as outsiders, even if they have worked the fairs for decades.

Once they have joined, the only requirement is to hand over ten percent of all earnings. In return, they can expect the loyalty and support of the community in all matters. The guild also takes care of legal matters, with other entertainers providing alibis and suitable bribes when necessary. However, should the guild believe a member is guilty of a serious crime, they are not beyond hanging them from a roadside tree.

Some of the larger towns may create an independent guild of their own to organise and oversee festivals and other entertainment requirements of the town. When this happens, the Guild quickly moves to buy off officials and replace them with their own people. These will be entertainers who no longer wish to travel, but who remain part of the community. To step outside of the life like this, they have to be highly trusted.

The Guild also arranges marriages on behalf of its members. Members are expected to marry their 'own kind', although the nature of the lifestyle means that prospective couples are unlikely to meet more than twice a year. During the Middenheim carnival the guild introduces young men and women, who must decide by the festival's end whether they will marry. Women are expected to be married by the age of eighteen, men by twenty-four. Once married the couple travels with the man's family. For this reason, producing a male heir is seen as very important, as it ensures the future of the family.

PCs travelling The Empire's roads are likely to meet entertainers regularly. Most of the time they will be highly suspicious of outsiders and avoid any contact beyond a cursory nod. However, should the PCs come to the aid of a family, they will find themselves welcomed by more and more families as the story spreads.

These fairground entertainers are very superstitious, still holding many beliefs lost elsewhere. They follow Ranald in his various aspects, and also pay respects to Taal and Rhya. There is also a dislike of the Church Sigmar as they feel an Empire united by universal laws will be bad for them.

PC entertainers could come from such a background. Most would have been Guild members, and their family will still be so. While they would know many of the customs and the people, those they have turned their back on would treat them with contempt.

Caravans

Another frequent sight is that of Merchant Caravans travelling across The Empire and beyond. These usually consist of between two and twenty wagons, although a few have as many as forty. Off-road caravans often use mule trains. Caravans are brought together by a collection of merchants who co-operate for improved profits.

At night the larger vehicles form a circle and light huge fires. These are used to scare off animals and cook the evening meal. Most caravans are happy to have adventurers along for mutual protection. Some may even employ them as guards, although not as muleskinners unless they belong to the Teamsters' Guild.

Each wagon will be driven by a member of the Teamsters' Guild. Additionally, there will be one or two extra guild members, in case of injury or sickness. For every ten Teamsters, the Teamsters insist there must be a Teamster leader, who will liaise between the Teamsters and the Caravan Master. Teamsters also act as guards, although all travellers are expected to defend the caravan when necessary.

The owners or financial backers of a caravan or mule train will rarely travel with it. They will leave this to a professional, who may be a member of their company. On larger caravans, this individual will have assistants. He is responsible for organising the caravan, ensuring it reaches its destination, liaising with the Teamster, handing out punishments were necessary, hiring guards and purchasing supplies.

Other personnel to be found in a wagon train will include cooks, outriders and the like. On smaller caravans guards will double as cooks and outriders. Drivers are exempt from all but guard duties.

Wagon Trains can provide numerous opportunities for PCs and GMs. They can give safety for PCs travelling through dangerous terrorise, provide supplies and supply news if encountered on the road. A journey with such a group can involve various political plots and numerous interesting PCs.

"For Shallya's blessing, spare a penny, m'lord."

Vagrants

Vagrants are regularly found wandering the roads. They have fallen on hard times and been forced to leave the city or town where they had lived. Taking to the road, the vagrant tries to survive as best as they can. Unfortunately, the odds are stacked against them. Alone, and often sick, they have little chance of surviving for long in the forests.

Occasionally, groups of the homeless and ill will be expelled from a town en masse. This will usually be in response to the nobility's

complaints about the town looking messy. "All these poor people are just sooo dirty." They will then move onto the next town, where the same thing will eventually happen. Clerics of Shallya try and get them to stay in one place, making sure they are fed and sheltered. Many of these vagrants are ex-adventurers, wandering the roads in a parody of their adventuring lives. Old, ill and unable to adjust to a normal life, they have no real alternative.

Pedlars

Most villages and hamlets are too small to sustain a shop, and too far away from the main roads to see merchants. Filling this gap, pedlars serve an important function. In addition to selling small items and trinkets, they bring knowledge, news and gossip from the outside world. The best pedlars concentrate on one area, building a long-standing relationship with the people they visit. Less well-known pedlars are often distrusted, and are stereotyped as petty thieves who will steal anything. This is often true, since there is often little money to be made in peddling.

Some areas require pedlars to be licensed, although this has done little except start a thriving black market in forgeries. Licences are issued by the local gentry for around 10GCs (forgeries go for 3GCs). Those found with a forged licence (or without one altogether) are sentenced to time in the stocks. Repeat offenders are thrown in jail.

As Pedlars often work within a limited geographical area, and are excellent sources of information and gossip. They will often be aware of numerous dirty secrets, although their opinions may well be influenced by the attitude of these people to them.

"I will allow you to keep that small trinket, Fraulein. For you are beautiful and it is cheap."

Highwaymen

Highwaymen are the self-styled Kings of the Road. Although technically they are simply thieves, Highwaymen do everything with style. Many do not simply rob for the money, but for the fame. By robbing coaches with panache, their notoriety spreads, and some people even hope to be robbed by a well-known highwayman. The downside is that being caught will lead to certain death.

The most famous Highwaymen of the moment is 'The Flame' who operates on the Altdorf-Talabheim road. He is named for the red feathers and silk shirt he wears. Rumour has it that he is a noble (but then they always say that). He has been operating for over four years and has avoided numerous attempts to capture him. In that time he has killed five people: four stubborn victims who resisted his thievery, and a solider who was part of an ambush.

The law has had little luck bringing 'The Flame' to justice. Only once have they come close. Even then, 'The Flame' escaped from a surrounded inn filled with undercover men, killing one on his way out. Captain Hugo Hess of the Altdorf Roadwardens leads the hunt, having sworn to track and kill 'this common bandit' who slew his brother. Hess has had little luck but seems even more determined after being wounded in the failed ambush.

The truth is that 'The Flame' is Captain Hess. He was forced to kill his brother after mistakenly stopping the coach he was on. He loves being famous and has no intention of stopping. The ambush was the nearest he came to being captured. A servant at an inn gave information to the Talabheim Roadwardens that 'The Flame' was there. They moved quickly, and whilst searching the inn, a Soldier kicked open the door to see Hess hiding his gear. He wounded Hess, who shot him at close range. By the time the other soldiers got there, 'The Flame' had "disappeared out of the window". Behind him he left a dead Soldier and a wounded 'undercover' Captain Hess. Hess was awarded a medal for his dedication and bravery.

Gypsies

Also wandering the roads of The Empire (and the Old World) are the Gypsies. They are a dark skinned people, a race unto themselves, but people from all the Old World's countries will travel in their company. The history of the Gypsies in shrouded in secrecy, and is jealously guarded. Many stories are told around the evening campfire, but much is kept and passed on only by the elders. They speak of the lost homeland they were driven from many generations ago. As a people, they are skilled with magic and divination. They worship Ranald, Taal and Rhya, and are on friendly terms with Druids.

However, Gypsies are frequently persecuted, and are often forced to make a living through petty crime. They will welcome travellers to join them for the night, with the intention of robbing them. They are tolerated by the populous mainly due to fear, as it is believed they can cast curses (the 'evil eye'). The ruling classes and churches have been known to use them as scapegoats for political reasons.

Witch hunters

Much rarer on the road, but generating an unspoken fear, are Witch hunters. They travel from place to place looking for signs of Chaos. Although their activities sometimes fall outside the law, their air of secrecy is due more to their insularity and paranoia than their fear of justice. Most authorities are too afraid to act against them, even when the evidence is overwhelming.

"Of course we give to give to the poor. Poor me, is what I say."

Outlaws

Although less fearsome than Beastmen or Goblins, the real menace to most travellers are outlaws. These bandits operate across The Empire, attacking those they outnumber or can out-manoeuvre. They prefer threats to actual violence, and will often retreat if attacked. However, Outlaws will sometimes completely destroy a caravan or coach just to show they mean business. Some bands require new members to kill in order to prove their loyalty.

There are many tales of such fugitives helping the poor, or robbing the rich in order to share out wealth. There is some truth in these stories - only the rich are worth robbing, and the poor are paid to keep their mouths shut.

The authorities' first reaction to a new group of bandits is to issue

rewards for their capture, hoping Bounty Hunters will solve their problem. If this fails, or the outlaws kill someone important, rewards will be raised and patrols heavily increased. By this time, the authorities are in danger of making the bandits folk heroes, and if matters are not resolved quickly, a large force will be raised to track down and destroy them. Local taxes will be levied to pay for this force, and the reason for the tax will be spelt out to the peasants.

Once a band of outlaws is tracked down, orders will be given to capture as many alive as possible. Leaders and locals will be hung in the town square, with others displayed at the roadside. Mercy is rare, for it is in the lands of the harshest lords that outlaws are born.

Bands of outlaws usually form in areas where locals are having trouble feeding their families. Until the situation improves, they roam the area, robbing whomsoever they find. What they lack in equipment and experience, they make up for in desperation. Their friends and family, who benefit from the raids, provide alibis and support.

Such bands are usually small, and are often led by a natural leader. More professional bands are larger and better equipped, with a wide range of skills. Their camp will be well hidden and perhaps even fortified. The popular image of the green clothed and bow-carrying outlaw is not far from the truth. When available, they will wear brown and green for camouflage, and use bows simply to keep some distance between themselves and those they rob. Outlaw chiefs rule through respect, which is gained by leading their followers on safe and profitable attacks. Those that fail either desert or are violently replaced.

Goblins

The threat of Goblin attacks inspires fear, but is less of a risk than most believe. When Goblins do attack, they do so in great numbers and with plenty of missile fire. They have learnt to avoid the areas around major cities, where retribution is swift and vicious. As with Beastmen and mutants they are more dangerous in wintertime, when other methods of food are scarcer. They are more likely to approach human settlements and risk attacks.

Beastmen

A far greater threat to travellers is that of Beastmen. Although attacks are uncommon, they usually result in a massacre. In large numbers, they will even attack armoured troops in order to steal their equipment.

Mutants

Mutants are a severe problem on The Empire's roads. Even more than Beastmen or Goblins, Mutants band together. They live around population centres, fearing the forest they are forced to live in, needing to steal food and equipment, and having few survival skills. Many are bitter at their fate, and hope to steal items that will remind them of their previous lives.

"You take the river, and I'll take the road, and I'll be in Middenheim before you."

Roadwardens

With all these problems, who keeps control of the road? This dangerous job falls to the Roadwardens, who watch the roads and struggle to keep them safe. Their job is to protect travellers, capture bandits and keep an eye on the tollbooths and isolated farms. In reality, they are spitting into a storm. The areas they are expected to cover are too large for so few wardens, and the best they can do is keep a visible presence, especially at inns and tollbooths.

Roadwardens are partly funded by the tollbooths and taxes raised from merchants, and are often controlled by the watch in their town of origin. The watch captain is the Roadwarden's head of command, and he delegates responsibility to between one and three lieutenants, and they in turn to between three and ten sergeants. The sergeants on the road are responsible for up to twenty men.

Wardens work for five to eight weeks, and then take a week off. They spend each day on the road and the night in secure accommodation, such as an inn. Some groups are based in these places, using them as a centre of operations. Others travel the length of the highway, and are a welcome sight to most travellers, some of whom will tag along with them.

Wardens are not afraid of using force to carry out their duties, and often perform summary executions for serious crimes. Lesser criminals will be taken to the base of operations, to await a travelling magistrate. This power of summary execution has given road wardens a reputation for viciousness, which has lessened slightly in recent years.

Magistrates

Found travelling from town to town, passing sentences and ruling on disputes, are the Regional Magistrates. These judges are based in the main cities and towns and travel the appropriate surrounding provinces. Depending on the province, these civil servants will either be Lawyers or Nobles, newly elected to the rank. Their training will be conducted on the road, before their eventual rise to the ranks of the City Magistrates. Some never make the grade, becoming embittered and corrupt.

Regional Magistrates usually travel with a few clerks and men at arms, and occasionally an executioner. However, executioners more often travel alone. A herald is sent ahead to the next town and its surrounding villages to announce the travelling court's arrival. The group then arrive in a population centre, set up court and wait for the people to come to them.

There are still areas of The Empire where the local nobility pass judgements. This is a far more arbitrary form of law, and is slowly disappearing. However, the truth remains that the poor will get a far harder time at these courts.

Conclusion

Journeys down The Empires roads can be interesting in themselves. Not every one will involve an encounter with goblins or Chaos cultists, but they remain an excellent way to show The Empire in all its glory. Whether this is a unit of Knights Panther thundering by, a farmer's stall by the roadside, a thief hanging in a cage at a crossroads or any one of a million other encounters, they all have the potential to bring the country to life.

FURTHER READING

'The Sample Inn' from the WFRP rulebook.
The 'Travel in The Empire' section from *The Enemy Within*.
The book, 'The Elizabethan Underworld', by Gamini Salgado has some excellent chapters on life on the road that are suitable for WFRP.
'The River Life of The Empire' section from Death on the Reik gives further encounters for encounters while travelling.

WFRP 'On the Road' adventures worth looking out for:
'On the Road', 'Night of Blood' & 'A Rough Night at the Three Feathers' from *Apocrypha Now*
'The Affair of the Hidden Jewel' from *Apocrypha Now II: Charts of Darkness*
'The Drowning Well', from *Warpstone* Issue Six; this can also be found on the Warpstone Website.
'Sold in the Hills', from *Warpstone* Issue Thirteen, gives some background on a travelling magistrate.
A number of Cameos that originally appeared with this article, now also on the website.

DISEASE IN WARHAMMER

by Michael Anderson

"Maggots will crawl through their skin and worms through their bones. Their flesh will erupt, puss and bile feeding the flies and carrion. Mouths will spew forth blood and the eyes will see no more. Then they will know Nurgle."
Mousillion Plague Texts, Canto CIII

This article looks at the effects of disease in WFRP, including the Old World's attitudes to and understanding of disease, cures, and other related topics. Also detailed is a selection of Old World diseases, with advice on incorporating them into your game. In the real world at the end of the Middle Ages, disease was prevalent and feared, mostly as a result of bad hygiene and a widespread lack of knowledge. WFRP, set in a similar time, even has its own god of disease; what clearer sign could be needed that this is an everyday part of life for inhabitants of the Old World? Diseases can be used to great effect, but will be most effective – and shocking – If used sparingly.

Nurgle

The Chaos god Nurgle is the Lord of Decay. He is linked to diseases, due to his ability to master them. Nurgle draws his power from mortal creatures' fear of disease and decay, and is thus their unconscious response to it. The god's followers are one of the primary reasons for the spread of disease in The Old World. Both his Champions and his less apparent followers in urban life serve as carriers, for without a reason to fear disease and decay, Nurgle would lose much of his power. Nurgle isn't the creator of disease – even before the fall of the Warp Gates, people suffered from disease. However, he can alter them and master them, and create new diseases from others.

Followers of Nurgle don't see disease as a punishment. It might be necessary in order to make you see and understand things differently, or to make you appreciate life, now that it is about to be taken away from you. Although the general populace might fear disease, though, they rarely view this as a sign of being in league with Chaos. Only a small minority of the more extreme factions in society persecute sufferers of the more visible diseases.

That said, even Clerics of Shallya and Physicians who regularly come into contact with disease accept Nurgle is the root of the problem, even if factors such as cleanliness play their own part. Thus, when symptoms become apparent, prayers and offerings are made to Shallya for her protection. In the Old World, this is as much a part of the cure as any herbs or potions.

No one knows for sure, but it is rumoured that Nurgle has some influence over the acts of the Skaven Clan Pestilens, who worship the Horned Rat.

Shallya

Opposing Nurgle is Shallya, the goddess of healing and mercy. Shallya is the leading god in the history of the Old World's medical development, worshipped from the start of medical history by the Physicians of Old Remas. Much like their medical principles, her worship has been maintained intact throughout the centuries.

Throughout history, many leading physicians have

belonged to the clerical orders, while other laymen have acted on behalf of the cult. To this day, temples of Shallya provide solitude and healing for the poor members of society (the wealthy are expected to pay a physician). In the past, it was often safer to visit a Shallyan temple or monastery than to turn to a private physician – their constant competition to develop new treatments and cures sometimes had devastating on the unwitting patients they trialled them on…

The city of Couronne in Bretonnia has become the centre of Shallyan worship. Remarkable stories exist about the healing properties of the vaporous waters underground there. The priesthood of the temple attracts a host of sick supplicants too poor to pay for their cures. In the Empire, Bergsburg is known for the healing waters of Shallya's Falls and many make the pilgrimage here.

Dedicated followers of Shallya may take the *Immunity to Disease* skill twice, gaining a +20 modifier to disease tests. This skill concerns knowledge of disease (e.g. hygiene and ways of contamination) and requires academic study.

Clan Pestilens

The Skaven of Clan Pestilens are descended from rats driven from Skavenblight in about -1500 IC who escaped into the jungles of Lustria. Here, they were close to becoming extinct, devastated by jungle diseases. Most of them died, but those who survived developed a remarkable resistance towards these diseases. Thus was born the glorious Clan Pestilens. Hidden away from the other Skaven clans, they regained their strength and numbers, beginning to experiment with the devastating diseases they had met. This ability to master disease makes them perfect tools for Nurgle, but the Clan apparently worships The Horned Rat. This doesn't pose any problems great problems for Nurgle, as their actions further his own ends – and it is perfectly possible that the God has more to do with them than they believe. In around 100 IC, emissaries of the clan returned to Skavenblight, beginning a civil war.

Clan Pestilens has caused many Old World epidemics, often working by contaminating wells and water supplies. Historians now believe that the Great Plague epidemic in 1111 IC, the Red Pox epidemic in Bordelaux 1786 IC and the minor plagues in Nuln, Talabheim and Marienburg 2302 IC were all the work of the Clan.

Medical History

The physicians of the Old World have built their theories on the Old Reman and Arabian studies in anatomy and medical science. Medical science hasn't always been a popular belief, but today [ca. 2500 IC] most physicians are highly respected citizens. Of all the lands in the Old World, Tilea is the most advanced in medical science – which says little, considering their poor standards. Besides the actual physicians, there are also various healers who use traditional methods. Herbs are used both by these traditionalists (including druids and healers) and in 'proper' medicine (as practised by pharmacists and physicians).

Although only the physicians' career is detailed in the WFRP rulebook, those that practice medicine are named depending on their area of expertise. Those that spend their time in research are called surgeons and mostly use their skills in autopsies. In parts of the Old World, the morality and legality of this are still vague. Physicians and Barbers do the day-to-day surgery, the latter tending to the lower classes of society. A physician's student can easily set themselves up in practice with just the *Heal Wounds* skill.

Araby's medical history (-2500 to -200 IC)

Knowledge of Old Arabian studies comes from papyruses and carvings taken from the grave monuments in Araby. It is obvious that they had a good knowledge of medicine, but as the papyrus indicates, mysticism and religion was used in conjunction with primitive medical methods. This usually involved incantations or magic rituals partnered with medical knowledge (including herbs and surgery – although their knowledge of anatomy was not strong). This knowledge was lost as their religion and culture changed. A long time would pass before the Arabians became interested once more in the medical sciences.

Reman medical history (-500 to 1000 IC)

Current medical science in the Old World is based on the knowledge of the Old Remans. The central belief was, like the four elements, the body consisted of four fluids: blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile. Illness was caused when these fluids became unbalanced, manifesting itself when the body tried to get rid of the extra fluid. When the theory didn't work, it was believed that the body had simply transferred the fluids to another part of the body to restore an overall balance. The physicians of Old Remas based their work on helping this natural healing process. Using drugs and herbs, they attempted to rid the body of the sick fluid. Methods included emetics, laxatives, and the first forms of medical bloodletting. Anatomy was largely based on the autopsy of animals, which would lead to many mistakes later on. Several centuries passed before it was realised how much had been truly misunderstood by the Remans.

The Old World (1000-1500 IC)

A short time after the fall of the Old Reman Empire, physicians of surrounding lands began to adopt the Old Reman methods. Tilea (previously under Reman rule) became a leading region in medical studies. However, much of the development was only a rediscovery of the older theories.

Araby medical history (1500-2200 IC)

During the religious wars in the Southern Old World, initiated by Daryus-e Qabur (1500 IC), Araby captured numerous Old Reman medical documents. After the wars, several renowned Arabian physicians created new medical works based on these old texts. Common to all these was the presence of Arabian religion, with several strictures that made the practise of medical science complicated. One restriction banned the autopsy of the human body. It wasn't even permitted to open up an executed criminal, who had swallowed a stolen pearl, nor was it permitted to make illustrations of the human body – this was considered to be idolatry. In spite of these limitations, Arabian experts made much progress with medical drugs, herbs, and alchemy.

In around 2200 IC, Old World medicine began to move ahead of the Arabians, mainly due the advances in surgery.

Medicine in present day (2200 IC onwards)

The Arabians didn't loot all of the Old Reman medical works. The principles had entered common use long before the religious wars and, with the conflict over, Arabian physicians became interested in making their books available to the Old World. In Tilea, who until now had been a front-runner in medical studies, it was very unpopular to use these Arabian books. However, in the Northern Old World interest was high because of the advanced drug and herbal studies that they detailed. The Old World had fewer religious laws than Araby concerning surgery, and physicians and medical students autopsied every dead body they could lay their hands on. Much was discovered about human anatomy, and it was realised how many errors existed in the Old Reman works. However, such learning was not universal; many physicians still use the old theories, which has resulted in the profession fragmenting into several factions.

Remarkably, many physicians broke with the old philosophical view of disease expounded by the Old Remans. Pioneers had first expressed this opinion several centuries previously, but its widespread acceptance at this stage was a mark of changes in the way medicine was viewed.

Comparison chart for the four cardinal fluids

Cardinal Fluid	Blood	Yellow Bile	Black Bile	Phlegm
Element	Air	Fire	Earth	Water
Period	Spring	Summer	Autumn	Winter
Flavour	Sweet	Bitter	Sour	Salt
Organ	Heart	Liver & Stomach	Spleen	Brain & Bladder
Age	Boy	Youth	Man	Old
Temperament	Sanguine	Choleric	Melancholic	Phlegmatic

The idea of how the blood flowed in the body is heavily discussed. Recently it has been accepted that the blood is reused in a circuit in the body. However, bloodletting is still used by some physicians to get rid of "sick" blood. New experiments have been made with blood transfusion, following the belief that the blood holds the life force, and thus blood from a healthy youth can cure a sick person. Successful blood transfusions have been carried out with dogs, but after some deaths resulting from humans being given sheep blood, it looks as if further experiments may be banned.

The Medical History of Cathay and Nippon

Besides general anatomy, Cathay also works with two imaginary "organs": Ming-men and San-Tsiao. Throughout the Cathayan medical documents, these phenomena shift both in location and effect. Their medical philosophy is built upon the five elements in Cathayan philosophy: metal, wood, fire, earth, and water. The body has five Tsang organs, each with a helper fu organ, and has five tastes (bitter, sour, sweet, sharp and salt) and five passions (joy, anger, desire, sorrow, and fear). All elements have a mother, a son, a friend, and an enemy. Such thinking is transferred to their body organ theories.

Additionally, the philosophy includes the concepts of Yin and Yang. Yin is the male part, representing heaven, sun, daylight, heat, life and the positive - Yang is the female part, representing Earth, moon, night, dark, cold, death, and the negative. The theory of Yin and Yang is found in every aspect of anatomy and medical theory.

Acupuncture, a theory based on pricking needles into the skin, is widely used. Three hundred and sixty five different locations have been noted on the human body, some of which are dangerous places never to be used. There is a difference between Yin and Yang days, indicating whether a specific location may be punctured.

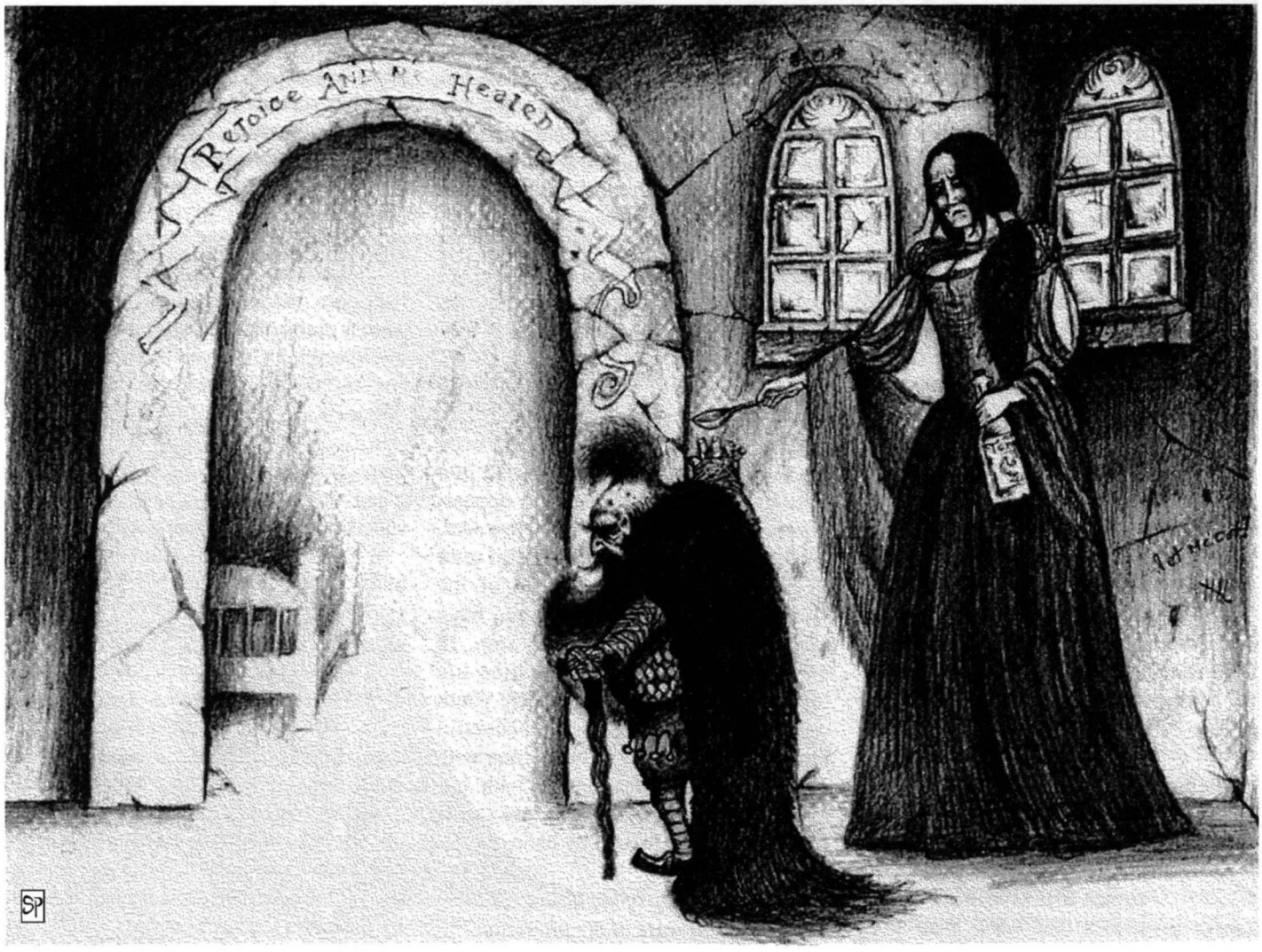
The use of medical plants and herbs is also widespread in Cathay, and eyeglasses have been in use for a very long time. Surgery is not well advanced, the most advanced form being the castration of Eunuchs. Since the physicians are male in Cathay, etiquette and honour forbids them from being present at births or examining females' sexual organs. Hence their knowledge of these matters is almost non-existent.

Nippon's medical theory is heavily based on that of Cathay.

Norse and Albion medical history

The lands of Norsca and Albion are still considered to be barbaric by The Old World, and this applies to equally to their medicine. Diseases are cured by wise men or women through the use of rituals and herbs. Disease is considered to be caused by Witches, Wizards, Chaos and the like. In Norsca and Northern Albion, medical specialists are devoted to the god Valdin, a god of wisdom. In the rest of Albion, followers of the Old Faith and their Druids perform the treatment. The use of preventive methods, in the form of rune inscriptions and amulets, is common.

Closing wounds with needle and silk thread, amputations, restoring broken limbs and stopping blood loss are the most developed areas of treatment, since these are all the expected results of violence, which is still common in these regions. In Norsca, this attitude towards violence is indicated in their laws, which doesn't necessarily state that violence towards another man is prohibited. Instead, violence is punished with a penance when serious damages occur. Full penance is applied if the nose, tongue, or a male's sexual organs are injured (the last one is legal only if another man sleeps with your wife). Half penance is applied to an eye, hand, or a foot. Other rules also apply, for example on injured fingers - the thumb considered the worst. The offended person receives the penance, and is also entitled to medical attention paid for by the offender. In keeping with other legal systems of the Old World, the nobility (Jarls and so forth) are often permitted to side-step the



strictures that constrain the common man.

Religion and Superstition

So far, we have looked at the medical views of disease – but many cultures and individuals put greater stock in superstitious or religious views. Epidemics are often viewed as a god's punishment of his followers, or some vile evil, or a chaotic Demon or god's destruction. Demonic or spirit possession can also be linked to disease. Some cultures even have names and histories for specific Demons that cause a disease when possessing an individual. Some of these superstition are closer to the truth than some might like to think, and pictures of a Nurgle-like being exist in many parts of the Dark Lands. There, it symbolises a vile forest spirit that possesses individuals and makes them sick.

Even cultures who successfully treat disease with medicine blend it with religion or superstition. Such examples include the natives of Lustria, and even Old World physicians who are much devoted to Shallya.

Cures

In the Old World, alternative techniques are as widespread as the physician's methods. Although the two methods have similar rates of success, most physicians scorn the alternative healers. When a disease is cured, the patient doesn't necessarily jump up 'fit as a fiddle'. Instead the symptoms slowly disappear; fevers break, and so on.

The GM should bear in mind the general lack of information about diseases. This results in strange curative methods, like the physicians' use of leeches to remove the sick blood and let the body generate new fresh blood. (In fact, this only weakens the patient even more.)

Diseases can be cured by successfully using one of the following methods:

The *Cure Disease* skill: This skill includes use of medicine, herbs and other treatments. Manufacture of medicine is covered by the *Manufacture Drug* skill, and at the GMs discretion may also require *Chemistry*. Optionally, the use of the *Cure Disease* skill should be adjusted by reference to the Class of the disease (detailed below – but simply, the Class of a disease is a mixture of its potency and rarity. For example, the common cold is Class One while Galloping Consumption is Class Four - see page 50).
Magic: Shallyan priests are the only ones able to use this method, using the *Treat Illness* spell.
Fate Points: The character survives and overcomes a deadly disease, but doesn't avoid it completely.
Blessings: Blessings can even cure diseases with no known cures, and may even be able to avoid devastating side-effects.
The Horn of a Unicorn: Said to have disease-curing abilities, and to be effective for treating poisons. Fishermen have been known to sell Narwhal horns as unicorn horns to the desperate.
Surgery: Even surgery is used to treat diseases – for example, by the removal of sick tissue, or even just by fiddling in the human body in the hope that something good happens. It is entirely up to the GM if it has any positive effect or not.

Faulty cures:

Even though the medicine of the Old World has developed much, some things remain unknown. This lack of knowledge leads to many inaccurate cures and theories. Some are mentioned below. It should be remembered that players might know whether a treatment would be ineffective – but their character won't. Make sure that if they act out of character, they are suitably penalised for bad roleplaying…

Blood-letting: The idea of bloodletting is still practised by some physicians. The purpose is to let the sick blood out, so the body can generate new healthy blood. Normally a litre is taken. The only result from this is the weakness (-1 S, -1T) of the patient, and a lowered resistance to diseases (-10 to disease tests) for D3+2 days. Bloodletting isn't dangerous in itself, but combined with a disease, it may prove devastating.
Blood transfusion: This is still in an experimental state. Blood is directly transmitted from an animal's main artery into one of the patient's arms. The patient's own blood is let out by a puncture wound in the other arm. Usually a litre is emptied from the patient, and the animal blood's ability to clot usually means that the patient is unharmed and only suffers from the effect of blood-letting. The situation is much worse if the blood doesn't clot. This means that the patient risks dying from anaphylactic shock (*Toughness* test, with -10 for each previous attempt at a transfusion or blood-letting in the last four weeks). In any circumstances, the effects will include sickness, vomiting, irregular pulse, and black urine for D3+1 days.

Psychological Illness

Diseases can result in psychological illnesses or insanity. The following new insanities can also be used on any character that has been sick a lot:

Nosofobia: Paranoia towards disease. The character is subject to a fear of everything connected to Nurgle, and *Cool* is halved when dealing with unhygienic people. The GM should determine penalties for other situations (Skaven, Chaos Attributes, etc.) as appropriate.
Organ neurosis: A psychological condition, where the sufferer believes he is suffering from some disease in a particular organ – for example, brain neurosis. The organ in question can be determined by the GM, who can tell the player that he is suffering from symptoms of a disease, instead of telling him right away that it is an insanity.

Races and diseases

Elves can contract diseases, but do not suffer from all the diseases that affect Humans. They sometimes require different treatment. For example, Elves have an effective cure against the plague: this is a rare drug called "Elven hair", which has no effect on Humans, instead acting as a strong narcotic (see *Middenheim: City of Chaos* for more details on this).

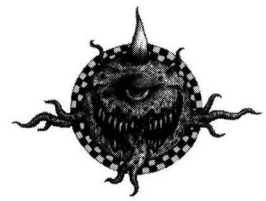
Another example is Dwarfs' strong resistance towards allergic reactions. Also, they have an inherently high Toughness, which also reflects their resistance towards diseases. In addition they recover more quickly from diseases (double rate).

Halflings, in spite of their low Toughness, are resistant to diseases and gets a +10 modifier to disease tests –when being well fed.

Herbs and curing diseases

A number of herbs can be used to help fight disease. Several are mentioned in *The Enemy Within*. Other herbs can be introduced at the GM's discretion – but generally diseases should be serious business, and so herbs should be limited in effect, rather than miraculous cure-alls.

Earth Rot: A little-known cure for Black Plague. In fact, it is only effective against the boil and the lung plagues.
Faxtoryll: Stops bleeding, including that caused by disease.
Gesundheit: For infected wounds. A character treated with Gesundheit won't get blood poisoning or tetanus. It can also stop blood poisoning if applied the within a day of the poison taking effect.
NightShade: A strong poison that causes sleep. In extremely small doses, it is effective as a painkiller, and is thus used during surgery.
Speckled Rustwort: An effective cure for Red Pox. Use of this herb halves the chance of death and the period of the disease.



Abracadabra
Before it became a catchall magic phrase, the word abracadabra was worn on amulets or carried on parchments to protect the wearer against disease and disaster. The letters of the word were arranged in an inverted pyramid, with one fewer letter appearing in each line, until only 'A' remained to form the vertex of the triangle. As the letters disappeared so, supposedly, did the disease or trouble.

DISEASE LISTING

"In my time I have been victimised for not resorting to violence. Called a coward, spat upon in the streets. But would any one of those critics have the courage to walk into a plague town? Would they? Would you?"
Alexis Bandaidkov, Cleric of Shallya

Each disease has been given a class, indicating its rarity. Diseases are also distinguished as being either contagious or non-contagious, with the latter taking effect only through direct causes such as wounds. The numbers given below are to be used for randomly rolling diseases after a disease test failure.

Diseases are detailed under the following headings (when a heading is not detailed, that information is not applicable to this disease).

Incubation: The period before the disease takes effect
Treatment: How the disease can be treated and cured. (Optionally, when there is no cure, successful use of *Cure disease* skill can halve the chance of death.)
Last: How long the disease lasts
Follow up: Indicates what diseases might follow the main disease.
Death rate: The percentage change of the disease proving fatal. If death does occur, it will do so on one of the last days of the disease. Remember that characters may die of other reasons before this, e.g. when a characteristic reaches zero.
Game effect: The rules section.

Chaos diseases

Like all other living things, bacteria, viruses, mites, and parasites can be warped by the effect of Chaos. This occasionally leads to exceptionally virulent diseases. Many diseases develop through time, but the effect of Chaos makes the changes both faster and more varied. Some diseases have been indicated as being Chaotic diseases, including warped examples of diseases of unknown origin. Clan Pestilens works constantly to create new diseases of this type.

Bloody Cough / Tuberculosis

A disease attacking the bodies organs. Lung tuberculosis is the most common form, with symptoms including tiredness and light coughing, then violent coughing (often with blood and pus), loss of appetite, fever, and weight loss. The death rate is high unless treatment is obtained. In special cases the lung tuberculosis can develop at rapid speed. This is called *Galloping Consumption*, and usually results in death within a few weeks. This can become very bloody when a main lung artery bursts because of the heavy coughing. Bowel Tuberculosis is caused by drinking milk from cows who have contracted the disease, or can be passed from mother to baby.
Incubation: 1d3+4 weeks
Treatment: Treatment involves a strict regime of hygiene, medicine (which usually only keeps the disease at bay or eases symptoms) and surgery (if affected tissue can be removed). Treatment can involve surgery - parts of the lung can be removed and a lung collapse induced, giving it time to heal. However, this is an incredibly difficult and risky treatment.
Last: d3+2 weeks
Follow up: 15% Von Addison's disease
Game effect: Every month after the disease is acquired a *Toughness* test is made, with a one point penalty for each month since infection. At the first failed test, **M** and **S** are reduced by 1, and all percentage characteristics by 5. At the second failed test, **T** and **A** are reduced by 1, and all percentage characteristic by a further 5. Further failed tests alternate between these two effects. When **S** or **T** reaches 0, the character dies. If the disease is cured, recovery will take twice as many months as the disease lasted, with characteristics being regained at half the rate they were lost. Only half of the lost statistics are recovered (round down).

Bone Ague (Crook bone)

A disease that causes effects far beyond those of the physical changes it inflicts. Slowly but surely the infected character's bone structure changes, growing enormously in places, withering to nothing in others. The creature's form is twisted and distorted as a result. To a population in fear of mutants it is seen as the mark of chaos. If the afflicted does not catch the attention of a Witch–Hunter, they are likely to end their days as a beggar, spurned by those that were once their neighbours. The Cult of Shallya has long recognised its effects as a disease but has had little success convincing others they should treat the afflicted with compassion.
Incubation: D3 days
Treatment: None.
Last: The disease lasts up to five years (d4+1), but the effects are permanent
Death Rate: 5% every month due to the strain on the body
Game effect: **S** -1, **T** -1, **Dex** -1d6x5

Cancer

The various malignant cancers are all incurable by non-magical methods. Many are undetectable, although their side effects will usually be mis-diagnosed. Visible cancers are sometimes cured by physicians who amputate the affected body part.

Cholera

A constant threat in the poorer parts of The Old World's cities, Cholera is caused by faecal-contaminated food and water. It occurs wherever there are only open sewers. It is known to affect the intestines, causing fever, strong diarrhoea, severe dehydration, loss of feeling, and, if untreated, death. Epidemics are frequent. Many of those afflicted die painfully within the first few hours of the disease.

However, the link between the disease and poor sanitation has long been established. The Empire has undergone past bouts of sewer construction, and the correlation between these areas and those being least affected by the disease has been observed by physicians. It is the lack of political will and money to stretch the sewers into the poorer districts that means the disease recurs time after time.

Inhabitants of Marienburg are often affected by Cholera, but in many cases the cause is raw or undercooked seafood.
Incubation: d2+1 days
Treatment: Intravenous or oral replacement of fluid and salt (*Cure Disease* -10).
Last: 2D6 days
Death Rate: 60%
Game effect: Mild fever, violent diarrhoea, and in some cases regular collapsing. Characters will be unable to do anything.

Chorea (Nurgle's dance)

A disease that attacks the nerve system, the main symptom sudden of Chorea involve uncontrolled movements. The disease develops gradually; the patient becomes inattentive, nervous, irritable, and cries easily. Soon they have difficulty writing, and will stumble and fall frequently. Uncoordinated movements of the face, limbs, and body soon develop. They become worse when the patient is excited, but disappear during sleep – thus sedation is often used. This is done so that Nurgle will become bored and leave the body.

Chorea often follows the onset of childhood rheumatic fever (girls are affected more often than boys), but it is believed that it can also be contracted through drug use, or in rare cases, through pregnancy. It often affects those in their thirties or forties. A strong academic argument theorises that it is actually a form of mass hysteria.
Incubation: D3 days
Treatment: Bed rest. Offerings to Shallya. The afflicted is often sedated.
Last: D6 weeks
Game effect: Subject to fits.

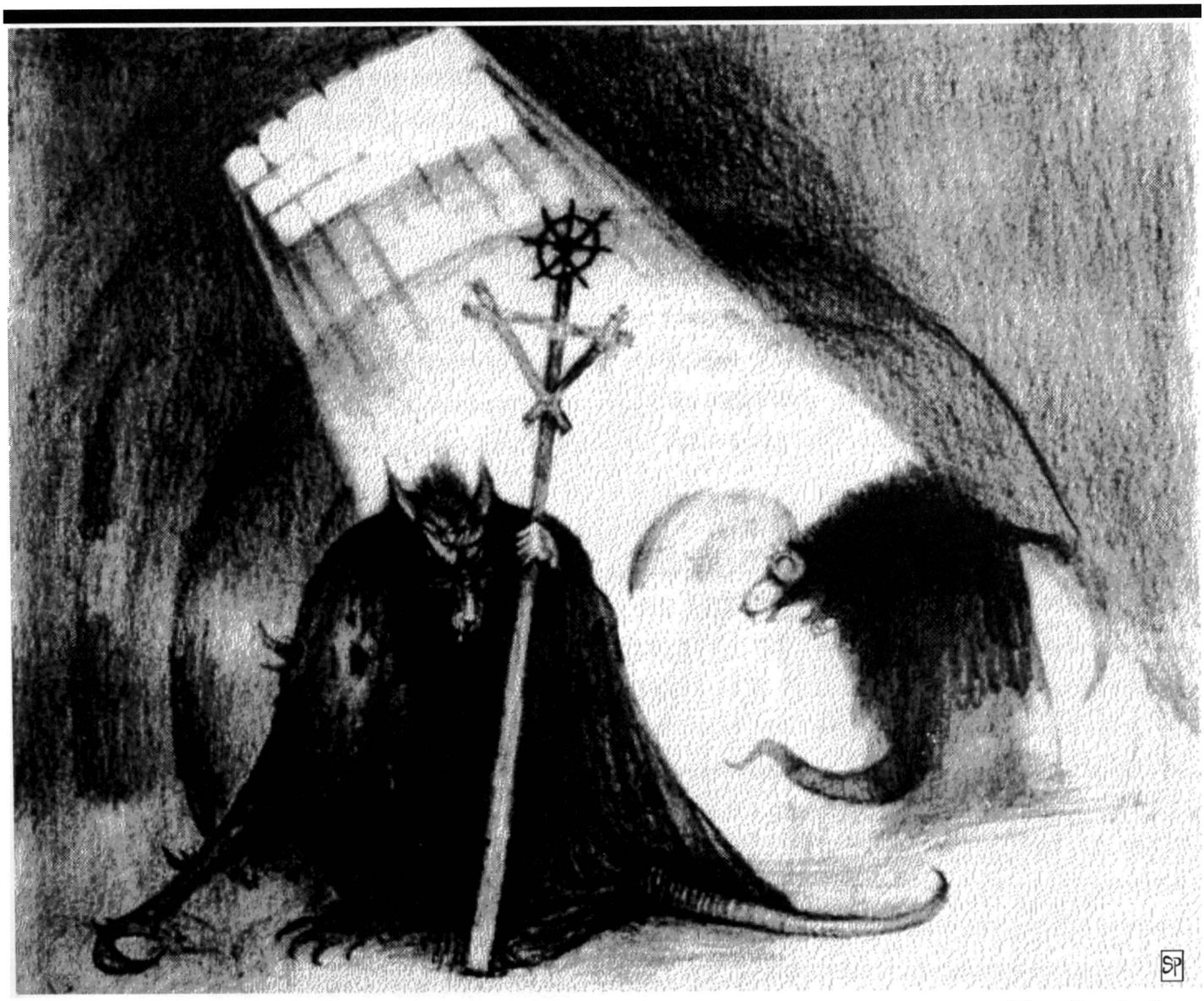
Colds, Common

Although commonly affecting most people at some stage, it is the old and the young who are most at risk. Colds open them up to further complications. In the Northern Empire, a cold is often referred to "Pneumonia's Herald". Small pouches of strong herbs are worn around the neck to ease the symptoms.
Incubation: D3 days
Treatment: Bed resting.
Last: D6+1 days
Follow up: 1% Bronchitis, 2% Pneumonia
Game effect: All percentage characteristics are reduced by 5% for D6+1 days. This time is halved if the person stays in bed. All attempts at sneaking and hiding get a -10 penalty because of sneezing, etc. Any characters who

DISEASES

Class 1 (01-70)	Class 2 (71-85)	Class 3 (86-94)	Class 4 (95-99)	Class 5 (00)
INDIRECT				
Colds Dengue fever Scabies	Bronchitis Five day Fever Hepatitis Ichthyosis Influenza Pneumonia Poliomyelitis Rubella	Aphonia Bloody Cough Chorea Dysentery Lepra Small pox	Bone Ague Cholera Copper Creeping Buboes Dysentery Eye Rot Galloping Consumption Grey Fever Plague Spotted Green Brainpox	Green Pox Scarlet Scourge
DIRECT				
Infected Wounds[1]	Five Bite Fever Gonorrhoea Lockjaw Scurvy	Syphilis Tomb Rot[2]	Rabies	Lycanthropy Nurgle's Rot[3] Undeath Plague[4]

[1,2] *WFRP Rulebook*, page 83, [3] *WFRP Rulebook*, page 318, [4] *Something Rotten in Kislev* page 104



have travelled outdoors in soaking wet weather should make *disease* tests against common cold.

Copper (Variola)

Highly contagious, this contaminates anyone in close proximity, particularly those unlucky enough to come into contact with pus from an existing victim. The disease mainly attacks children, causing high fevers and cold shivers. After three to four days, pea-sized pus-filled blotches appear. These dry up and fall off after a week, leaving cruel scars behind. Once, this was enough to exclude those such marked from the Shallyan priesthood. One cure still practised rurally is to have the afflicted drink ground copper mixed with milk.
Incubation: 2d3+8 days
Treatment: *Cure Disease* can reduce the chance of death by 10%.
Last: D3+7 days
Follow up: 20% Blood Poisoning, 10% Pneumonia
Death Rate: 30%
Game effect: Heavy fever. Copper may only be acquired once: after that, the person is immune.

Creeping Buboes

A chaotic disease. The afflicted person's limbs are covered in foul, ulcerous open sores, restricting movement and causing great discomfort. Many records show that those who have fought the depraved soldiers of Nurgle are sometimes affected by this. It seems that the corrupted blood of these beasts spreads the disease wherever it lands. Steam baths and towels soaked in a herbal concoction are used in Kislev to ease the discomfort.
Incubation: D3 days
Treatment: Keeping the sores clean (a successful *Cure Disease/Heal Wounds*) reduces the chance of contracting Blood Poisoning by 10%.
Last: D10 days
Follow up: 15% Blood Poisoning
Death Rate: 5% (although in reality higher due to statistic loss)
Game effect: -1 **M**, -10 **I** every day unless a **T** test is passed (cumulative). Recovery takes twice as long as the disease lasted; lost characteristics are regained at half the rate they were lost. 2d10 *Fellowship* points are lost permanently because of the huge, permanent scars.

Dysentery

This is one of the most common diseases in The Old World. Outbreaks frequently happen in the poorer sections of cities and towns. Those affected suffer from bloody diarrhoea and pain. The Cult of Shallya has long believed that open sewers are to be blame, but have had little success in convincing those in power to make the changes necessary to help eradicate the disease. Dysentery is occasionally known as The Breton Runs, due to the fact it is so common in Bretonnia.
Dysentery is usually treated with diets and special herbs, and is only deadly in rare circumstances. A current theory among Imperial physicians involves adding ground gold into their herbal concoctions.
In tropical areas, dysentery exists as Amoebic dysentery (a class 4 disease), which is much more serious.
Incubation: D6+1 days
Treatment: Diets, herbs, and fluids.
Last: 3d6+1 days
Death Rate: 2 %, or 10% with Amoebic dysentery
Game effect: Bloody diarrhoea. Sufferer is *Subject to headaches* (actually, both headaches and stomach pains, but the game effects are the same). 30% chance of mild fever.

Eye rot (Bulging-Eye, Crow's Feast)

A chaotic disease causing the eyes to swell and distend, growing large and bulbous with fluid. Still believed by some to be caused by looking upon the works of Chaos for too long.
Incubation: D3 days
Last: D10 days
Follow up: 5% of Grey Cataract
Game effect: -10 **BS** every day unless a **T** test is passed

(cumulative). Recovery takes twice as long as the disease lasted, and **BS** is regained at half the rate it was lost (i.e. 5 per day).

Five Day Fever (Rat Bite Fever)

Passed on by fleas and rats, this leads to fever-induced seizures, each lasting a day or two, which come in five-day cycles. It is often mistaken for epilepsy. As with many diseases it is far more common in the poorer areas of cities.
Incubation: D3+2 days
Treatment: *Cure Disease.*
Last: The disease lasts for 3d6+5 days
Game effect: Each D3+3 day during the disease period the character suffers from the effects of normal fever, and becomes *subject to fits.*

Galloping Consumption

A more rapidly developing version of lung tuberculosis, this disease was first presented in the Drachenfels adventure. The Drachenfels rules state that a test has to be made every month, but since Galloping Consumption ends in death after a few weeks, it would be more accurate for a test to be made every week instead.

Gonorrhoea

A painful and possibly fatal disease, those known to be suffering Gonorrhoea gain little sympathy. Passed on through sexual contact, an old legend says that this disease was born from a dark pact between Slaanesh and Nurgle. It is commonly associated with prostitution, and many women who suffer from it are falsely labelled as such. Many stories are told of women divorced by their husbands for having the disease, when it was the husband that passed it on.

Women are likely to suffer sterility or death from catching Gonorrhoea, and babies born to infected women may be born blind. Such blindness is seen to be punishment on the mother for her dealing with Chaos. Thus the child is an outcast from the day it is born. Even if it survives, it will be forced to live on the streets.
Incubation: D6+1 days
Last: Until treated
Follow up: 2% conjunctivitis, 2% arthritis
Game effect: Possible social exclusion.

Green Pox

This is a chaotic disease that causes huge green spots and pimples over the victim's entire body. The victim grows steadily thinner as the pox its takes toll. The practice of placing the afflicted in a bath of boiling salt water is no longer carried out.
Incubation: 1d4 days.
Treatment: Nil.
Last: Every 1d10 days, characters should make a **T** test to overcome the disease. Recovery takes the same amount of time as the disease has held.
Death Rate: Covered by statistic loss
Game effect: **W** and **T** are reduced by 1 every 5 days. The character will die if **T** reaches 0, and should roll on the sudden death critical table if **W** falls below 0.

Grey Fever (or Grey Ague)

Often mistaken for demonic possession, the victim's brain is seized by a strange wasting fever, bringing hallucinations, premature senility, and dementia. Traditional treatments involved praying over the infected for a week or whipping them with thorned branches. A more real danger in current times is that the afflicted will be committed to an insane asylum and left to rot, even when the fever has passed.
Incubation: 1d12 hours
Last: 2D6 days.
Game effect: **Ld**, **Int**, **Cl** and **WP** are reduced by 10 for the duration of the illness. The creature suffers from *Dementia*, and gains D6 insanity points.
Follow up: 10% Alzheimer's
Treatment: None. Successful use of the *Cure Disease* skill halves the chances of the patient being affected by a follow-on disease. The permanent *Dementia* caused by the fever can be cured by surgery.

Hepatitis

Viral inflammations of the liver causing nausea, fever, weakness, loss of appetite, and often Jaundice. Various forms exist, but no-one in the Old World is sufficiently medically advanced to tell them apart. Its symptoms are usually seen as a natural part of the hardship of life. The disease is usually transmitted by sexual activity, transfusion of infected blood, or poorly sterilised medical and dental instruments. Hepatitis can also occur as a complication of other diseases or as a toxic reaction to alcohol, drugs, or chemicals.
Incubation: D100+60 days
Treatment: Nil
Follow up: 80% chance of Jaundice appearing gradually, reaching a peak after 2 weeks
Death Rate: 1%
Game effect: 5% chance that the disease will be chronic. The character suffers from normal fever effects, followed by weakness (**S** -1, **I** -10, **WS** -10) and loss of appetite.

Hysteria

This condition, which is strongly associated with women, it is widely believed to be caused by deformities in the uterus that lead to uncontrollable emotions. In Kislev it is believed to be caused by a lack of sexual intercourse and therefore prone to afflict unmarried women.

No game effect is appropriate for this false diagnosis. Of course, fun situations can develop as a female character (after the diagnosis) insist that she doesn't suffer from hysteria, especially if GM and other players manage to get the player angry. A traditional remedy, available in more rural areas, is for the afflicted women to wear a pouch containing the reproductive organs of a rabbit, cut out by a Druid.

Ichthyosis (Fishskin disease)

A congenital, often hereditary skin disease characterised by dry, thickened, scaly skin. Since it is rare, those afflicted risk being declared a mutant in backwater villages or outposts (it won't be a good idea to confront Witch-hunters on the road). Stories tell of whole villages suffering from the disease (said by popular rumour to be the result of some dark pact by with a Sea-Demon). In the north of The Empire a widely known folk cure for this (and other skin diseases) involves a pool of water high in the Middle Mountains, where small red fish live. When a sufferer bathes in the pool the fish eat away the skin disease.
Incubation: 1D20 years if hereditary, 1d4 otherwise
Last: Permanent
Game effect: Dex -5, skin counts as 0/1 AP.

Influenza (The Flu)

A common disease bringing symptoms of fevers, muscle pains, and infection. The acute state lasts for about five days, but the disease can be complicated by Pneumonia and other side affects. Epidemics show up constantly, especially in the autumn and winter, and children are often the worst affected.

Following Diseases & Side Effects

A 'following disease' occurs as a side effect of the main disease, simply because the body has been weakened. For example, a cold or measles may follow an ear infection.

Fever: A common side effect. Characters affected by fevers will be physically weakened. However, modifiers should be applied gradually, thus making it possible for the use of medical drugs or herbs to prevent death. High fevers can often led to delirium. Fevers are divided into three grades:

- **Mild:** Characters' *Strength* will be lowered by D3-1, with *Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, Will Power* and *Initiative* lowered by 2D10. During the period there is a 10% penalty to all *disease* tests.
- **Normal:** *Strength* is reduced by D3. Other Statistics are reduced as above, with an additional +5 reduction and with a 15% penalty on *disease* tests.
- **Heavy fever:** A more violent fever that can be caused by the deadliest diseases. *Strength* is lowered by D3+1, and *Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, Will Power* and *Initiative* are lowered by 2D10+10. A 20% penalty is applied to all *disease* tests.

Headaches: Whenever a test is made against **Ld**, **Int**, **Cl**, **WP**, or **Fel**, a headache will result lasting the next D100 game turns. During this period all percentage statistics will be at -5.

Allergy: Allergic reactions can be caused by a large number of sources, including animal hair, food or dust. Reactions range from rashes to uncontrollable sneezing or being violently ill (causing fever-like effects). Dwarfs and Gnomes do not suffer from allergies. If a character suffers a rash, roll a hit location. A face rash gives a penalty of D6 to **Fel**. If arms are affected, there will be a 20% chance of the rash being on the hands, giving a penalty of D6 to **Dex**.

Weight loss: Weight loss follows the same rules as the *Anorexia* disorder (WFRP pg. 84).

Fits and seizures: In stressful situation (melee, when fired upon, for *fear/terror* tests, if *surprised*, etc.) there is a 10% chance of a seizure taken place. If it does, it will last 1D10 turns.

Weakness: **A** general lack of both physical and mental strength. **S** -1, **I** -10, **T** –1, **Ld** -10, **WP** -10, **Int** -10, and **Cl** -10

Jaundice: A yellow colouration of the skin and whites of the eyes, accompanied by dark urine. The disease occurs when liver bile enters the blood, which may be caused by diseases or by liver infection. In most cases, cures stop when the liver settles – but in 5% of cases the jaundice runs out of control, and a cure must be sought before death occurs.
Treatment: Nil (or *surgery*)
Last: 3-4 months
Death rate: 5%
Game effect: Periods of extended exercise will require bed rest.

Blood Poisoning: This occurs when infections, typically from wounds, are spread to the blood. Symptoms include high fevers, cold shivers, headaches and pains in the limbs.
Treatment: Herbs, successful use of *Heal Wounds.*
Last: D3+2 days
Death Rate: 50%
Game effect: This results in normal fevers and headaches until the offending wounds are healed and the poisoning is appropriately treated.

Incubation: D3 days (1-5 days)
Treatment: Nil
Last: The acute version lasts for D4+2 days, but is often complicated by follow-on diseases
Follow up: 20% Pneumonia, 5% Aphonia (like common cold)
Death Rate: D8-2% (dependant on virus type)
Game effect: Depending on how strong the flu is, the fever will be either mild or normal.

Lepra

Although rarely contagious, many people believe that this is catching. The word Lepra comes from Doktor Theodious Lepras, who did much pioneering work studying the disease. His dedication in securing noble donors made it a public issue, and he has changed many preconceptions about the disease. It was commonly believed that the disease was the result of a weak body and mind tempted by Chaos. Thus many sufferers were burnt. Such killings still go on in secret; however, more people than ever now see it as a disease. Sufferers are still not tolerated, and are often forced from their homes and jobs onto the streets to beg. Indeed, it is sometimes referred to as The Beggar's Skin – or worse: they are sometimes declared as the living dead. Famously, some Imperial cities have forced sufferers to wear bells to warn others of their coming.

Two kinds of Leprosy exist. The symptoms of the first a rugged thickness in the skin, especially on the face, giving rise to the so-called "lion-face". The second type attacks the nerves and causes the skin to rot, so that parts of limbs (finger, toes, nose) sometimes fall off. Men are twice as likely to be affected as women. An early symptoms is Anaesthesia (loss of sensation).
Incubation: 1D20 years
Treatment: Nil
Last: Permanent
Game effect: Lepra rarely leads to death. *Fellowship* will be affected (subtract 2d10+10 from the characteristic), *toughness* is reduced by one, and *wounds* by d3-1, with a score of 0 meaning that no wounds are lost. The social level of lepers is -3

Lockjaw

Lockjaw may follow any type of injury. The first symptoms are headaches and depression, followed by difficulty in swallowing and in opening the jaws. Stiffness of the neck develops and gradually a spasm of the cheek muscles sets the face in a peculiar, sardonic grin. Eventually, the spasms spread to other muscles of the body.
Incubation: d6+1 weeks
Treatment: Cleaning wounds. If a player has stated he has cleaned his wound, and you randomly select this disease, you should spare him. Surgical removal of tissue is also a later option.
Last: A week
Death Rate: 50%
Game effect: One of the main reason that the early gunpowder weapons were deadly was not because of the force which the bullet was fired but because of Tetanus (Lockjaw) and lead-poisoning. A creature struck by a gunpowder weapon hit has a 30% chance of suffering from Tetanus if the wound isn't cleaned and nursed. Speaking becomes difficult, and the character has a -5 modifier to communication tests. Furthermore, the character suffers from *depression* (see WFRP rulebook pg. 86).

A ring-a-ring of roses,
A pocketful of posies
Attichoo, attichoo
We all fall down

Plague/the Black Death (Pestis)

Three kinds of plague exist. The normal plague, described in the WFRP rulebook on page 82, is boil plague, and is transferred from rats to humans through fleas. Blood plague follows on from the boil plague, and is caused when pus from the boils enters the blood, typically through wounds. Lastly, there is the Lung plague, which is believed to be contracted form 'foul air'. The symptoms resemble pneumonia, but far greater amounts of phlegm and blood are coughed up. Additionally, the victim suffers from violent vomiting of blood and a blue coloration of the skin.
Incubation:
Boil plague: 1d3+7 days
Blood plague: 2D4 hours
Lung Plague: 1d3 days
Treatment: It is commonly believed that covering the mouth with a pouch of strong smelling herbs and flowers offers protection from the plague. A necklace of a dove, newly blessed by a cleric of Shallya, is also believed to be highly effective, as long as the wearer does not have "blood on their hands". A curious oddity is that the village of village of Ockburn in Nordland has never suffered the ravages of the plague. Physicians and Clerics of Shallya occasionally visit but to date no good explanation has been forthcoming. Boil and lung plague can be cured with the earth root plant, although this is not commonly known.
Last: Blood plague: A diseased person dies when the blood enters the brain, which is usually after one to three days.
Lung plague: Death is usually caused by breathing troubles after d3 days.
Death rate:
Blood plague: 100 %
Lung plague: 65 %
Boil plague: 40 %
Game effect: A character who succeeds in their first disease roll against the Plague has a +10 bonus to later tests, but is not immune to it. That's why people rarely escape the plague unless they flee the area.
Blood plague: A person with the boil plague has a 20% chance per day of contracting blood plague, with an extra 5% chance for each wound lost as a result of the boils. Blood plague can also be caused if a plague victim's pus enters another person's blood (for example in combat).
Lung plague: In addition to the effects described above, the person also suffers from Pneumonia (ignore incubation time).

Pneumonia

Starting with cold shivers, high fever, coughing and

pains in the chest, this is a common cause of death in adults. It often occurs in winter, and the usual symptoms include a single, shaking chill, followed by a fever, pain in the chest on breathing, coughing and blood-streaked phlegm.
Incubation: 1d3+5 days
Treatment: Nil
Last: d8+6 days
Death Rate: 20%
Game effect: High fever

Rabies (Manann's Curse)

A punishment from Manann, this is given to those he is displeased with. The afflicted often suffer throat cramps at the sight of water, such is their fear. Some clerics argue that it is Taal that gives the disease on behalf of his son, sending his creatures to inflict it. It is contracted through being bitten by an infected animal – most frequently, dogs. When infected, these become very aggressive and frequently attack other living things. Symptoms include *depression*, general fright, *headaches*, and (as the disease develops) fever, vomiting, and pains from the wound. Finally, frequent cramps and paralysis lead to death. Many fear to treat those with the disease and there is certainly no effective cure.
Incubation: 1d10+2 weeks
Treatment: Quick treatment of the infected wound.
Last: 2D6 weeks
Death Rate: 100% if not treated
Game effect: There is a 15% chance that the disease spreads after having been bitten by a creature with Rabies. Death occurs after 2D6 weeks, when the sufferer becomes unable to eat because of throat cramps.

Rubella (Teutognen Measles)

A disease causing a rash and fever. This will be mild and uncomplicated unless contracted during the first three months of pregnancy when it can cause serious damage to the foetus.
Incubation: D3+8 days
Last: D3+6 days
Follow up: 10% Pneumonia, 5% Bronchitis
Game effect: Mild fever, allergy - rash effect on all body locations after 4 days.

Scabies (The Itches)

A contagious skin disease caused by a parasitic mite and characterised by intense itching with holes appearing in the skin, especially on fingers, hands, wrist, and around the navel.
Treatment: Bathing in salted water is a common, if ineffective, treatment. More recently treated with salves containing sulphur. Chemistry is needed to create the salve, and a *Cure Disease* test to administer it effectively. Many still believe that rubbing the area with the hand of a hanged criminal is also an effective remedy.
Last: Usually until cured
Game effect: Not tolerated in high societies; penalise characters' *Fellowship* by 20 when conversing with characters of a high social standing.

Scarlet Scourge

A rare but very deadly disease, causing painful, agonising death in eighty percent of cases and taking a mere 2d10+10 hours to run full course. Those surviving are permanently damaged and traumatised. Created or found by the Clan Pestilens, they are developing it further as a possible weapon against other Skaven Clans. No cure is known. Important Clan Pestilens members travel around with vials containing the disease – these are used as a last resort in case harm should befall them. One vial can instantly contaminate an area of 40 yards.
Incubation: d3 hours
Treatment: Perhaps important Clan Pestilens members have some kind of antidote.
Last: 2D10+10 hours
Death Rate: 80%
Game effect: Painful swelling and bright red inflammation, internal bleeding.

Scurvy

Characterised by spongy and bleeding gums, bleeding under the skin, and extreme weakness. A disease very common among seamen, but it also occurs in cold regions during the long winters.
Incubation: 1d3+3 months of malnutrition
Treatment: Ingest of the plant Cochlearia Officials (or eating food containing vitamin C).
Last: Until cured
Game effect: At the start of every month, a *Toughness* test is made. If the first test is failed, the character loses 1 from *Strength*. If the second test is failed, 1 point is lost from **T**. Further tests alternate between these penalties. As statistics fall, gums begin to bleed, and after 4 failed tests teeth start falling out. Bleeding gums give a 5% penalty to *Fellowship*; missing teeth are fairly commonplace, but in combination with the gums these will raise the penalty to 15%.

Smallpox (Infant Pox)

A highly contagious disease causing high fever, prostration and sickness. Three to four days later there is a rash on the face, palms and soles on the feet, which develops into pustular pimples. If the victim survives, the pustules turn into scabs and leave scars. A common disease, which is known to affect soldiers on campaign. Although survivors are left scarred and often blind, they are immune in the future. Therefore, many hope to get the mild form of the virus, which is often known as cowpox.
Incubation: 12 days
Treatment: Nil. Successful use of *cure disease* reduces the death rate to 15%. This involves cleaning skin eruptions and preventing bacterial infections, and must be done under clinical conditions.
Last: (D3+1) + (D4+6) + (D4+4) days
Follow up: There is a 50% (halved if medical attention is applied and hygiene maintained) chance that d4 wounds are lost; these have a 50% chance of becoming infected.
Death Rate: 25%
Game effect: High fever takes effect during the first D3+1 days. After this period the rash starts and develops into pustular pimples for the next D4+6 days. During this period there is no fever. After this the fever starts again and lasts for D4+4 days. After the disease, D10+5 **Fel** points are lost permanently due to the scars. There is 25% chance of permanent blindness.

Spotted Green Brainpox

Spotted green brainpox is a highly contagious disease, passed on by lice and fleas. Symptoms include memory loss, aggressive behaviour, sometimes megalomania, and sudden paralysis. Sufferers are often locked away to die, whether they would have survived or not. It is believed to be caused by seeing Nurgle travelling the world in his guise of the Sick Beggar.
Incubation: D6+2 days
Treatment: Nil
Last: 2d4 weeks
Death Rate: 60%
Game effect: The victim suffers *Dementia*, is generally aggressive, and is subject to sudden paralysis. There is a 15% chance of gaining the insanity *Megalomania*. Those who survive the disease gain the insanity *absent minded* permanently, and may (25% chance) receive brain damage leading to a *minor disorder* such as speaking problems, etc.

Syphilis (Whore's Rash)

Contracted by sexual intercourse, or even by kissing, syphilis is viewed by the upper classes as rampant amongst the rabble. After a few weeks' incubation a hard superficial wound appears. This wound heals after a couple of weeks, but the disease spreads to other parts of the body, causing infections which show as rash on the skin. This stage may last for several years. Syphilis might then develop to the third and last stage. At this point, the disease is characterised by tumour-like infections, which can attack the nervous system. When the nervous system is attacked the disease can take on one of two forms. The first attacks the spinal marrow, and the victim suffers from pains, sudden paralysis, deterioration of reflexes and a loss of sensation. The second form is a mental disease, causing increasing weakening of the psychological functions, lack of judgement, megalomania, and sudden paralysis. There is no known cure for syphilis.
Incubation: 1d3 weeks
Treatment: Nil - This doesn't stop the physicians, however. Mercury paste is smeared on affected areas, and even used as an ingest (gives Mercurial poisoning. The belief stems from Arabian medicine, where it is used against skin diseases). Arsenic and *surgery* are also used (ineffectually).
Last: Primary stage: 1d10+2 weeks. Secondary stage: 1D20+2 years. Tertiary stage: leads to death.
Game effect: There is a 75% chance that the disease stops after its secondary stage. In some areas, typically big cities with lots of prostitution, Syphilis is a big problem. Here, special rules are applied to patients. They are refused access to public baths/steam baths, clinics, hospitals and so on. In more fastidious areas, sufferers have to wear a badge, scarf, of other identifier.

The above diseases should cover many of the circumstances PCs are likely to find themselves in. Hopefully, these rules will give you some ideas on how to use disease to its best effect. If in doubt, remember that whilst the Warhammer world is full of disease, these will have the most impact on PCs if they are used sparingly and colourfully. Above all, keep the PCs guessing. Most of them won't have a clue what's happening to them, and even trained physicians will have to make best-guesses based on the symptoms - a highly worrying prospect, given that these poor, uninformed fools are the PCs' only chance of survival!

Here it is my dear Claude. Plunder is a cur, a charlatan with a grudge. Lies! Lies! Lies! He has distorted Rogan's work and you are a fool to pay attention. G.

Thys pamphlet hath been commifsioned on behalf of the Merchant Guilds of Delbrez and Schoppendof to help guide and advise its honourable members in theyr journey to the once Imperial citie of Marienburg. Wherein it has been the experience of divers guild members that without such goodly advice a gentlemen serving the interests of the Empire is in much danger here. Sadly, some of our members haue bin unaware of such pitfalls and hence become victim to the many charlatans to be found there. Indeed, it is said that the average citizen's only joy is to try and take the money from your purse in one way or the other. Nor would I wish to suggest they are all thieves. It is just that the common man has no respect for his betters, yeres of having no nobility making them believe they can speak their mind if they so wish.

Even with the restrictive practices of the Directorate there is much money to be made in Marienburg, as well as entertainments of wonderous variety. We haue taken testament from guild brethren who haue travelled there and tryd to trade. Keep this pamphlet on your person and may Sigmar and Handrich guide ye in your dealings.

Marienburg is the principal citie of the Wasteland, once the Imperial Province of Westerland until secession in 2429. Even though Marienburg will be returned to its righteous place in The Empire in time, it is best to humour the residents of this playce for the mene time. They take offence easily and like little to be reminded of theyr place. They persist with a curious notion that the people themselves rule the citie: "Democracy" seems to be the most popular word at the moment for this belief. They haue a particular dislike for Imperials but like our gold well enough. However, those of our profession haue much power here. Handich's (whom they insist on calling Hændryk) strictures are the guidance behind many laws here. An admirable and sensible foundation. Marienburg is the centre of worship of Manann.

I am at a loss for words. He obviously doesn't know what he is talking about. His opinions are second hand and typical of an Imperial who can't stomach that we left behind your tin-pot Emperor and his lackey nobility. We are ruled by those with talent to rule not by some inbred fool, who insists on being called Lord, and whose great-great-grandfather paid for his title with stolen money.

Marienburg is the principal, and only, citie in the Wasteland, located where the Reik enters the Sea of Claws. Here it forms the great bay, The Manannspoort Zee, where among the fishing boats come in their thoufands from across the new World, each carrying commodities to trade. The Citie consists of dozens of islands, hundred of bridges, thousands of boats and barges sailing the connecting waterways. Thefe are the citie's main roads. Everywhere is crowded; the buildings lean so far over the waters they look like drunken brawlers just before collapse. Beware of pickpockets among the crush. Alfo, haue your servant carry a parasol for when ye pass under bridges or windows.

Most importantly remember money gets you everywhere in Marienburg. They are no refpecters of rightly pofition or breeding. Indeed they haue no morals as long as there is profit to be made. The proverb, "After you shake hands with a Marienburger, be sure to count your fingers," is the key to this playce. Keep your guard up or ye will end up the same way as the Kislievian I heard of, who was sold an acre of snow. If he comes here there will be a queue to break his legs.

Marienburg ftands proudely where the ancient Sea Elf port of Sith Rionnasc'namishatir once stood, or so it is sayd. Marius of the Juton Tribe founded the citie, guided here by Manann. Thefe early barbarians were uneducated and left few early records. Only the guiding influence of Emperor Sigismnd II, "the Conqueror", brought them civilifation. The Imperial province of Weysterland became part of the mighty Empire. Increased trade under Handrich's guidance haue them even more civilised, nearly to the level of their brethren in the Empire. In the coming yeres the Emperor protected his chyldren from the raiding Norse and the Bretonnians, who although they held the citie for a short time were beaten away by an Imperial army.

In the yere of the Empire 2150, fortune came in the shape of the clipper "Lughsoll-Siaisullainn", vessel to the ambaffadors of the Sea Elves. Baron van Hoogman was in no way slow to agree the Treaty of Amity and Commerce on behalf of the whole Empire. The Treaty ftated that, "Merchant Houses of Westerland are exclusive agents of the Elves for all goods of the New World brought to the Old." Military aid was alfo pledged to the Barony of Westerland. The Elves were granted sovereignty over the islands they

The Suiddock

now inhabit.

The laft Baron of Westerland died bravely serving Magnus the Pious. Magnus, beloved of Sigmar, allowed the citie to be governed by merchants and clerics, for the benefit of the Empire. This Directorate ruled over the newly named Province of Westerland. However, this new body schemed and plotted to take control of Westerland from its rightful place in the Empire. This was achieved due to Emperor Dieter II, who foolishly imposed high taxes to pay for his wars. His successor Wilhelm III cast him from the throne. The plotting burghers of Marienburg, instead of supporting the Emperor, proclaimed theyr independence. Wilhelm bravely sent three armies against thefe rebels but all were defeated. The final defeat was at the Battle of Grootscher Marsh, where his cowardly generals licked their lips to the lure of gold and trembled at the unnatural Elven magic. They named the land "The Wasteland," and retreated to count their coffers. They haue continued to mak their great wealth from their reftrictive practices off the back of the Empire.

Marienburg remains ruled by this Directorate. They are the executive council of the Stadsraad. The Staadsraad houses the Countrey's two parliaments, the Rijkskamer and the Burgerhof. The Directorate consists of the high Priests of Manann, Verena, Shallya and Hændryk, as well as the Rector of Baron Henryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magick and ten members of the Burgerhof, voted by their peers every two yeres. It is the duty of the Directorate to elect the Staadholder, a regent until the return of the House of van de Maacht.

The Directorate currently consists of the citie's premier merchants. Most of The Ten haue dealings in the Empire; our members will possibly be most familiar with the business of the Foogers, van Onderzoekers and van Haagans.

On Arrivale

Getting to Marienburg is eafily accomplished by boat. The Reik from Altdorf and Carroburg is crowded but generally safe. We recommend contacting *Westerland Boats* in Altdorf for good and comfortable service. Send ahead with word of your arrival so appropriate preparations may be made. Coach journeys from Middenheim are carried out by both *Wolf Runner Coaches* and *Foure Season Coaches*. The journey is poor and the scenery uninspiring, unless you like mift and marfh.

Marineburgers will either try to exaggerate or ignore the dangers of Grootscher Marsh, which they call 'cursed marsh'. It is a dark, evil place south of Marienburg. Storyes saye that it is inhabited by beaftmen, demons and a group of mutants, the Fen Loonies. Stay on the path and ye will be safe. Thick fogs cover the entire Wasteland, rolling into the streets at wynter.

Once in the citie you should hail a watercoach to take ye to your place of refidence. Beware; it is easy to become lost among the waterways. Remember to ask a price before hand or ye will find yourself on the scenic route. Nor engage them in conversation but order them to take ye to your destination. If ye wish to purchafe the services of a bawd then do so only with the recommendation of a trusted local.

Keep your wits about ye nor stray and ye will haue no trouble. Should ye feel needy of protection and wish to hire bodieguards I recommend Marqandts' Escorts in Goudberg for an excellent service. Cheaper is Hakkeling's Shield-men on the Suiddock, but beware attempts to foist a Bretonnian on your service. They are little but drunks and will run away at the first sign of trouble. At least his insults are not just confined to us!

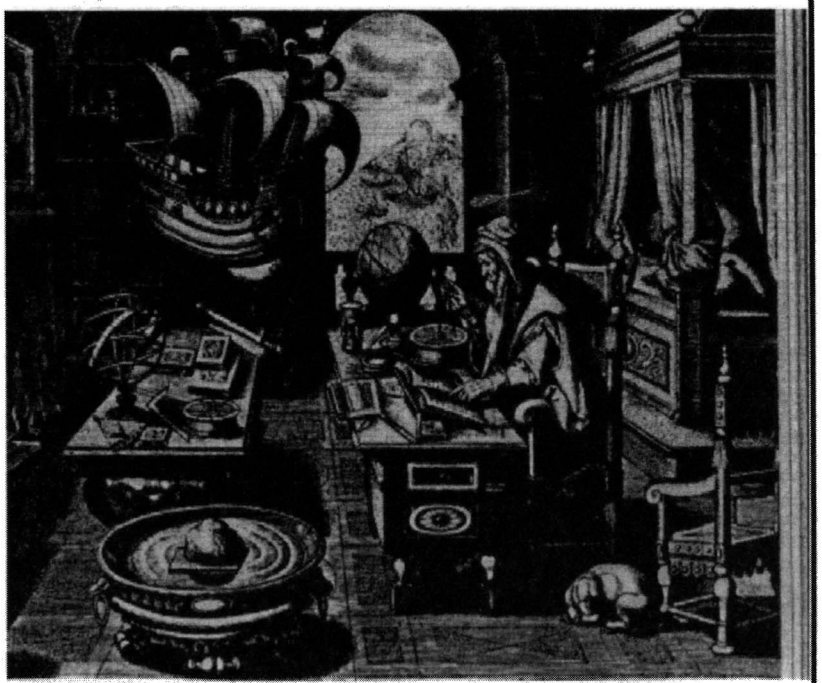
Give no more than a shilling to a beggar, or theyr will be haue a troupe of them following ye. There are more here than in the Empire, another sign of the laziness of the people. The Imperial Gold Coin is equivalent to the Wasteland Guilder and there is no need to change your money. No matter what ye may be told.

Those wishing to place a small offering at the temple should afk to be taken to the Templewijk district. However, you will need to visit the towne of Kalkaat to offer prayers to offers prayers to Sigmar. Beware the Temple in the Ostmuur district, as this is the centre of the heretical, blaffphemous cult of Sigmar-Reformed. Should any of your travelling party haue magickal abiiity they must report immediately to Baron Henryks.

The Citie

The lay of the citie and its island division means that the many districts can be easily defined. Using the waterways is often the best way to travel among thefe. Should ye haue strife on the water then the River Watch should be called for afsistance. Otherwife on land the Honourable Company of Lamplyghters and Watchmen attempt to keep the peace.

By all accounts avoid the areas of Doodkanaal, Kruiersmuur, Messteeg, Noormanswijk, Rijkspoort, Vlakland and Wijnzak. A gentlemen should haue no cause to frequent thefe areas and they are the playground of either thieves or foreigners.



The famous Baron Henryk founder of the college of Sea Navigation and Magicks

Both Suiddock and Winkelmarkt are alfo similarly dysreputable but ye may well haue good reason to visit them. The fact that such circumstance arife show what low opinion the citie's rulers hold us goodly Imperial visitors. Hire bodieguards.

Stay your visit in the Goudberg, Guilderveld, Noordmuur, Ostmuur, Oudgeldwijk and Templelwijk areas. The people here, relative to the other citizens anyway, are of polite fensibility. The streets and waterways are well peopled at dark and the Lamplighters are often feen. They haue plenty of eftablishments to spend your coin and sights to see. Guilderveld is home to many fine craftsmen.

Handelaarmarkt, Arabierstad, Indierswijk, Klienmoot and Zijdemarkt are all safe during the light. Fine fpices and silks can be purchafed in Indierswijk and Zijdermarkt, or even some contacts made. Remember they haue strange foryign rituals which you must not insult, no matter how bizarre. Perhaps the most strange is Elfsgemeente, or Elftown. Here ye are subject to theyr laws, as decided by the clans, headed by the Exarch, which live there. Only an Elf may remain here after dusk.

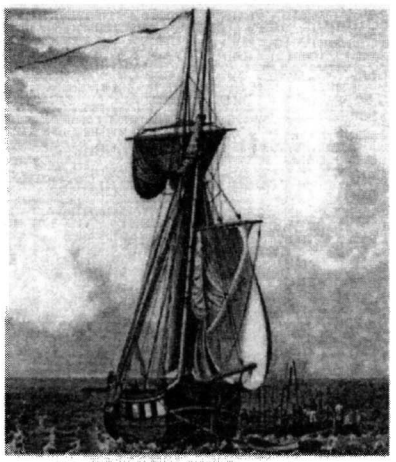
Where To Stay

There are plenty of establifhments to sleep and dine in the areas above. Marienburg excels in food from around the Empire and beyond. The inns in thefe areas are of goodly quality and within goodly distance of trading areas. In the Paleisburt area ye will find the Gull & Trident, famous for its comfortable beds and excellent food. However, it is recommended ye book your room many days advance. If ye wish to stick with good honest food and hofpitality, The Emperor's Rest in Ostmuur caters for the taste of the discerning Imperial. It has recently been rebuilt and is very safe, employing many guards. Some may find it expenfive. Alfo recommended here is the Scales and Measure, famous for its fish suppers and the Tirmin Room, Wherein Armin Tirmin was stabbed to death during the infamous "silver-spoon" incydent.

Down the waterways in the Noordmuur district, The Net & Anchor is alfo a fine establishment. Many Sea Captains and Explorers stay here and you are guaranteed a good story, a fine meal, soft bed and hot bath. Highly recommended. Not quite in the same class but fuitable if you haue a large entourage is The Grounded Clipper. Indeed, should ye wish to haue your servants stay somewhere more suitable and economic, The Crow's Nest in Suiddock is cheap and usually clean. Remember to give stern warning of talking to silver-tongued locals however, or your bufiness fecrets may be tricked out of them. Take the recommendation for The Net & Anchor with a pinch of salt. The guild owns a share in it. The Emperors Rest was burnt down after the landlord insisted on insulting the stockholder.

For Trading

There is much reward to be had in trading in Marienburg, although there are alfo many pitfalls for the unwary. The Stevedore & Teamsters Guild will unload your cargo for a fair fee, with an as always efficient service. Before ye even dock however ye will need to engage a member of the Pylot's Guild to guide your boat into harbour. For those arriving on The Reik, the Riverman may not pylot your boat: the result of a dispute betwixt thefe two guilds.



The Guild Clipper "The Delbrez"

You may wish to engage a Lawyer conversant in the local laws as those dealing with Trade are many and varied. A recommendation may be found at The Inns of Court. Marienburg law is somewhat different from the preferred Empire model. A maze of bureaucracy must be negotiated to get anything done, with a host of commiffions and guilds, all there to be bargained with. This bureaucracy takes time but a small donation to the office shrine club will help you to be looked vppon favourably. The Guilds haue far more power here than their Imperial cousins, and few trades are not guilded. A peculiar example of both the law and the hold of the guilds is that no man may represent himself at the High Court without losing their case.

If ye are bringing commodities via the Reik, ye will encounter the Excise Service of the Marienburg Secretariat. They will levy tax on your cargo, and ye are advifed to pay. Especially if your goods are perishable. Inquires on sea going ships and their cargoes can be gained from the Port Authorities located in the Admiralty on High Tower Isle.

There are a plenty of opportunities to invest in profitable ventures, most of which take place at the Wasteland Export-Import Exchange. Located on Hightower Island the building is very impreffive, as is only right for the Merchant's Guildhall. Here the goods arriving to the citie are bought and sold in fevered bidding. All trade must be made through an exchange broker. When selling goods ye must accept the price decided. Goods generally of a more exotic nature can be bought from the Hall of Trade on Sith Rionnasc. The weekly auction is run by the Sea Elf clans selling the goods they haue imported. The auction is only open to members of the Exchange.

Should ye wish to seek monetary advice, there is no better place than the Temple of Haendryk. Here in his blefsed prefence you can arrange loans to cover any losses or to capitalyse on any deals that come your way. A visit here with an offering is a fensible introduction to your dealings in Marienburg.

If ye wish to travel further afield, the Temple of Verena underwrite many expedition. Of course, ye will need to hand over any new difcoveries. Good ideas may get money for the journie and on a successful return, fame. Only the bravest of explorers take part in this Age of Discovery, and of course many are from the Empire. Although more are from the Wasteland.

Of courfe pyrates, pryvateers and wreckers, some in the service of the outlawed god Stromfels, prove a danger to veffels ye may haue placed a stake in. Storms and sea monsters may alfo hamper your journie to profit and chaos is not to be avoided through travel on the seas.

Entertainment

Marienburg hav a host of locations to relaxe in. As a rule, they are not of such a high class as can be found in the Empire. You may alfo find it safer to stay in your inn after dark. Three of a Kind Cabaret

and Casino, located on Elfgate bridge, has entertainment of the higheſt quality, with the chance to win an added bonus. Should ye get lonelie whyle away from the bosom of your home, the companionship of comelie ladies is to found at Emmanelle Dalle's in the Wijnzak district providing everything you could desire. Alſo to be found here in many restaurants is the local 'delicacy', Mottled Green Sea Slug, sliced and pickled in brine. It only seems to be eaten by the Bretonnians. I recommend avoiding it. The average Breton's taste is worse even than the locals. First he says to stay out of Wijnzak, then he recommends a brothel there. Typical!

Those looking for eastern heights can find their exotic flavours in Suiddock. The Golden Lotus Dreaming House on Three Penny Bridge, and Ho Kongs on Stossel are both safe. However, bodyieguards or burly servants should, as always, be engaged when travelling in this district.

The Red Cock Inn and the Three Wave Tavern, both located in Guilderveld, are fine establiſhments for entertainment and ale. Madam Roozenbooms and Hugo's Humble both provide fine eating oppurtunties for the defined palette. In Goldberg the Foure Season's Change is known for its local herring dishes and imported Kislevian vodka. Whyle here take a visit to Aardbol Theatre and hear what the common man thinks of his masters. Over in Paleisbuurt can be found the Drowning Barge, where can be found cocktails, which are good, but not as good as thoſe to be found in The Laughing Jackass in Middenheim.

Even here where he steals the text he chooses to add unfavourable comments. Scum!

Imperial hypocrite!

Sights

The citie has some of the finest bridges in the known world. Both the Hoogburg Bridge, spanning The Reik and connecting High Tower Isle to the Palace district, and Draaienburg Swing Bridge, are amazing feats of engineering. The Niederburg bridge, leading to Suiddock and Three Penny Bridge connecting its islands are both famous, but visitors should remember to visit in light and with guards.

A thoufand yeres old the Cathedral of Manann is a worthy spiritual centre. Located on Holy Isle, three gold towers imitate Manann's trident. Alſo dedicated to Manann is the Whaler Shrine in Suiddock, its roof arched with whalebone. The temple of Hændryk has some of the finest stained glass windows, designed by Altdorfer Robert Pinaigrier. The New Palace, home of the Staadholder, is sometimes known as Democracy's Cradle, but it was not me that said its because there's a dummy in it.

If you wish to bring back a gift, Priceless Friends in Elftown has creatures unfeen on theſe shores. Or ye could buy a coat of Klienland wool, one of Marienburg's few native exports. The finest coats can be purchaſed in Winkelmarkt and Guilderveld. It will be of the beſt quality, although one should be careful not too pay too much.

Thereby ends my advice and my guide to the Wasteland citie of Marienburg. May Handrich guide your purse, and Sigmar your hand.

Imprinted by Johann & Johann, in Delbrez by the sign of the Hungry Horſe in the yere of the Empire 2498.

PROSTHETICS

A look at artificial limbs in WFRP by John Foody

"A man is more than the body he inhabitants."
Imperial Philosopher Maximus Hobbleheim

It has taken me many years to hone my art, to discover what I have learnt, and to test my inventions. I have been forced to jealously guard my knowledge for there are many who would take it form me to make their fortunes. Such gains have never been my intention, for I have much to make amends for. But now, as I think they are coming for me, I commit my thoughts to paper for you to take my work forward...

This article gives some details of prosthetics in the Warhammer world. It is an unofficial sequel of sorts to the Surgery rules contained in the article, Is there a Doctor in the House? by Andy Warwick published in *Apocrypha Now*. I have based the details on our own history during the renaissance period (and will start by introducing some of this), but changes have been made where appropriate.

Prosthetics in Our World

The first mentions of false limbs are found in Hindu texts and Irish Legends telling of Kings and Queens with false hands. While the Hindu works give details of nose replacements, the Irish texts are vaguer and are possibly only fictional embellishments.

Ignoring the most basic level of prosthetics (i.e. Peg legs, Hooks etc.) the next stage of development came in the middle ages, mainly for knights and other soldiers. After all, these were the most likely to lose limbs, especially once gunpowder came into use. Rich knights would have replacement limbs built into their suits of armour, while foot soldiers would have far more basic items.

The renaissance period moved the development of prosthesis forward considerably, and from this period come some of the greatest pieces of prosthetics. Many of these were unique, unsurpassed for two hundred years.

Present day prosthetics cover almost every possible aspect of limb loss. These parts can copy an ever-increasing range of movements, looking ever more like the parts they are intended to replace.

"Those with lost limbs have come through much. Not only the wound itself, but also blood loss and shock. You should ensure that before you begin your work the wound is fully healed and free from infection. The belief of the inflicted that the limb is still there is sometimes a hindrance to your work, sometimes a help.

The notes on the effects of limb loss on the ability to carry loads were taken from my estranged colleague, von Karroll. They are of use, but their importance is nothing next to what he would have us believe."

TABLE A

		M	WS	BS	W	I	Dex	Fel	Encum Penalty
Legs	Above Knee	-2[1]				-20			-100
	Below Knee	-2[1]				-20			-100
	At Knee	-2[1]				-20			-100
	At Pelvis	-2[1]			-1	-30			-150
	Foot	-2[1]				-15			-100
Arms	Finger(s)		-1ea[4]	-1ea[4]					
	Hand		-20[5,6]	-40[5,6]					
	Below Elbow		-30[5]	-60[5]			-20[2]		
	Complete Arm		-70[5]	-100[5]			-30[2]		
Face	Eye			-20				-15	
	Nose							-20	
	Teeth							-2d6	
	Ears					-20[2,3]		-1d6+1	

[1] Movement rates for running are calculated at -3. Characters with false legs will also tire quicker during movement.
[2] Balance tests.
[3] Only if hearing is lost.
[4] Thumb counts as -6WS. When four figures have been lost, count as lost hand.
[5] Add penalty for using wrong hand if applicable.
[6] Can still use shields although not bucklers.

TABLE B

	1	2	3	4	5
Availability	Very Common	Average	Rare	Unique	Unique (Magic)
Cost (approx.)	0-2 GC's	½-5 GC's	10 GC's +	500 GC's +	n/a
Example	Crutch	Hook	Solid Limbs	Flexible Leg	Baz'aqars Vengeance

Limb Loss - A summary of effects

When a body part is lost, the effects are left to the GM to impose. Table A gives a recommended summary of these effects and replace the adjustments on page 87 of Apocrypha Now. All these are open to adjustment, especially to characteristics such as Fellowship where it really depends on who you are dealing with. Those with limb loss are generally stereotyped as either ex-soldiers/ adventurers or beggars (sometimes one and the same).

The Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill figures act as a guide to those attempting to use and manufacture prosthetics limbs. Obviously a character with no hand cannot use a sword, but if they use a hook then they would only suffer the -20 penalty the hook brings. Common sense is the main guide here.

"Your imagination and skill are the only limits."

Purchase and Manufacture

I have categorised Prosthetics into five levels, based on their complexity and therefore their availability and cost (Table B). Technically, each replacement required can be taken from any level. For example if a character loses part of a leg, the options range from Level 1 (Crutch) to Level 4 (Articulated leg) via Peg Legs and so on.

Those who manufacturer Prosthetics rarely do this as their only job; they are often surgeons,

carpenters or blacksmiths, and most only ever build a single limb. The most successful Prosthetics manufacturers have knowledge of all three skills.

A Level Two, prosthetics can take an hour or so to make, while a Level Four piece could take up to a year to finish. Level Four pieces are generally a mixture of materials (Leather, wood and Iron) and have a limited life span (although this may as long as ten years) and must be well maintained.

In well-funded universities in some of the largest cities, there can be found those that have dedicated their research to the development and invention of false limbs. Such individuals take some finding, as they are usually only recognised as being Physicians or Scholars. Perhaps the most famous is Dr. Prosther of Nuln University (See page 62). Dwarfs are known to have created numerous high-quality false limbs over the years, but these are custom made and are always buried with their owner.

Combat

Those using false limbs will need to observe a couple of points when they enter combat. Each limb should be given a Toughness and Wounds rating and the character's Hit Location Figures should be amended. For example, someone with a peg leg is going to have a Hit Location of 91-95 Leg, 96-00 Peg leg.

If a limb is lost in combat then common sense is your best guide. As an example, if a false leg is knocked off during combat then a dexterity roll at -20 should be made. If failed, the character falls to the ground. A failure of more than 30 would result in the character being stunned for 1D4 rounds. If a glass eye is destroyed a +1 sudden death roll should be made, due to the fact it is dangerous to have shards of glass in your head.

REPLACEMENT LIMBS EXAMPLES

"These are perhaps the most difficult of replacements to make. The loss of a hand can be ameliorated with a hook, for this will allow much function to be retained. Weapons are more difficult (not to mention distasteful) for they must be solid and flexible enough to perform their brute function. Whatever you decided is the best solution for your patient, you must make them aware that it will never be the same as it was before."

ARMS

Hook

Level 2, Approx. 4GCs
Encum. 10, I +10, TH -20, D -2, P 0

Made famous by Captain Hook in J.M. Barrie's Peter Pan, the Hook is designed to replace a missing hand (or a hand with no fingers). These are usually made with a steel hook held by a leather holder filled with a softer material (i.e. fur) and attached by leather straps to the forearm. Some have been known to have the hook drilled directly into the stump, providing a more solid fitting, although one open to infection. Hooks can be used as an attacking weapon, but are more often used to parry.

Solid Arms and Hands

Level 3, 10GCs+
T1 W2

Solid arms and hands are generally made from wood, although metal is an option for the wealthy, which must then be custom fitted. By simply wearing long sleeves and gloves the wearer can make their disability almost invisible to a casual observer. The arm can be used for simple tasks which do not require much force; those with only hand or below arm replacements can even open door handles (if not to stiff) etc.

Horseman's Arm

Level 4, 120GCs+
T6, W10, Encum. 280, I -30, TH -10, D +2, P -30

The Horseman's arm is a weapon designed to enable one-armed riders to control their horse with a harness or use a shield on their good arm. Its use is solely for battles, as it is unwieldy. A Horesman's Arm can be used by those with any degree of missing arm, although those with no shoulder suffer a further penalty. The arm is made of metal and completely encloses any remaining arm. It also covers both shoulders, where it is also fastened by numerous leather straps fixed around the body. The arm hangs down past the knee and at the end is attached a mace head or blade.

A variable of the Horseman's arm has a shield attached giving 1AP on each location except the arm and leg opposite to the side where the shield is worn (i.e. if worn on the right arm then the left arm and left leg do not gain 1AP).

Sword Arm

Level 3, 100GCs
Lower Arm: T3 W3 Encum 150 I 0, TH -10, D 0, P -10
Full Arm: T3 W3 Encum 200 I -10, TH -20, D 0, P -30

Similar to the Horseman's arm, this is a sword attached to sheath and secured to the arm. The blade is actually built into the metal casing of the arm itself. Wearing the sword arm is obviously going to be an unreasonable prospect in population centres, and "drop your weapons, you're surrounded by fifty crossbowmen" situations should be avoided. A forearm version has far more flexibility than a full arm attachment.

Again, a shield can be attached instead, but only as a lower arm replacement. (T4 W3 Encum 190)

The Iron Hand
Level 4 1000GCs
Encum. 50 T2 W4 I 0, TH -10, D 0, P –10
Gotz von Berclichengen (1480-1562) was a notorious German freebooter who lost his lower arm during a siege. Unhappy with the first replacement, which could only be described as a claw (Level 3 20GCs Encum. 30 T2 W2 I-20, TH -10, D -1, P –20; will generally prove distasteful to a population in fear of chaos) Gotz replaced this with a elegant articulated model. This was made of iron with fixed thumbs, flexible fingers, ratchet locking and an adjustable wrist. All these features had to be operated by the other hand but he used it to continue his career – and it contributed to his fame, as Gotz 'The Iron Hand' stories spread across Europe.

Baz'aqars Vengeance
Level 5 Price n/a
Encum: 0 T6 W50, Immune to fire Regenerates at 1W/rd I +10, TH+10, D+1, P +10
An ancient arm made of an unknown bronze-like material. It is inscribed with a line of symbols believed to be from a lost Arabic language, in addition to Magick symbols of Death and Battle. Its origins have long been lost in time. The arm radiates intense Magick, and to those attuned to such, evil and Chaos. Over the centuries it has been spoken of in many legends, especially in the tales of The Wandering Cleric – an immortal cloaked man. The truth is that this mythical figure is a composite of all the owners of the arm, each of which possessed it for a limited period of time before being driven insane. Once worn, the wearer cannot remove it, and is driven by a desire to search for something unknown. The wearer becomes subject to frenzy, and each time they kill must make a Cool test or gain an Insanity point. The last stories of The Wandering Cleric sighted him in the Border Princes, leaving a trail of dead behind.

"A good false leg will serve every purpose."
Anon.

LEGS

Crutch
Level 1 10 Shillings (or Free if you DIY)
Purchased or Carpentry skill used T2 W3 otherwise T1 W2
Increases Movement Rate by 1 and Movement Rate Modifier by 1
While not strictly a prosthetic limb I have mentioned it here because those that lose a leg will probably end up using one at some point. It can also be used as a weapon (use Quarterstaff statistics with an additional –10 WS –10 P, double if character is attempting to balance at the same time). Unless dressed very well, those using a crutch will almost always be assumed to be poor and possibly diseased. Some will take the view that they are obvious targets for abuse. Remember, using a crutch will fully occupy an arm.

Peg Leg
Level 2, Approximately 2GC
Increase Movement Rate by 1 and Movement Rate Modifier by 1. Reduces Initiative modifier by 10 also reduces Balance tests by -10 unless a crutch is also used. T1 W2
Vitali wrote "(Peg Legs are the) Prostheses of the peasants and poor", and therefore in both our world and the Old World they are the most common. Made from wood, they consist of the peg and a base for the stump, which is attached by leather straps.

Solid Legs and Feet
Level 3 10GC+
Foot or Below knee replacement returns Movement to original and reduces running modifier by -1 (T2 W5)
Solid wooden legs are custom-carved, and can be used to replace any level of missing leg. The advantage of a solid leg is that clothing and shoes can be worn as normal, and with a foot or below-knee replacement only a little stiffness can be discerned. A knee, above knee or full leg replacement will force the owner to walk with a noticeable limp, although again this may be only be perceived as being a lame leg.

Verduin
Level 4 350GCs/ 50GCs maintenance per year
Movement and Movement allowance -1, Initiative –10
Named this after the first owner of the above knee prosthetic in 1696. A Leather socket with hinged steel sides attached by a thigh corset. Such devices are custom made and involve a high degree of maintenance.

Hornburg's foot
Level 4 700GCs /70GCs maintenance per year
Running modifier at -1
Again, this has been named after the real-world owner of such a limb. (The Prince of Hornburg, 1633-1708; his leg was left dangling by a single tendon which he severed himself.) The limb is a metre long, weighs over 5Kg and consists of two wooden sheaths, held together by bone glue. Two wooden dowels with a spring hold the foot at the correct angle. Anatomically placed and built so that both joints move correctly.

"These here wooden teeth are better then the one you had before all those confectioneries, madam. Made from oak, and look how that lasts. True, they don't look like too white, but I'll throw in this fan for free. Very alluring, I'm told."

FACE

Nose
Level 4 Approximately 60GCs
Although the process of replacing noses was first mentioned in ancient Hindu texts, the knowledge was lost until recently. However, in the Old World there are those that can perform such an operation. Cartilage is taken from the leg and covered with skin taken from the forehead. A surgery roll needs to made to successfully complete the operation. Success leaves only a -5 modifier to Fellowship, Failure gives a further -5 Fellowship while failure by over 30 gives -20 Fellowship and 1D2 Insanity points.

Glass Eye
Level 2, Approximately 5GCs
A character that loses an eye must use a glass eye or wear an eye patch to protect it from infection. Glass eyes look effective from a distance. However, although they move slightly they will never look natural. They must be regularly cleaned.

Teeth
Levels 2-4 Cost: Extremely variable
False teeth are made from a variety of materials, ranging from wood to ivory. Many false teeth actually use other people's teeth, either extracted by the surgeon in previous operations and kept handy, or even taken from the dead. False teeth from Levels Two to Three are probably will be purely functional, being both uncomfortable and unusual looking. Level Four teeth will be fitted and adjusted until they are comfortable and, if they are made of ivory, will be whiter than the originals. All false teeth must be cleaned (Fel -10 if not) and replaced regularly.

Dr Prosther
Prosthetics Manufacturer
Physician, ex-Wizards Apprentice, ex-Wizard Level 1, ex-Necromancer Level 1, ex-Physician's Student

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	25	33	3	3	7	45	1	35	26	68	24	35	27

Age: 69
Skills: Arcane Language – Magick, Necromancy; Cast Spells - Petty Magic, Necromantic Level 1, Battle Magic Level 1; Cure Disease, Heal Wounds, Identify Plants, Identify Undead, Magic Sense, Manufacture Drugs, Prepare Poison, Read/ Write, Rune Lore, Secret Language - Classical, Scroll Lore, Super Numerate, Surgery
Spells: Curse, Produce Small Creature, Zone of Cold, Steal Mind, Immunity from Poison, Zone of Life
Magic Points: 18
Disabilities: Cadervous Appearance (Stage 2), Sleeping Sickness, Withered Left Hand
Insanities: Drug Addiction, Introversion, Talking to Self

The most famous of the Empire's prosthetics researchers is Dr. Prosther of Nuln University. His name is well known amongst most members of The Empire's medical community, and he is famous amongst Nuln's academic community. Very few people have actually met him, but research papers are posted with impressive regularity.

Prosther is a brilliant man, constantly researching new directions for the field of prosthetics. He is also a regular builder of false limbs, but unless he is doing so to test a new theory or refine an old one he will do so begrudgingly. He is forced to take contracts, as he needs them for funds. His high price has meant that he usually only serves the nobility.

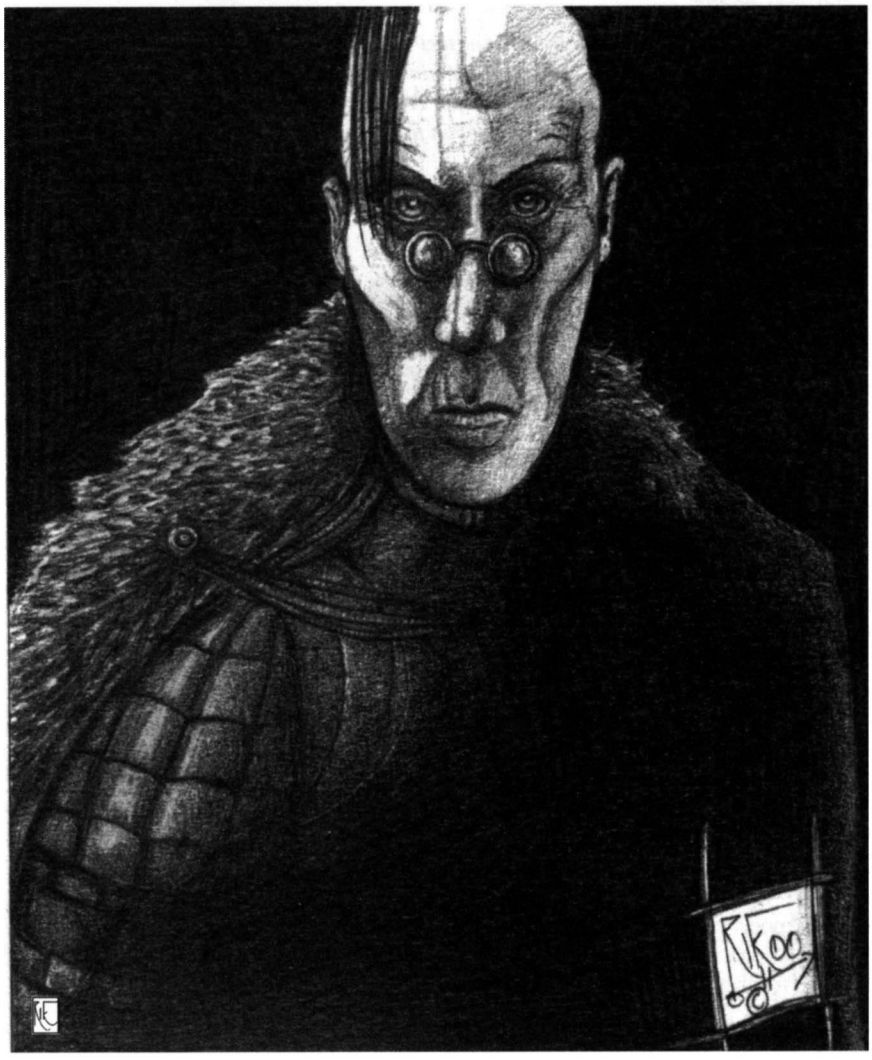
However, he started out a long way from Nuln. His career began as an apprentice to a Necromancer isolated in the Grey Mountains. As his training continued he started to suffer the consequences. His left hand withered to uselessness and he developed a sleeping sickness that meant he was awake for only five hours a day. He was also becoming disillusioned with Necromancy and one day escaped to Nuln. Here he impressed the medical establishment with his knowledge of anatomy.

He began by teaching students, but frequently fell foul of the University's hesitancy over endorsing his sometimes-unorthodox comments. At the same time he realised that taking the drug Ranald's Delight (*Apocrypha Now* page 83) meant he would stay awake much longer. While trying to create a false hand to replace his own he became fascinated by the field of prosthetics. He threw himself into the research and, to his luck, was backed by a patron of the University to create a false leg for his son. It wasn't long before he was able to leave his hated teaching duties behind.

He had found his niche in life. He was addicted to Ranald's Delight, which allowed him to work twenty-four hours a day, six days a week. At the same time he grew self-conscious of his hand, withdrawing to the sanctity of his apartments. He still remains scared that Witch-Hunters would reveal him as a former Necromancer. He has recently given up the quest to build himself a replacement hand, as he has realised that he gets by happily without it.

Everyday activities like buying shopping, delivering messages and the like are dealt with by his assistant Hodo. Those that wish to use the Doctor's services will have to go through Hodo, proving they can pay. Dr. Prosther will then decide if he needs the money and if he can spare the time. If he agrees to take the case he will invite the individual to a consultation.

Prosther tends to make most people (especially patients) nervous, as he is constantly on edge, occasionally descending into paranoia. He explains none of his procedures, treating patients as just another piece of material. He mutters to himself constantly and is deeply afraid of all Clerics. Those who spend any time with him will see him regularly taking doses of Ranald's Delight.



Hopefully this article has given you some ideas for the using prosthetics in your game. Always remember that a false limb should never be better than the original, and that players and situations will forever cause you to make decisions about their use. For example, those using the *Follow Trail* skill should always be able to tell if it has been made by someone with a false leg. Players may also ask to have secret compartments in limbs – use your common sense, as these will cost extra and weaken the limb. However, whatever uses players come up with, whatever strange requests they have for their prosthetic, at least it will add an extra dimension to their character.

MANKIND'S LAST BEST CHANCE?

Witch-Hunters by Tim Eccles

"I ripped the demon from the heart of the mayor and saved the four children that would have been his feast, yet they still look upon me with fear."

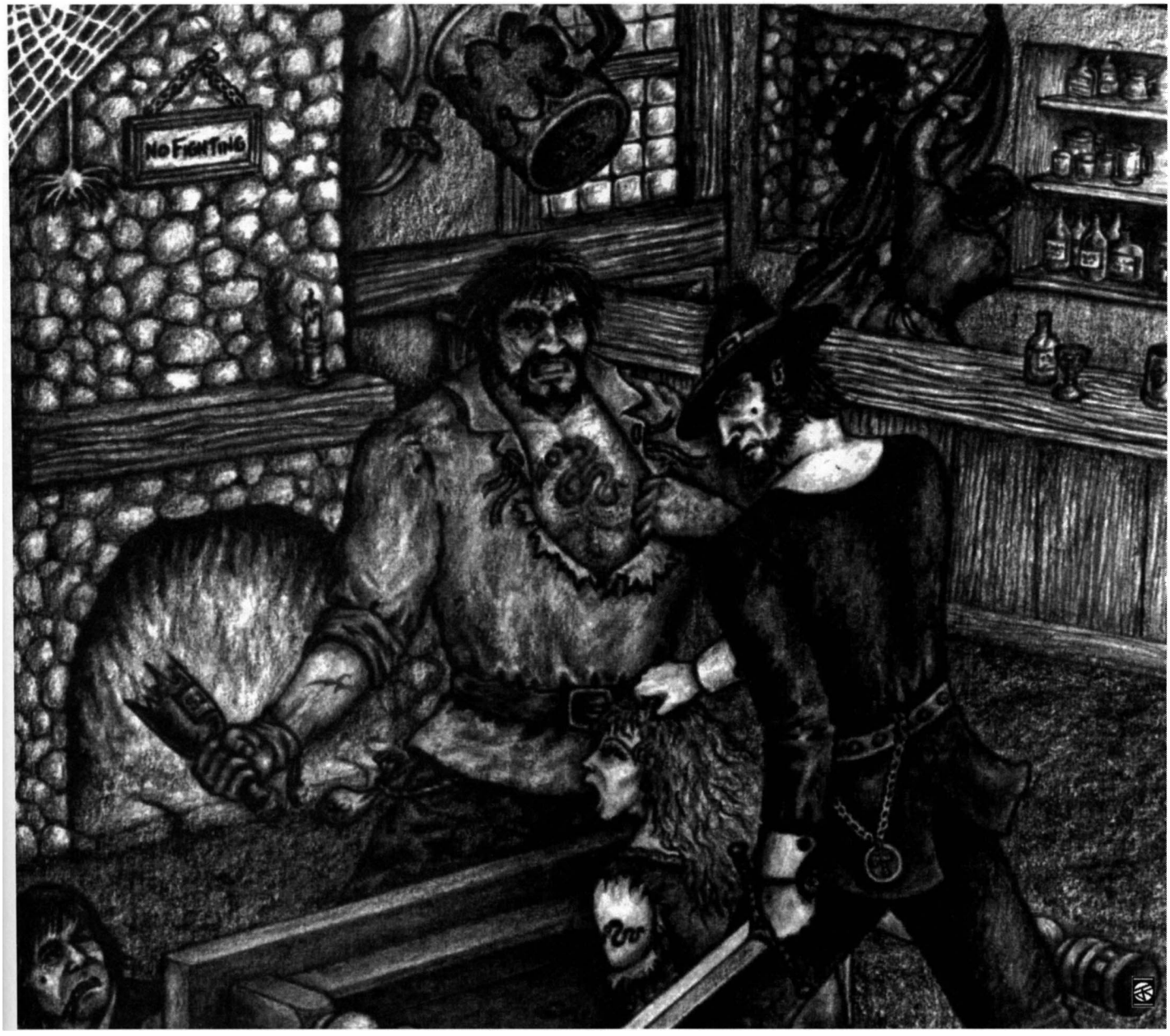
Witch-hunter Aldos Appelheim

In most published and private WFRP campaigns, Witch-hunters seem to be murdering bullies. They are guilty of the sorts of arrogance, murder, bigotry and bloody-mindedness that the followers of Khorne or Khaine might be ashamed of. The basis for this is European and American history, where Witch-hunters were responsible for many examples of murder and mayhem. From this history can be seen the bias in the WFRP rulebook and certain scenarios (including *Empire in Flames*) and stories (particularly Schedyt in *Genevieve Undead*). However, the simple fact is that Witch-hunters are servants of either Law, or the law, or both, and are not simply braggarts and bullies. Indeed, the existing stereotype in WFRP is, I hope to show, the antithesis of what they stand for. I wish to defend them from the charges resulting from the stereotyping that is laid against them, and offer an examination of their organisation within The Empire.

That Witch-hunters are often perceived as the brutal, secretive villains portrayed in the WFRP rulebook is a result of the nature of their business, and the general ignorance of the masses concerning Chaos. Essentially the world in which the Witch-hunter operates condemns them to a misunderstood and thankless existence, but the reality of their position is radically different from their image. There are two defences.

The Philosophical Defence

The forces of Law, Good and Neutrality (and even Evil) are fighting a losing war; Chaos is not only effectively invincible, it is also pervasive. Law, in particular, is struggling. The younger races do not readily



empathise with the gods of Law and their aims, as they do with other gods. One of their number (Arianka) is imprisoned, further weakening them. And the pre-eminence of Chaos is particularly galling to Law, since they are complete opposites, in aims if not substance.

Law naturally tends to believe in a greater good than individual freedom. This is a general precept, but is particularly necessary in the current predicament. Since Law is fighting for its very existence, any and all individual rights must be subsumed into the general will to fight. Thus, all Chaos must be rooted out whatever the cost in individual terms. For example, if a cult is discovered, all its members must be exterminated; if this results in the death of an innocent, or shifts the burden of proof to guilty unless proven innocent, then this is a price that is acceptable within the greater cause. Condemned innocents and their families will disagree, of course, and this will only add to the belief that Witch-hunters are murdering butchers and bigots. However, such apparent evils are only done to serve the greater cause, and to protect the greatest number.

Witch-hunters believe in this basic precept: the needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few. Their lives have been spent witnessing the scourge of Chaos, and they are willing to commit any and all actions to prevent further contamination. Training of Witch-hunters leads them to accept that they will be misunderstood, and dictates that attempts to educate otherwise are a waste of resources. This leads to certain arrogance in their dealings with the masses, leading to a self-fulfilling vicious circle of mutual misunderstanding and distrust.

The Fantasy Defence

The Old World is not Mediaeval Earth. Witches do exist. Thus, the premise behind the Witch-hunter is valid. The fact that in our own history they needlessly wiped out families and villages should not affect their use in the Old World. For here, Chaos does corrupt the souls of villagers, secret rites are held to foul gods, and the whole of the existing order of things is under attack. Therefore, someone has to investigate, interrogate, and even terrorise the chaos out of these places. This battle is the ultimate cause for Law, and one for which any price is payable for victory. As players, we should remove our rational twentieth century post-modernist viewpoint, and believe in the existence of these evil forces; in this way, Witch-hunters become less evil.

The point is, and without wishing to engage deeply in the sociology of knowledge, the question arises whether sixteenth century hunters and ordinary people genuinely believed in witchcraft, or whether it served other purposes. In the Old World, Chaos does definitely exist, and most individuals can quote examples of it; belief in Chaos is genuine, and those fighting against the scourge will be met with an innate friendliness from those they are defending. The whole ethos of the Witch-hunter is therefore different from that portrayed in many WFRP publications.

The Ordinary Witch-hunter

The ordinary Witch-hunter does not need to defend his actions. He is following the will of Solkan, a will that is completely lawful. The WFRP rulebook states that they "have devoted their lives to hunting down and destroying Chaos and its minions wherever it may be found". Understandably, in my view, "they trust no-one; no-one is free from their suspicions, and almost any deviation from their individual definition of normality is grounds for deep suspicion in their eyes." This is not a licence to slaughter, but a realistic attitude for a fighter of Chaos.

Certainly, like all humans, they are open to prejudice. But, where they are, this is a failing in their duty. I think that the rulebook is simply stereotyping in order to portray an image in a mere three paragraphs of career description when it suggests that Witch-hunters "love to conduct show trials and lynchings, encouraging people to denounce their neighbours, their rulers, and even their own families" and define Chaos as "anything and anyone to whom they take a dislike". To act in such a way would break the most fundamental strictures of Law and the law, because it would deny orderly permanence and a rigid hierarchy; there is no place in a lawful society for individuality, and thus no place for individual prejudices.

The general perception of Witch-hunters is then, in my view, a false one. The Witch-hunter suffers as do all uniformed guardians of law and justice. People do not see the individual, or the cause, but only an individual scenario in which there was apparent murder, brutality or injustice. Gossip furthers distrust, and a vicious circle develops. Pity is a weakness for Chaos to take advantage of. Fighting an ultimate enemy, it is difficult not to have to fight on the same terms, and thus become like one's enemy. As Witch-hunters apparently brutalise, they also become brutalised by the hostility they receive from those that they are seeking to protect.

Witch-hunter Organisation

Witch-hunters regard themselves as a fraternity, and the formal title of the organisation for Witch-hunters in The Empire is called The Fraternal Order and Association of Fellow Defenders of the Law and Hunters of the Chaotic. Not surprisingly, this is usually shortened to the Order of Hunters. There is no universal symbol, although within The Empire most assume the flame of Solkan to fulfil this role. In fact, the only universal symbols of the Order are a short series that form a secret code; these serve a similar purpose to other *Secret Signs* skills. All Witch-hunters are taught to understand this code upon their initiation.

Joining the Order is simple: an apprentice merely needs two members to sponsor them. However, to become a full brother and full Witch-hunter requires a trial proving success against chaos, a number of rituals in which the individual swears their hatred of Chaos by a number of religions, and a thorough physical and mental examination and cleansing. Both men and women are accepted equally, although the Order's inherent patriarchy and paternalism tends to limit the number of women. Similarly, non-humans are not excluded, but the Order is suspicious of them and tends to hold certain racist beliefs concerning purity. In addition, Dwarfs, Elves and Gnomes tend not to have the same problems with Chaos within their societies; instead of facing an enemy within, they have distinct, corrupted racial groups that have been rejected by their culture. Non-human Witch-hunters thus tend to form a very minor branch of the police, military or religious within their own communities.

Witch-hunters tend to be regarded as followers of Solkan, and certainly the greater number do so. However, many of the neutral religions contain hunters, especially Sigmar. All Witch-hunters, regardless of religion, are regarded as part of the brotherhood. Whilst each of the individual religious groups have different rites, all are bound by the Code of the Hunter; the Gesutzkode.

Certainly, there exists a degree of rivalry between the different religious groups, and the worshippers of Solkan are seen as a trifle too powerful within the organisation. This is also seen by the non-Solkanites as hindering their public image. However, their importance within the organisation tends to simply reflect their greater numbers.

Witch-hunters also form the lesser of the two military arms of Solkan, the others being the Knights of the Cleansing Flame. The latter are Templars of Solkan, who tend to downgrade their brothers in Law, particularly as they fraternise with followers of other faiths rather than remaining pure. The Witch-hunters are not a military unit, but do form irregular militia units when required. In particular, they form excellent officers for peasant levy bands, holding their morale through conviction, force of will and simple fear. The imperial army does not recognise Witch-hunters as a separate military entity.

Whilst Witch-hunters are not as martial, as visibly ordered, nor of a uniform religion as the orders of templars, they do have a strong hierarchy centred on the regional Lodge or Chapter. Every city has a Lodge, whilst the wilder regions of The Empire have looser Chapters and a framework of scattered Chapter Houses. They are named after aspects of Solkan,

his omnipotence or his chaos cleansing. Thus, for example, the Lodge of the Ever-present Purging Flame is based in Middenheim, whilst the Chapter of the Unblinking Eye Ever-watchful Against the Scourge of Chaos operate in Middenland. In Altdorf, however, Sigmar is represented, and the Lodge of the Justice of the Hammer of the Righteous forms the political centre for Witch-hunters.

A lodge tends to be an imposing edifice, architecturally representing the austere and martial nature of the Witch-hunter. It will hold sleeping quarters, meeting places, a grand hall, and shrine in addition to rooms for mundane functions. Certainly, in Altdorf, the Grand Lodge is truly an imposing statement of glorification to all the gods worshipped by Witch-hunters. Chapter houses vary from shacks to smaller versions of the urban lodges, depending upon the wealth of the region and the particular needs of a location. The Unblinking Eye, for example, have some dozen small meeting places scattered in the relative wilderness, but are centred on a small fortified manor house located in a (relatively) secret clearing.

The leader of the Empire's Witch-hunters is an Imperial appointment, known as the Witchfinder General. The post is frequently the subject of political squabbles, given the Sigmarite imperial bias and preponderance of Solkanite Witch-hunters. Each Chapter or Lodge is commanded by a Chaptermeister or Lodgemeister, whilst all Witch-hunters are known as Brothers and Sisters. A number of initiates and acolytes may be found within any chapter or lodge at any time. These are following some education or training determined by a friendly temple or (occasional) trusted wizard. Lastly, a number of apprentices and servants will be found. In some ways the two are not dissimilar, for few apprentices decide to join the ranks, or are deemed worthy. A more usual route is through conviction and deeds; that is, from a basic career as provided in the rulebook.

Witch-hunters are not above imperial law, and their actions must be sanctioned. To think otherwise is mistaken, although the law in practice is not perfect and Witch-hunters enjoy favouritism similar to the nobility. This can be contradictory, given the Order's general belief in the universality of law, but it is a contradiction that they are willing to live with on pragmatic grounds, in order to further their general cause. In essence, the Order has an imperial Charter re-affirmed (and occasionally altered) by each new Emperor, thus maintaining imperial control over the Order. Each chapter or lodge is also granted a warrant to operate within a magistrate's area of control, and they are accountable to whoever granted the warrant. In reality, most magistrates fear contradicting a Witch-hunter in case they become suspects, but it is the magistrate who has the technical responsibility to judge and punish those captured by the Witch-hunters. The precise relationship between secular and temple law within The Empire is beyond the scope of this article, but in my own campaign it is the secular courts and the imperial bureaucracy which holds power. Witch-hunter purges and religious inquisitions are thus less likely than in the monarchies of Bretonnia and the Border Princes, and the semi-anarchies of Kislev and Tilea, provided a reasonably competent Emperor is head of the state. Karl Franz's ineptitude created a vacuum in the power structure of imperial authority, and allowed others to expand their influence into this void. A new Emperor's first task will be to re-establish the authority of the state.

The Order of Hunters is linked to both the Cult of Solkan and the University of Altdorf. The law department at the University is run by the Archimandrite of the Cult, Doktor Jacob Sprenger, giving a number of links between the three. The University often supports various actions through financially and intellectually.

The Order is also known to own a magical item of astounding properties, thought to be the ultimate weapon in the fight against Chaos. It is called the Malleus Maleficarum. The actual nature of this weapon is left to individual GMs. In my own campaign, it forms part of the key to free Arianka. However, the imprisoning of Arianka is a convoluted story involving Solkan, who would not necessarily be enthused to see her return. Nor would the Fraternal Order, since using the key would destroy their weapon and metaphysical symbol.

The current Witchfinder General is Theodor Institor, a cleric of Alluminas. In what has proven to be an astute move by the Emperor, Institor has shown himself quite able to rise above internal politicking and unify all religious dogmas into a simple anti-Chaos code. He has purged the ranks of those not worthy or able to abide by the strictures of the Witch-hunter. Rumours also abound that the Witch-hunters are preparing the groundwork for another crusade against Chaos, in order to unify the still fractured Empire (post-*Empire in Flames*) and employ the many soldiers still wandering the countryside. In game terms, this allows GMs to shift their emphasis more towards the ethos I have suggested, offers plenty of wandering ex-Witch-hunters of the old style to get up to no good, and can lead to an ultimate final battle in the Wastes. And, of course, for those GMs who like their Witch-hunters to be murdering bastards, these reforms are only the words of the Order's leader, and as a public relations gimmick he would say these things, wouldn't he...?

CHAPTER THREE
FICTION

THE FINAL ADVENTURE OF URSULA URJINGRAAD

A Short Story by Francis Plunder

I buried Wilhelm and the others at midnight, the northern wind tearing at my face as I fought to dig their graves. It was the heart of winter, there on the banks of the Urskoy, and my shoulder jolted with pain each time I struck the frozen earth. Exhaustion meant I could go no further than a foot or two down, so I covered the graves with rocks to protect them from the wolves that howled in the distance.

I called on Mórr and Taal to protect these brave dead, and, leaving, committed the surrounding area to memory so I could return to give them proper burial. Little did I realise how foolish this was, for the countryside here seems to shift and change, especially to those like me born and educated in the city.

As I set out towards my beloved home of Kislev, the sight of the horses filled my throat with bile and my heart with hatred, their bellies ripped and backs broken. It was here they first struck as we broke camp, rising out of the snowstorm like dead men, forming then into their warped caricatures of humanity, hands and claws griping weapons that had spilled much innocent blood.

I could see none of their bodies, but the blood on my sword invoked the memory of the moment I killed the largest of the creatures, blood spilling from the mouth of its goat-like head as I turned and twisted the sword in its gut until it fell to the floor, steam rising in the cold air from the warm gore.

My skin rises even now, years later, as I remember that night; tears well in my eyes with memories of these comrades taken too young. I cried mostly for Wilhelm, your father, for perhaps if I had been a better warrior he would have lived. Perhaps. Stumbling into the small village three days later, frost-bitten and half dead, I thanked Ulric for my deliverance before collapsing. I never fully recovered from this damage to my body, but I grew stronger as you grew within. When you were born I left you with your grandparents, for I had journeys that had to be finished.

It took me four years, but I visited each of my friend's families in turn and told them of the fate that had befallen their kin. Draga's mother attacked me, while Morten's brother bade me tell every detail as he listened with the gravest of faces. I met him again only two years ago and realised he was the warrior they called 'Katchda Harq' – Death of the Night. We did not speak, yet much passed between us, and I, of all people, understood.

Travelling through the Empire I grew to love its people and land, even though many viewed me as little more than a barbarian. Most of their nobility I despise, and will always do so, for they are weak and seek only their own gratification. This makes them easy prey for the temptations of the Outlawed Gods, and I felt nothing as I cut them down, for they were already damned.

There are many that understand as I do, that fight un-rewarded, their battle unseen. Most of us speak constantly of only being in this line of work for the money. We complain about danger, poor pay and lack of opportunities, but I know that this merely covers our true motives. Wilhelm's father was one of us. One evening when Mannslieb was full and he was drunk he told me that he had once spent years fighting as I did. He knew Wilhelm had followed his path and regretted telling him the stories. He spoke no more of this ever again.

I had hoped to tell you of this one day, face to face, but I cannot. I am dying slowly, cursed by the consumption, my body racked by fits of coughing. I sometimes find it hard to believe that death will not be in some tunnel or forest, torn apart by Beastmen and their kind, but in a warm bed. I would have preferred it otherwise.

There are a hundred stories to tell, but I feel that Mórr awaits me in the dark once this candle has burnt down. The burning wax reminds me of libraries and temples, places I hope you will be familiar with. Listen carefully to what those with knowledge say, for words contain truths, even in lies. What I tell you now is the simple truth, the hardest truth, one I am constantly at odds over accepting.

The end begins in Altdorf, years later, among the streets and buildings that had seemed so different on my first arrival with friends to whom I entrusted my life. Whenever we stayed in the capital, 'The Barron's Folly' was where we ate and slept. For not only was the meat tender, the ale un-watered and the company good, but the landlord gave us a discount. He was an honourable man, still young, but a wound suffered in service as a road warden had forced him into this peaceable trade. We had made acquaintances with him through his brother, with whom we once served mutual favours in dark dealings, and he would often sit with us and exchange stories.

For those that knew of us, the inn was as good a place as any to leave word or contact us. It was here Karl Whitman found us, although he avoided saying who had given him our names. Four of us sat, listened to him, and agreed to accept his pay. To my left sat Aubisus Stonefield, a Dwarf who I found most disagreeable, quite unlike the rest of his race for whom I have much time. He was mostly silent, and when he did speak, he was rude. He also succumbed to frequents bouts of violence, fired by a complete unreasonableness towards everyone and everything. He was my oldest companion.

Yawning as he played with his dagger, Max appeared insolent and obviously made Herr Whitman nervous, but I knew this was part of his character and fooled many into underestimating him. In the company of those he knew he could talk for hours, and for a young man he was remarkably knowledgeable. His past was a hidden subject, with only hints occasionally slipping through his defences. From his accent he was obviously from the southern Empire and I would guess he had lived in the forest, possibly as an outlaw; certainly, he was very nervous of the law. His sleep was often troubled with nightmares out of which he muttered obscenities Gustav, the newest member of our group, had most certainly spent time in the forest, first as a gamekeeper and then as a poacher.

He had a family of three that he sent money to when he could, and planned to return to them when he made his fortune. Now he sat surrounded by a cloud of smoke from his favourite pipeweed, blown out from under his huge moustache as we listened to the man talk. I have known few so content with their life. The fifth of our group was not due to return from Middenheim for two weeks as he studied under his superior, learning the finer aspects of magic.

"...and so to finish, let us talk of money, for I know you will be interested in that." The patronising tone lowered the atmosphere uncomfortably but he went unchallenged. "Herr Oldenhaller will offer you each 100GC for the delivery of Anton Stradski to him, dead or alive."

"Why not hire a bounty hunter? Why us?" asked Gustav, blowing smoke in Whitman's face.

"Herr Oldenhaller dislikes bounty hunters as a rule, preferring the use of groups such as yourselves."

Aubisus snapped quickly at the poor man. "And?"
Whitman shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "There are no warrants served for his arrest, but as I explained he is working against the interests of the House of Oldenhaller." He paused, and the silence was heavy with expectation as he leaned conspiratorially forward. "We believe that he is a member of a outlawed cult, one that has worked against the Oldenhallers in the past."

After Whitman left we discussed what we had let ourselves in for, and were all agreed that we would make sure our target was involved with Chaos and that we were not being duped. I felt compelled to pass on talk I had heard of Oldenhaller. A young Halfling had let the name slip during a story he had been telling a few months previously, although he believed no one noticed. How wrong. The story told that during a contract for Oldenhaller they had come across gang feuds and a summoning that had scared him more than anything else he had seen. I should have asked more questions, though, for I was not sure of the facts.

Max left to talk to some informants to see if he could find word of Anton Stradski among his contacts south of the river, while we finished our drinks and retired for the night.

We travelled down to the slums early in the morning, huddled against the sheets of rain that washed the rubbish littering the streets down to the Reik. I felt tired and irritable about rising early, something that never seems to occur when I sleep rough. Awakening from a bed seems a far more difficult proposition.

Max had been waiting for us in the bar, annoyingly full of energy at this time of the morning, and feasting on the cold remains of last night's boar, which he had acquired from the kitchen. I always felt that it was at times like these that he and Aubisus would come to blows.

Max had spent the night crawling around the city's underworld and found someone that knew of Stradski – a gambler by the name of Pepenheller who promised to hand over the information for a good amount of gold. Max had been worried enough by the man's companions to declare that he did not have enough money to pay there and then, but would return.

The guard standing by the front door let us in once we had shown the crowned heads of our money and passed some to him, his leer made all the worse by the scar causing his lip to reach the level of his nose. Making our way down to the basement, my eyes smarted from the thick smoke in the room, through which could be seen half a dozen tables surrounded by men, and a few women, hunched protectively over their cards.

Picking their way through the tables were two middle aged men with bellies that told of their love of the good life and aprons that showed they worked here. They clattered trays of ale, spirits and pipeweed down on the tables and then returned for the next delivery.

The atmosphere in the room was tense; none of the good-natured playing that was to be found in more respectable places – only the intense concentration of hardened gamblers. Most sat with legs astride their chair, the back protecting their stomach from a dagger or - worse - a pistol. None of them liked losing but some made their feelings clearer then others, and accusations of cheating would have to be backed up by action.

Pepenheller was involved in a game of 'Three Emperors' Bluff' with five others and twirled his moustache nervously out of habit. Shillings were piled high in the centre of the table, and all of the players ignored Max as he sat down, the rest of us standing nearby.

"The price has increased, young pup." Pepenheller spoke, placing his first card down causing one of the other players to swear and another to laugh.

"We agreed a figure, Pepenheller, and that is the amount I have brought." The play had returned to Pepenheller with two of the others having folded.

"Then you shall have to go find some more." He played his card. "By then it will be even more. Interest, young pup, interest."

"Does this interest you, my friend?" I recognised an edge in Max's voice and saw he had his dagger in Pepenheller's side. Gustav nodded at me to show he had seen this, as had Aubisus, who took a step or two forward. Pepenheller's face showed no emotion as he looked at his deck.

"I am afraid my options are limited." He laid the card and looked at Max for the first time. "You play a very risky game, young pup. However I must apologise, for I misheard you, and though you said Anton Madski. I do not know where your Anton Stradski is. Sorry. Ah! I win."

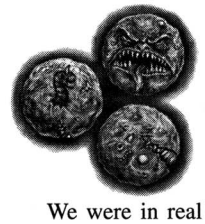
He gathered the coins to himself but then grabbed his side in pain. The others on his table started to rise as Max stood back. I kicked the table hard and it slid into the groins of two men while Aubisus yanked a third by the hair, pulling him to the floor, and cracked a chair over the fourth. The fifth had pulled a pistol, but Gustav's sword was at his throat before he could cock it. The rest of the establishment ignored us.

"It was only a little prick, old dog. Now where is Anton Stradski, or would you rather find out if you can play cards with no hands?"

"I told you that I don't know...." He spat.

"I could have a word, see if that jogs his memory..." Aubisus grinned his best you've-heard-a-thousand-tales-about-berserk-Dwarfs-now-find-out-the-truth grin. It usually worked. Peppenhaller tried to stare him out, and failed.

"The last I heard he was down by the docks." He paused until Aubisus raised his eyebrow. "With the Stanheimers. Look, that's all I know. I don't know why this little runt is suddenly so popular."
"What?" I said, realising things might be getting messy.



"This is ridiculous," said Max. "This tunic cost me a purse full last week. Now look at it." It was easy enough to guess that it was covered in blood and probably bits of brain. Now was not the time to look, however, as I smashed the attacker in the face with my boot. He fell down the steps screaming, his space taken immediately by another two men.

We were in real danger of being killed. Their ambush was efficient enough, but as fighters they were rank amateurs. My worry was that with our backs to the warehouse doors we had nowhere to go, and the steps were becoming wet with blood. One slip and we would be down among the men surrounding us.

I cut the throat out from a startled attacker and he collapsed at my feet. Then I made the first mistake. Looking over the heads of the men crowding around us, I saw a movement in the shadows. Stunned at the sight, I failed to parry a low blow, the blade cutting through my leather armour. Recovering, I made sure it was the last blood he drew. Then, as many times before, Gustav turned the battle. With limbs and weapons flailing he leaped straight into their midst. Four of them collapsed to the ground with him and we made full advantage of the confusion.

Soon, the remaining men were scurrying for the safety of the dark alleys. Ignoring my wound I ran to search for confirmation of what I had seen. There was nothing to see, but I knew I wasn't wrong.
"It was a damn trap," spat Max. "When I get my hands on Stradski, we won't have to worry about bringing him in alive."

Gustav was checking the bodies, shaking his head in disgust as Aubisus walked angrily to the top of the stairs again. Kicking a body out of the way, he opened the large door with his boot.

Gustav called over to me that one was still alive. Just. Kneeling by his side, the man stared at me with hateful eyes. "Tell me: Where is Masken?" I said as calm as I could. "I'll never tell you. You'll never find him." That's was all I needed to know. Shocked, Gustav followed me up in the stairs in silence as the man breathed his last.

Inside the warehouse, Aubisus and Max sat on crates, waiting for us. Between them lay two men, each surrounded by a pool of congealing blood. "Josef and Hans Stanheimer." Max said. "No sign of Stradski."
"Masken is alive."

I couldn't believe it myself. The damned, cursed, evil, chaotic bastard was still alive. The last I had seen of him, he had been sinking into a sewer, my best blade through his stomach. What else could you expect from a Champion of Chaos? A cleric of Shallya once told me, "the sewer is the home of Nurgle," and he was right. He had looked after his own.

I first met Masken fifteen years ago, five after I had entered the Empire. He was just a follower then, an insignificant nothing. I still remember that damp basement, and his mask. Even then he wore that mask; carved in bone, petrified white maggots pouring from the surface. Once the leaders were dead the others lost the will to fight and we handed them over to be burnt.

Somehow, he escaped, and in the months that followed we fought again and again. He grew in power and position, favoured by his foul rotting god. I found his hand in a hundred places, worms of influence, burrowing and weakening. After losing his trail in Nuln, I met Aubisus, the Dwarf nearly taking my head off in surprise the first time we met. He was after the Champion too, for Masken had killed his brother by poisoning his drink. I was never sure if Aubisus was avenging the death or the manner in which it happened.

Pooling our resources, we caught up with Masken in Grunburg, and here things started to go seriously wrong. Kicking open his inn door, Chrimtob, a Halfling of some courage, was caught in the head by a crossbow bolt. From out of the room poured a dozen of his deluded followers in a swirl of putrid green and yellow. It has always amazed me how he, and others like him, can attract so many of the weak-minded. Can they all be so disillusioned?

Three of my companions held the door, trying to stop themselves being surrounded. I ran. Not from fear, but because I had seen Masken escape to the roof. Even then Aubisus knew what was going through my mind. An annoying habit, but one I became glad of, as it meant that I could rely on his support.

Pulling ourselves up on the roof, we were lashed by the rain. Through its hazy curtain we could see three silhouettes moving away from us. Trying to keep our balance, we climbed across roofs and leaped from building to building. With a few dislodged tiles and a lost dagger, we caught our prey.

"The masked one's mine." growled Aubisus.

"Never." I shouted as we launched into them. Masken cried to the other two to stop the Dwarf and I was through. Slipping and sliding we fought like the possessed, and his sword carved my face badly. A scar I have carried ever since. I thought it was my night however, and with a dramatic thrust I opened his side up. From the ripped skin poured a torrent of maggots, fat and blind — they were crushed underfoot. I ducked under his next blow and body-barged him over the side. With an unearthly scream, he flew backwards — but he caught the edge of the roof.

Without a thought I made to slice his head in half, but he revealed the truth to me and I stopped. Tears filled my eyes for I knew it was no deception. I turned and searched for Aubisus but the roof was empty. Then Masken's hand grabbed my ankle and I was pulled from the roof. I only realised my mistake as I fell.

By the wish of Ulric, I survived. I broke both my legs and cracked my skull. It was worth it. From then, I was a changed woman. No longer did I give any quarter. No longer did I feel any remorse. More than once I heard Aubisus state that I was like a Dwarf. Of course, this compliment was given when he though I wasn't listening. In fact, it was only the two of us now. The others called us cowards and went their own way. I saw one of them some years ago. He was a farmer, fat and happy, kids running round him. He ignored me, turning his one good eye away.

We met Masken a couple of times, over the next years, until he over-reached himself. Trying to destroy the influence of the Temple of Shallya in Nuln, he left too many clues and we tracked him down. It was here I thought I finally killed him, but alas, it was not to be.

"Masken. Are you sure?" Said Max, with a trace of fear.

"She's sure," said Aubisus, "but what the hell's the worm-ridden vermin up to?"

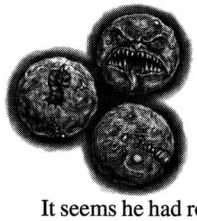
What indeed. Stradski was gone, and the ambush showed he wasn't in Masken's hands. This of course made us commit to finding him. This time I would make sure he was dead. Stradski obviously knew something important, something important enough to demand Masken's personal attention.

Max went underground again. He returned a day late, smiling and carefree, oblivious to the fact we thought he was dead. He informed that he had fallen in love again, a love stronger than all others. Aubisus reminded him that he had heard that statement at least twenty times. Much to Max's hurt we laughed in agreement. Fortunately for us, before being distracted by his latest sweetheart he had found out plenty.

Anton was a small time thief; rumours abounded that he was also a Cleric of Ranald. As far as we were concerned, this made him a good guy. Rumour also had it that he had pulled a big job in Nuln some months ago, turning over a merchant, and that he had been on the run ever since. He didn't have a lot of friends locally, so Max found out he was intending to sneak out on a barge tonight. However, Anton didn't have any enemies either, which meant that Max couldn't find out which boat.

The Excise men swooped on the dock as Mannslieb rose into the night, leaving Gustav with one less favour outstanding. Rats of all sizes crawled their way from the waterfront. Max spotted Marlon Brandoh, a local smuggler, talking to his cargo before disappearing. Not quite what we hoped for but a possibility nevertheless.

The Excise men left an hour later, Gustav passing on a purse of gold to buy them all a drink. We made our way over to the *The River Swan*, which Max informed us wasn't its only name. Gustav, covering his mouth, whispered, "ready to go?" The positive reply from the boat's hold was nervous and tired. Max stepping onto the boat and pulled back the waterproof covering. "Out you come, then!"



Back at the inn, Anton tucked into the spiced chicken and potatoes. He hadn't lost his appetite despite his obvious nerves. A survivalist trait possessed by most of those who risked their lives regularly. After his initial relief that we weren't Masken's troops, he let out the full story. The fact we had been hired to find him was conveniently not mentioned.

It seems he had robbed Oldenhaller's town house, after a tip-off that the merchant was away. Apart from some silver cutlery, the job had been a waste of time. A waste of time, that is, until he found the secret door. Pulling back the heavy bookcase, the thief had narrowly avoided being hit by some darts tipped with Manbane. An expensive trap, which only heightened his interest. The dark alcove only held one item, a plain wooden box containing an elaborate incense burner. Realising that it must be worth something if they had gone to so much trouble to protect it, he took it.

That's when his trouble started. The next morning, men were after him. Men led by a masked man they called master. Word quickly rippled through the underground, and he couldn't get rid of the box and its contents. Panicking, he left Nuln. While staying in a coaching inn, he had been caught by two bounty hunters, hired by Oldenhaller. Strangely, they had disappeared the next morning and he escaped. Since then he had been on the run, calling in every favour he was owed and thanking Ranald for his protection. Masken had caught up with him in the warehouse and he had only just escaped. He thought his number was up when we pulled him out of the boat. He showed us the object at the root of his distress, and it was indeed beautiful — at first glance. However, closer examination revealed intricate designs built into the surface. These were signs I had seen too many times before, ones that spoke of Nurgle, the accursed plague-bearer himself.

I believed him, and so did the others, although Aubisus put him through a mean cross-examination. Unfortunately, the story left a lot of questions. Whitman had obviously lied to us, although he plainly wanted the burner back. But why did Oldenhaller send the bounty hunters after Anton, only to let him go?

Aubisus came up with the first plan. Destroy the item and stuff the pieces down Oldenhaller's throat. Max agreed, but Gustav wasn't convinced that Oldenhaller was a bad guy. "Sure, he had the burner, but then we've had our hands on stuff like that." My plan was simpler. We would make sure it was known we had Anton and let Masken come to us. It was a dangerous plan,

but at least we could choose the ground. Aubisus agreed straight away and the others grimly followed.

Finalising the details, we set the plan in motion. Max disappeared to spread the word, hiring a house; the four of us (Anton realised he was safer with us, not that he had much choice) set about securing it, nailing windows and doors shut and weakening floorboards. When we finished it was a death trap.

Max returned at dusk with the information that someone had being hiring thugs for good money. There was no sign of Whitman. Tucking into our dinner, we waited with nervous apprehension for the coming assault. Aubisus fell asleep.

The first attack came after midnight, with men picking the lock on the door and silently moving into the house. The silence didn't last long as they were forced to kick down the interior doors. The ones that headed up stairs were not so lucky — we greeted them with a barrage of blows, followed by a swift charge. Minutes after it began, the house was clear. Hired help is never much good. They left two of their dead behind.

The second attack was surer. Most of them headed for the stairs and were surprised to find Max running from them. He leapt into one of the bedrooms and slammed the door behind him. Seconds later, they barged the door down and piled into the room. Happily, unlike Max, they had no idea where to step on the weakened floor, and with an accompaniment of splintering wood two of them crashed through to the room below. A third followed, after taking a crossbow bolt in the chest from Gustav. Max had escaped safely through the hole in the wall to join us.

It wasn't long before they kicked on our door. Much to their surprise it wasn't connected to the door frame and fell inwards easily. Aubisus and I jumping them from the sides, forcing them back. The fight was hard in such a small space, and soon the sheer weight of numbers begin to tell against us. They were led by a huge man, his face scarred from earlier battles, who carried a nastily spiked mace in one hand and a sword in the other. Oddly, I began to feel wind blowing onto me, soon followed by the smell of smoke. The house was on fire, the flames being fanned by a magical wind.

Dense smoke began to fill the room at an alarming rate. We counter-attacked, trying to force our way out, and met with little resistance from the equally worried opposition. Only the huge leader stayed to fight. He hit Aubisus with a deadening blow. Luckily for us all, the Dwarf had the wit and skill to take it on his shield, the weapon's spikes sticking and linking them together in an enraged tangle. The Dwarf screamed for us to get out, and on the way out Max took one of them from behind with a blow between the shoulder blades.

We spilled onto the street, smoke pouring out behind us. Scattered around were the few remaining thugs, and I could see two more disappearing down the road. In the centre of his followers stood Masken, dressed in flowing robes of yellow and green, carrying a staff from which flies poured out into the sky. I had been right: he was desperate for the burner, enough to risk open confrontation. The night was ignited then by blue lightening snaking from him to envelop Anton. Dancing horribly, the thief writhed and convulsed, partnered by the sparks, before falling dead to the ground.

Gustav took the head off the first of the attackers, while I made straight for the wizard. As I charged towards him, I could hear Max trying to convince the hirelings that they should just run. By the sounds of clashing metal, he was failing. Confidently, over-confidently as it turned out, Masken summoned his dark magic, the phial in his hand disappearing as he spoke the words. I felt something tug at my mind, and for a second, I had no idea who or where I was — but it passed and my momentum carried me through to him. He was obviously surprised as my first blow was unparried and I sliced his half-raised hand off. As before, maggots spewed out, spilling on the ground. I caught his first blow with my sword, and the second I jumped back from. He had left himself open and I took the initiative, bludgeoning him with a series of blows that he was hard-pressed to deflect.

With a wail, he slipped and fell to the ground. From behind me I heard the sound of the burning house collapsing on its self. Looking round there was no sign of Aubisus, and no chance he could have survived the destruction. I turned back to Masken, only to be greeted with a host of flies, blinding and choking me. Guessing, I kicked out and connected with something soft. I spat, jumping back to escape the insects, and then renewed my onslaught against the Chaos champion.

My first blow chopped the staff in half, and much to my surprise, he used one broken half to smash my nose before grappling me to the ground. "This time you die," he growled, his breath fetid. My head butt full-stopped his sentence. It stunned him and his one hand let go, although the wooden mask had spilt my head open.

Pulling myself upwards, I heard Gustav cry out in pain but ignored it. Instead I pulled back the sword for the killing blow. "You'll never kill me," he laughed.

"Wrong." The sword shattered the ribcage, slicing the heart. A host of maggots erupted and fell away. Before I had even spat out the few that had gone in my mouth the whole body disintegrated, maggots crawling out of the robes and mask. "This time I made sure."

With the death of their paymaster the others fled, and I looked around to see Gustav nursing a leg wound. From out of the smoke, Aubisus emerged. Stumbling and coughing, he was smiling, in spite of the fact that one arm hung limp from his side, the skin blackened by fire. He put his foot on the mask and snapped it in two. In the distance, I could hear the shouts of the Watch.

"You... you... you...!" spluttered Aubisus some days later.

Karl Whitman had the decency to look embarrassed. He was also nervous, for there was no guarantee we wouldn't kill him. We had been surprised when he turned up and paid us the money. After numerous threats he explained that Oldenhaller's objective was actually to flush out Masken, so we could kill him. Still, he wasn't too impressed when he asked for the burner back and Aubisus smashed it in front of him. "Just so it won't fall in the wrong hands." We gave him a message instead. If we ever found out that the merchant was working for Chaos, we would kill him ourselves.

Some weeks later, Masken had his revenge on me. Waking one morning I found blood on my pillow. The surgeon confirmed it as the consumption. A final kiss from Nurgle. So, here I am dying, while Gustav writes this letter for me. Maybe I would be alive to come see you if I had finished him on the roof all those years ago. I have not spoken of that night since telling Aubisus and he has kept his silence ever since.

As the rain lashed down I pushed the hair back from my eyes, preparing to kill the helpless champion. He reached up and pulled off the mask. As it fell slowly to the ground, I stared into the face of Wilhelm, my old lover, your father, the man I had buried in the cold ground of Kislev so many years ago. He just laughed.

My injuries from the fall were nothing compared to those my mind sustained. I knew it was no illusion, for on his finger I saw the ring I had given him so many years ago. When we met next, he believed he had us trapped and I asked him why he had chosen the path of corruption. "You left me, so the maggots and worms could have my body. I can remember the snow and earth falling on my face, as I tried to call out for you. It was my Lord Nurgle who replied, He saved me and gave me life once more. My love, you betrayed me!"

So now you know the truth. The plague Lord has taken us both. I know that when I buried Wilhelm in that shallow grave he was dead; anything else is impossible to conceive. To believe it would drive me insane. What took his form was something else, something I have laid finally to rest. My own death was a small price to pay for this. I hope you believe this too.

Gustav has agreed to bring this to you, and although Max and Aubisus have said they have better things to do, I know they'll be there. These are my friends, and I ask you to show them kindness. I am sorry I was never there for you, but my life has had a different path, one I have never regretted. Ulric and Taal have looked after me, and I have travelled so widely across the Old World and done so much that I have no regrets now as I enter Morr's realm. Follow the path you wish to follow, and never look back.

Good-bye.
Your Mother,
Ursula Urjingraad

CHAPTER FIVE
THE SCENARIOS

A HUNDRED YEARS OF TRADE

The Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company by John Foody

The air was heavy with the sweetness of perfume; yet even such sweet fragrance could not quite hide the smell of death that owned the room. The expensive perfume had been brought from Cathay by one of Anton Hofbauer's caravans; he loved the way it summoned memories of his beloved Christel. Fredrich lit the remainder of the candles as the sun finally disappeared into the horizon's grasp, making way for Mannslieb's light.

Fredrich was uncertain if Anton could register anything as he lay in bed, unknowingly awaiting his end. Thirty years ago, he had employed Fredrich as a clerk. How time had flown! The success of Hofbauer-Bodelstein had been borne of hard work, but there had been good times as well as bad. This illness had struck suddenly and although the physicians could numb the pain, they had been unable to find the cause.

Fredrich knew he should have been running the business, organising caravans, overseeing payments... but Anton was like a brother to him. He would stay to the end. From the hallway, he could hear shouts - probably another charlatan come selling false hope. If only it could be Nathaniel! Alas, it seemed unlikely he would be found in time.

Anton coughed dryly, and Fredrich dribbled fresh herb water into the cracked lips, offering silent prayers to Shallya and her father Mórr. There were now shouts on the staircase outside, Herr Braun's voice protesting against some laughing, insulting stranger. Moving towards the door he checked that his dagger was in his belt, though he had neither experience nor confidence with blades.

The door was thrown open and there stood Siegfreid Hofbauer, dressed in the finest fashions, a swordstick in one hand, his sneer undiminished.

'I'm sorry, Herr Staffenburg - he insisted!' Braun whimpered. 'Shall I call the watch?'

'Leave us.' Snapped Siegfreid. Braun flinched but stood his ground until Fredrich nodded, and then he fled.

'Siegfreid. We did not know you were in the city.'

'Did not care, more like. It smells like a whorehouse in here but I see my...' He laughed, without humour '...father... is still alive.'

'It won't be long until he travels to Mórr's realm.' At this Siegfreid's eyes flared, and for the first time Fredrich felt afraid of him.

'I wish to be alone with him. Leave.' Fredrich did not move.

'He has no need of a nursemaid. I am his firstborn.' He paused. 'He is my father. Let me make my peace.'

Fredrich hesitated; then nodded, leaving the room. Anton had always been saddened by his eldest son. It was Nathaniel he really missed. The door closed with a muffled thud, and Siegfreid strode to his father's side.

'Father...' He spoke quietly but Anton opened his eyes and reached out his hand. Siegfreid knelt and took it. 'Father I have come to say something'

'Nathaniel... I knew you would come.' Siegfreid stared at him and then laughed.

'No Father, it is I Siegfreid.'

'Siegfreid.' the old man spoke the name slowly.

'Yes, and before you die I have something to say. It was I who poisoned you. A rare and effective brew. I hope you enjoyed it. If your mind still works you probably are wondering why, since I have nothing to gain. You would be mistaken. I have destroyed your will, and the copies, too. The company is mine...'

'Why?'

'...and when I track down Nathaniel, I will have him killed too.'

Anton's eyes widened in horror.

'Oh; just in case.' He placed one hand over his father's mouth and pinched his nose with the other, until moments later the feeble struggle stopped.

Siegfreid swept past Fredrich on the stairs. 'My father is dead.' Fredrich stared at him. He opened the door and left without turning.

'Bury him soon. The dead travel fast.' He laughed, and was gone.

History

A hundred years ago, in the days when Nuln had only just been replaced as The Empire's Capital, Josef Hofbauer started the famous Hofbauer Traders' Company. Slowly he extended its routes all over The Empire. When Josef died peacefully in his bed, his only child Anton inherited the business and proudly took charge. By then, it was one of the richest companies within The Empire, and he continued to build its fortunes.

Anton became highly influential and respected in political

circles, although he resisted moving the business to Altdorf, preferring to stay in Nuln. The year after his father's death he married Christel Bodelstein, the woman he loved, and the daughter of one of his rivals. Together they had two sons: Siegfreid and Nathaniel – whom he prepared to take over the business when he died. Anton was heartbroken when Christel died, and threw himself into his work. A year later her father died and the rival company became his. So the Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company was born, its coat of arms becoming famous throughout the Empire.

As Siegfreid grew to maturity he became increasingly bitter, twisted by the belief that his father hated him. Siegfreid was given no responsibilities within the company, and Anton seemed to spend all his time with the younger Nathaniel. Anton did indeed spend more time with Nathaniel, believing him to be the more reliable and intelligent. Relations became strained, and on his twentieth birthday, after a heated argument, Siegfreid told his father he wanted nothing more to do with him or the company and was leaving. Anton threatened to cut him out of his will. This provoked Siegfreid into striking his father and walking out into the night.

Siegfreid drifted straight into life as a pimp and gambler, watching from the sidelines for ten years as Nathaniel slowly took control of the business. Anton fell into a slow but steady decline after the argument with Siegfreid, withdrawing from the day-to-day management of the business. He left control to Nathaniel and his right-hand man of thirty years, Fredrich Staffenberg, who took the company to ever greater heights. However, Nathaniel was starting to feel the call of Shallya, and eventually gave total responsibility to Staffenberg in order to become an initiate in Couronne.

While Staffenberg ran the business, Siegfreid dallied with a life of adventuring, although he soon tired of the lack of simple luxuries. Murdering his comrades, he returned to the city with their collected earnings and set himself up for the good life. This was short lived, the end coming from an embittered mistress's slow poison. As he lay slowly and painfully dying, he struck a deal for Undeath with a Vampire. Accepting his price, the Vampire left Siegfreid to his new Immortality.

Siegfreid saw this as his chance to seize his rightful inheritance. Arrangements were made to poison his father and destroy all copies of the will. This left him, as the eldest son, as the sole heir to everything. His first act was to fire those most loyal to his father and replace them with his own followers. There then followed years of decadence, in which the company grew by diversifying into extortion and smuggling. Those that crossed them seldom lived to regret it. With his power consolidated, Siegfreid gave in to his feelings of hate for his brother through the years and sent bounty hunters to find him.

The Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company has built its fortune on the transport of various goods around the Empire and, to a lesser extent, across the Old World. They buy goods from suppliers and transport them to buyers who pay on arrival. Established buyers do not even have to place a deposit. They also transport goods on behalf of other merchants, simply charging the handling fees. Most of their caravans are a mixture of both types of goods.

Such is the public face of the company – and until Siegfreid took over, this appearance was justified. Now, however, the company indulges in large scale smuggling, with scores of officials in their pay. They have also begun to build a slave route between The Empire & Araby. Their practices have become ruthless as they attempt to dominate the market, extending to the fire-bombing of competitors' property, beating staff and poisoning rivals.

Their competition was slow to react, not convinced that the Hofbauer-Bodelstein Company was behind such vindictive acts. Now that the facts have become clearer, the competitors have started to work together. This rivalry extends to the teamsters and guards, with brawls between employees becoming commonplace.

Cities

The company has an office in every city of the Empire, each headed by an associate of Siegfreid. These usually just leave the running of the day-to-day business to the other staff, concentrating on the illegal activities. They each have a selection of magistrates, excise officers and watchmen in their pay. Each office is located in the mercantile district, and is staffed by about ten to twenty scribes and other staff. Some offices have recently employed bodyguards. The largest office (located in Nuln) is run by Mellinger – Siegfreid's right-hand man. The company also owns its own warehouses in most cities.

Surprisingly, the company has very little presence in the centre of trade, Marienburg. This is because Anton had excellent relations with one of the ruling families. So far, Siegfreid has simply maintained this rapport, although recently he has stepped up his information gathering activities in the area, with the long-term view of becoming one of the ten ruling Houses. This is extremely risky; the Marienburg powers have huge resources at their disposal, and should Siegfreid's secret ever be discovered, the company would collapse.

Towns, Villages & Inns

Hofbauer-Bodelstein have an agent in most of the Empire's population centres. Increasingly, this is a company employee. In other locations, it is a merchant who has made a deal with the company. The company has a close working relationship with Four Seasons coaches. Caravans stay at their inns whenever possible.

Caravans (Wagons & Barges)

The company's caravan routes cover most of the civilised continent. Caravans usually consist of between five and twenty wagons (or one and five barges), with a driver and guard for each. They also contain extra guards, a cook, outriders and the Caravan Master. Each wagon or barge bears the company livery, as do employees. Caravan Masters are fined for not strictly upholding this regulation.

Caravans set out at dawn and stop only once it becomes

too dark to continue, or when the horses need a brief rest. Food is consumed on the move, with the meals prepared on the back of a wagon, in order to get goods to their destinations as quickly as possible. This practice has led to an official complaint from the Halfling-run Guild of Professional Gourmet Providers in Altdorf.

Jobs

Employment with Hofbauer-Bodelstein is much sought after, for one simple reason: they pay well over the rates of their rivals. This keeps the relevant guilds very happy. (Non-guild members are employed when necessary, but at a lower salary.) In return, the company expects total loyalty and is happy to fire those that don't comply. It soon becomes clear to new recruits that they are expected to take part in 'not-strictly-legal' activities. This doesn't bother most employees, who will have been recruited straight from prison.

Players handy with a sword shouldn't have too much difficulty getting a job. However, those who look like academics might find it a little harder. All employment with the company is done by introduction. Simply, only someone the company trusts can recommend someone for the job. This makes them responsible for their conduct.

Incorporating the Company into a Campaign

It should be a simple matter to introduce the Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company into a campaign. This can be done on several levels. First and foremost they are a business; transporting and selling goods, employing staff and travelling from place to place. This makes them easy to use as background to your adventures. Get the PCs used to the name. If you wish to use the rest of the background, this will make the revelations stronger.

Developing the organisation, PCs can begin to uncover the Company's plots to force out the opposition by fair means or foul. By occasionally foiling these attempts, they will come to the attention of Siegfreid Hofbauer. In time, his true nature will be revealed and then things will become really dangerous.

Hofbauer-Bodelstein will be most effective if introduced into your campaign as a sub-plot. Don't overdo it by giving it all away in one go. Let them met Fredrich Staffenburg, and later on let it be known that he was high up in the company. Perhaps through him they encounter or help Nathaniel. Bit by bit they can unearth the true face of the company.

CAMEOS

The Missing Caravan

The players arrive at an out-of-the-way village. Here they are greeted by Josef Harnish, a friendly part-time watchman, who treats them to dinner in exchange for news of the outside world. During dinner, he mentions that a caravan is due tomorrow, and that the players may be able to get safe passage with them for the next leg of their journey. Mid-morning, a small Hofbauer-Bodelstein caravan arrives. One or two of the guards are wounded, but enquiries are met with the curt reply of 'bandits'.

The caravan plans to stay the night and the men head for the inn. Two are left on guard, but anyone examining the unloaded boxes will notice they are stamped with 'Aguilar Merchants'. During the afternoon, a man appears at the edge of town. He stumbles down the main street, wounded and exhausted. This is Enrique Castro - the only survivor of a small caravan attacked by the Hofbauer-Bodelstein caravan.

As the players approach him he tries to run, but falls to the ground unconscious. He has in fact noticed Hofbauer-Bodelstein wagons. The Hofbauer-Bodelstein Caravan Master steps forward with a couple of men and proclaims this to be one of the bandits that attacked them. He insists Harnish puts him behind bars. Harnish has no reason not to comply.

Castro only speaks Estalian, and will not reawaken until some time during the night. The Hofbauer-Bodelstein Caravan Master has ordered him killed, and a couple of guards will try to do this before he wakes.

What the PCs do is completely up to them. It will be difficult to get any justice for the murders, and challenging the caravan is dangerous. Making sure Castro is alive is the first step to bringing the killers to justice (legally anyway).

Stowaway

The PCs are hired by or are travelling with a Hofbauer-Bodelstein caravan due to an increase in attacks by goblins, bandits or beastman. The Caravan Master works his employees hard. In the middle of the journey a missile attack is launched on the caravan, but the attackers retreat into the forest. Outriders report enemy movement along the caravan's flanks.

The next day, a stowaway is dragged out of a wagon. This is Rolf Berger, a twelve-year-old boy who has run away to see the world. The Caravan Master solves the problem quickly; he throws him to the side of the road and orders the caravan to move on. This means certain death for the boy. If the PCs speak up, they will be given the option to "join him or come with us."

Again, it is up to the GM how this should be played. Players could argue for the boy to be taken back in, but may end up joining him as an exile from the safety of the caravan, without supplies or shelter in hostile country.

Siegfreid Hofbauer
Merchant
ex-Trader, ex-Thief, ex-soldier

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	74	69	7	7	22	88	5	65	67	64	51	54	57

Alignment: Evil
Skills: Charm, Concealment Urban, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Etiquette, Evaluate, Haggle, Law, Magical Sense, Numismatics, Palm Object, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language - Battle Tongue, Guilder, Strike Mighty Blow, Speak - Tilean, Thieves Tongue, Silent Move Rural & Urban, Super Numerate
Trappings: x12 quality clothes, 200GCs of jewellery, sword stick
Magic Points: 24
Quotes: *"Not my father's way of doing business. Not my father's way of doing business. NO! This is my way. The right way. Get used to it." "Do not be afraid. Your death will be enjoyable. Be grateful that I will bring interest to your pitiful life. It is not as if you will be missed." "Greed is good."*

Siegfreid is a bitter, twisted and sadistic man. Unfortunately, he has the power to impose his will on anybody he wants to. All who come into contact with him for any length of time despise him. He comes across as an arrogant snob, thinking himself superior to all around him. When he speaks he is direct and insulting, constantly using threats. He is famed for his short temper, but only uses anger for effect, as it enables him to get away with things he could not otherwise do. When he wishes, he can appear charming – but he bothers with this less as his power increases.

Siegfreid stands over six feet tall, and is an imposing figure. His hair is long, pulled back into a ponytail. Handsome, he looks very similar to his father, but his eyes are cold. He always wears the latest fashions, but often covers this with a cloak made from bear hide. He also wears gloves and carries a silver-handled swordstick.

After leaving his father, he drifted into Nuln's underworld. Here he quickly became feared after violently murdering two rival gamblers in full view of a packed tavern. He used his reputation to build a niche in the criminal fraternity. While his reputation has survived to the present day, few actually associate him with the rich owner of Hofbauer-Bodelstein.

After a few years he had made numerous enemies. He had also grown bored with his life, leaving Nuln and travelling across The Empire with a group of adventurers. For five years he travelled with them, becoming a competent fighter. Clashes with his comrades were frequent, and occasionally violent.

This period came to an end when the group tracked down a Vampire's lair. Only three of them got out alive, but they were weighed down with treasure. A day away from Altdorf he slit their throats and took the earnings himself. In the capital, he set himself up as a merchant using a very efficient mixture of violence and bribes. Once business was established he settled into a life of hedonism. This came to an end when he was poisoned. As he lay dying, his mind turned to a dark and desperate ploy. Using every resource at his disposal, he had the Undead he had robbed hunted to its lair and trapped as it slept. On awakening, Siegfreid offered him a deal. Immortality for survival. The Vampire agreed, more convinced by Siegfreid's nature than his threat. In time, Siegfreid emerged as one of the Undead.

Siegfreid then began to fulfil his true desire: to avenge himself against his father and brother. After murdering his father he took over the company and began aggressively expanding its operations. Although much work is delegated to his immediate staff, his presence is felt throughout the company.

He has kept his vampirism secret, although he feeds frequently. He is regularly seen as part of the Nuln social scene, but keeps himself surrounded by hangers-on. Four of these are his trusted lieutenants, who guard him by day as well as carrying out any dirty work he needs done. They are extremely well paid and loyal. Occasionally, one of them dons his masters' clothes and goes travelling around town in daylight, shopping, visiting the temple, etc., in order to provide a convincing cover story.

He has plans to prolong his control of the company without raising suspicion. The first step in this scheme will be to arrange a marriage, which will produce a child (an infant kidnapped to order). The child will then be sent away (killed), only for Siegfreid to take on his roll when he returns in the future - after the 'death' of his father. This will leave him free to carry on his nefarious activities, following in his "father's" footsteps.

THE GREYS

A Secret Society by Martin Oliver

Not everyone who turns to Chaos does so willingly. Some find themselves corrupted, tainted, and left with no alternative but to cast their lot in with the marauders who roam The Empire. And when the powers of Chaos play with their toys, there are bound to be some that get broken – maybe some Demon thought their plaything might look better with their guts on the outside, or lacking several important organs. The world is a hard place for those who suffer such torments. However, hidden away, there are those that try to help by making the unfortunate victim's passing less painful, or at the very least, swift.

One such group is The Greys. They have no option but to be highly secretive – hated by the servants of chaos, attacked as heretics by everyone else, there are few they dare confide in.

The Greys also get involved when someone makes a stand, calling for mercy for an unfortunate, or even defending a loved one touched by Chaos. Such protesters can be tried for harbouring a mutant, the penalty for which is death by hanging. In these cases the Greys move swiftly to extricate the protesters and, if appropriate, the people they are defending. These are ferreted away, tended to, and set up with a new identity. If they have been too badly tainted, they are taken to hidden enclaves where they can live out their lives peacefully. These sites are invariably placed well away from any habitation. The depths of forests, disused mines, in valleys tucked between forbidding crags – only places as secluded as this are even considered. The watches around these settlements are unrelenting, and only the foolish would think themselves able to approach undetected. Enclaves are usually little more than small shantytowns, around two dozen afflicted living side by side with a handful of volunteers. They seek self-sufficiency, hunting and occasionally farming a little (a risky business, as such a venture is hard to hide). Impromptu shrines to Shallya are sometimes built, but on the whole, religion is a topic best avoided. Most of the inhabitants feel rejected and betrayed by the gods of the Old World, and to even speak of the powers of Law or Chaos is to risk drawing their attention. Such forces are already keenly seeking the sites; the last thing the inhabitants desire is to hasten this process.

The nature of the Greys attracts individuals from many quarters. Clerics of Shallya join it, becoming outcast for associating with a group that supports mercy killing. Intellectuals and academics join for ethical or moral reasons. Many universities contain such liberals and dissidents. Clerics of Law who rail against their masters' lack of compassion, warriors whose comrades have been touched by the powers they fought, and even renegades from the forces of Chaos, lend their strength to the group.

There is no hierarchy of command. To some extent, this is due to the intellectual and egalitarian radicals in the organisation, but it also limits damage when members are discovered. When support is needed, word is spread through the network until appropriate skills are found. It is rare that someone cannot be found to help.

The Greys can be encountered in many ways. Characters might stumble on an enclave of mutants, and have to decide what to do with them. They might witness a protest, or see members spiriting new recruits away. They might even be approached and recruited, if their reputation is good. The other possibility is that a character spots a group of people with a similar "uniform". The Grey's code for meetings would be something like, "glove, Heinrichstrasse, noon, dogsbody", where the time and place are accompanied by a grey item of clothing and a password for confirmation. PCs might then try to trail the group, or (if they're feeling cunning) don a similar item of clothing. Of course, they still have the password to guess, but they won't know that...

If you're using the Greys in your campaign, you might want to introduce a new *Secret Signs (Greys)* skill. In addition to detailing the trail markings used to lead members to the enclaves, this would also cover the codes used in public notices (such as adverts on the Deutz Elm) to alert members to meetings or warn them about persecutors in the area.

Once in, they will discover a sincere and active group that could form the basis for an extended series of adventures. There are always people who need help, or innocent mutants who need support. You could even tie in existing material like the home for Foundlings in Marienburg. There are also matters of internal security to worry about – Witch-Hunters would dearly love to infiltrate the organisation, and their zeal is only matched by the warriors of Chaos who seek to eliminate this thorn in their side.

Frances Keller

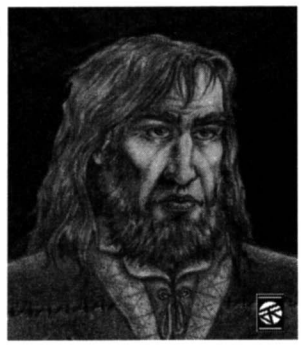
Sometimes, when you hunt something for long enough, a bond forms. Frances had convinced herself that she had been helping the poor, pitiful creatures she slew, but as years passed, she began to see things differently. Now when she hunts mutants she does everything in her power to ensure that killing them is the last resort. She is fiercely dedicated to the cause, seeing it as the only way to assuage the grief and guilt she feels for having needlessly ended so many lives.

Frances has trained many fledging members of the group in self-defence and subversion. She has also dealt professionally with the brutes who slaughter the unfortunate or probe too deeply into the actions of the Greys. As with the mutants, she does her utmost to ensure that their end is swift and painless.

Theodor Kielgeld

Theodor used to be a student at Nuln University, researching the behavioural patterns of mutants. His work was well regarded; after all, understanding their motives would be a powerful weapon against corruption.

Theodor's results surprised him. Far from degenerating into brutish animals, many mutants showed great suffering, remorse, and pity. For each that turned into a slavering monstrosity, another showed the finest qualities of humanity. Indeed, many seemed more human than the soldiers and Witch-Hunters who followed his work. With growing horror, Theodor looked long and hard at his fellow men, and realised that they had sacrificed the very qualities they sought to protect, becoming worse monsters, more pitiless beasts, than anything they butchered.



When he made his findings public, he was immediately denounced as an heretic, corrupted by the work he had undertaken, and a price of a hundred crowns was put on his head. Theodor has led the life of an outlaw ever since.

Theodor is not without sympathisers. Some liberals in Nuln welcomed his findings, and it was one of these who put him in touch with the Greys. He has worked with them ever since, taking refuge in their mutant colonies, where he carries on his studies.

GREGOR

"Gregor hurts. Pain. Help Gregor. Please —"
She screamed. With her hands clasped to her face, she screamed and screamed and screamed.
"No! No callings! People come hurt Gregor!" But she was transfixed with terror, rooted there, and screaming was all she could do.
"Stop! Gregor make you stop!"
As the... the thing loped towards her, she turned and ran, calling for help everystumbling step of the way. Gregor was faster.

The prostitute Nastassja Veidt was found two days ago, with five blade wounds in her back and her jaw ripped off. You may recall that small stab wounds surrounded the face.
Since she was the third female found stabbed to death near the warehouses in the last fortnight, I took my squad out to investigate. Locals refuse to give details, attributing this to some daemonic presence. We commenced a search of the area. Whilst I covered the alley where Nastassja's body was discovered, I sent my men off to check the security of nearby buildings. Thadius was attempting to peer through a window when the hand smashed through the glass, grabbed his head, and pulled him through. By the time we reached him, he was dying of blood loss from the glass lacerations. The marks on his head were consistent with the wounds on Nastassja.
We found no trace of whatever did this. My conclusion is that it is fast, dangerous, and inhuman. I recommend that watch patrols in this area be suspended, and that a price be put on its head. If we use those disruptive mercenaries and adventurers, we may find ourselves able to kill two birds with one stone. Perhaps literally.
Joachim Rudiger

Once a reputable and upstanding citizen, Gregor's curiosity led him to seek the touch of Chaos: something he has lived to regret. Although the slow and terrible changes he is undergoing wrack his body with terrible agonies, these are as nothing when compared with the mental anguish he is undergoing.

Realising discovery would lead to his death, Gregor hid in the less used warehouses of the city's mercantile quarter. Guided now more by instinct than rational thought, he is seeking reassurance and solace from a mother figure who can help him through this agonising rebirth. He never meant to kill any of them, just quieten them. In his more coherent moments, Gregor is wracked with grief over this.

Deeply insecure, Gregor will attack anyone he thinks is trying to hurt him. He will also turn in a furious and accusing rage on anyone he believes has betrayed or tricked him. He favours hit and run tactics, using his claws to climb out of sight and out of reach, and then leaping onto his victims.

Several groups are trying to find Gregor. The watch still has an interest, but is only sending volunteers. A reward of twenty-five crowns has alerted bounty hunters and small mobs of rabble. The mobs patrol by day, whilst the more professional bounty hunters brave the shadows of night. The reward will increase when, after two days, three bounty hunters are found dead.

The Greys are also interested. They recognise the pattern as that of a mutant in anguish, and are gathering a team to spirit Gregor to safety. They would prefer to reason with him, but if this fails they will sedate him with manbane. If Gregor must be killed, they will try and do so swiftly and painlessly.

Player involvement can come about in a number of ways. They could hear of the killings or the reward. They might be approached by a bounty hunter as hired muscle. A female PC might even be approached by Gregor, if she seemed to be alone. A twist would be to have Gregor know some piece of information which they need, meaning that they not only have to find Gregor, but will have to persuade him to reveal it to them. And, of course, should the Greys or bounty hunters find them holding this monster, they may consider it necessary to deal with the PCs themselves.

Gregor (Ex-labourer; other careers at GM's discretion)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
6	35	22	4	5	7	58	2	36	28	30	33	32	22

Skills: Disarm, Dodge Blow, Night Vision (30 yrds), Lightning Reflexes, Fleet Footed, Scale Sheer Surface, Sixth Sense, Very Strong
Mutations: Hideous appearance, hunchback, razor sharp claws (damage +1), very agile. His skin is turning a dark green colour (+15 to hide tests in darkness).
Psychology and health: Gregor has been injured, and with claws for fingers, he has been unable to deal with the wounds properly. A gash on his chest is becoming infected, and two broken crossbow quarrels jut from his left leg. He picks at these distractedly when he is thinking.

Gregor suffers *Animosity* against males, depression, *Fear* of light, and *Frenzy*. He causes *Fear*, and *Terror* if you meet him when you're alone...

CAMEOS

Rough Justice
by Martin Oliver

Dust puffed up in clouds around the adventurers' feet as they strode into the village. No-one hailed them.. No-one asked what news they brought. No-one even noticed them.
All attention was centred on the scene ahead - and scene it might have been: the people seemed almost overacting, and the bystanders no more than an awed audience. Almost - but not quite.

"Burn him! It is the only sure way; it is the will of Alluminas!" So said the tallest, his heavy travelling cloak and dark stubble giving the impression of a shadow even in this harsh light.

"Pah! Waste of time. I will slay him at once, as befits such an abomination!" And the man in battered platemail made to draw his sword. The two thugs who had been holding the peasant down moved for their blades, but the shadowed man gestured them to be still.

"The Light must burn forth, through the Darkness of this corrupted soul. You may kill him, but only I can save him!"

Away to the side, lying crumpled and forlorn, a woman started sobbing pitifully.

The PCs have just stumbled upon some summary justice. The would-be judge, jury and executioners in this case are Erbehert Wittlestein, a Witch Hunter sworn to Alluminas, his two trainees, Pyotr and Nicolas, and the Templar of Solkan, Manfred Mannson. Erbehert and Mannfred have been travelling around this region for some weeks now, and each is trying to out-do the other, using any birthmark, any psychological problems, or even any eccentric behaviour as an excuse to carry out another execution.

The centre of their attention is Sebastian Messner, who (as the villagers will surreptitiously inform the PCs in a guilty whisper) bears the mark of Chaos in the form of having one brown and one blue eye. The villagers will also mention that he was born that way, and has never been anything but a good and hardworking farmer. The tearful woman is his wife Anna, who was shoved aside by Pyotr when she tried to defend her husband. She is resigned to the fact that no one in the village will stop the execution, and in her hatred is determined to get her revenge, sooner or later.

There are many ways the PCs can handle this. Violence or threats lead the Witch Hunters to close ranks against this lover of Chaos. Entreaties to their better nature just don't work - neither of them wants to lose face by being the first to relent. It should soon become clear that reasoning with them is not an option. Combat should not be easy for the PCs either, and victory will set the authorities against them. However, even a defeat will allow Sebastian to make a break for it, and any show of strength against the Witch Hunters will gain the peasants' support.

Should Sebastian be killed, Anna will go home, grab a knife, and wreak revenge on the murderers as best she can. If she survives this, and the PCs did nothing to help Sebastian, she will turn on them next.

No profiles are given for Erbehert, Mannfred, Pyotr or Nicolas, to let you gear the level of this to your own characters. The suggested career paths are as follows:

Erbehert:	Witch Hunter, Ex-Cleric Lvl1, Ex-Initiate.
Pyotr and Nicolas:	Bounty Hunters, Ex-Bodyguards.
Mannfred:	Witch Hunter, Ex-Templar, Ex-Freelance, Ex-Squire.

This encounter can be used on its own, but would work well in one of the later episodes of *The Enemy Within*. It could also become the basis of a scenario in itself. Erbehert and Mannfred could be advance parties for a full-scale inquisition, and anyone who challenged them would become a good example of what happens to those who side with Chaos. And why did the Witch Hunters start picking on Sebastian, anyway? Is he as innocent as he seems? Perhaps he has been acting a bit suspicious of late, now that the villagers think about it. Maybe he has been touched by Chaos, and Erbehert and Manfred are completely justified. Or maybe his guilty secret is that Anna has been touched by Chaos in some subtle way, and he is willing to die to protect her. Another option is to have one or both Witch Hunters working as an agent of a third party, using the hunt as a cover. Maybe Sebastian is blackmailing someone with influence, or has challenged the local crime boss, or just spoke out against the authorities.

One way or another, this is a problem the PCs just can't walk away from.

You Make Your Own Luck

by Paul White

With the previous blue skies inexplicably replaced by a torrential downpour, navigating the boat through this narrow, heavily-wooded area takes a great deal of skill, not to mention a touch of luck. Especially when you round a tight bend and find another boat has run aground, and is partially blocking the river.

A *Boat Handling* test is required to avoid a collision, with a penalty of -10 due to the rain. A collision causes only superficial damage to the PCs' boat (unless you're feeling particularly cruel) but it does further damage to the hull of the grounded craft and knocks over those of her crew who were attempting to re-float her. Furthermore, one crewman has become trapped, his leg caught under the boat when it lurched forward. The PCs' help will be required in order to free him.

If a collision was avoided, the PCs may still wish to help fellow river travellers in peril. The captain of the vessel, the *Feuerwerke*, is Kristian Orff, a slim, softly spoken man of early middle age who sports a voluminous moustache. He will of course be grateful for the PCs' assistance, but is distressed at the damage to his boat. He confides in whoever is captaining the PCs' vessel that he has been having a terrible day, with poor weather, his food all gone bad, half his crew sick, and now this. And what's more, he has a fee-paying passenger who must get to Altdorf (or any nearby city) urgently. There's no way his boat will make it without repairs – but perhaps the PCs could help with that too?

Captain Orff virtually begs the PCs to take the passenger, offering them the full payment he was given. It is then that the man in question will make an appearance. His name is Fyodor Dimitroskiev, the son of a minor Kislevite aristocrat, and he is an insufferable human being. But he does have more money than sense, and will offer the PCs 10GCs for the trip (he can be *Haggled* as high as 30GCs). He also informs them, regularly, that he is a useful man to know, what with his powerful friends, diplomatic connections, etc.

If the PCs agree to take Fyodor, he will insist they depart immediately, as he has important functions to attend. At this point his erstwhile bodyguard, a formidable 300lb monster named Jarmilla, will emerge from the Feuerwerke, carrying her employer's luggage. Jarmilla is mute, with a phlegmatic approach to life and a hangdog expression that speaks volumes, as the players will soon come to realise. She is also immune to the effects of Red Pox (see below). Kristian Orff will be inordinately grateful to see the back of this particular passenger, and confirms that he needs no more assistance. "You've already done more than enough", he adds.

Any PC with medical skills who inspects the two sick crewmen will be in for a shock. They are both covered with red blotches, and are in a weak, emaciated state. A successful *Cure Disease* test will determine that they are suffering from Red Pox. There is nothing they can do except let the disease run its course. That PC must also make a *Disease* test at -10% to avoid contracting the pox.

Once they are underway, the PCs will find it difficult to shut Fyodor up. He whines incessantly about tedious social functions, court politics, and the latest fashions for the discerning fop about town. Assuming they don't throw him overboard at the first opportunity (which, considering Jarmilla never leaves his side throughout the trip, is extremely unlikely) the PCs will soon begin to suffer the effects of Fyodor's curse: he suffers from unbelievable Bad Luck, the result of an ancient Leshy curse (see *Something Rotten in Kislev*) on his family, which is so bad it affects all those around him as well.

During the rest of the day, one *Boat Handling* test must be made every hour to avoid hazards such as grounding, protruding tree roots, mysterious shadows under the surface, small boats seemingly appearing out of nowhere, and any other misfortune you can think of. Any PC on deck during one of these incidents will stand a very good chance of falling overboard (*Initiative* tests required) and will find unpleasant things in the water if they do (leeches, tangled weeds, etc.).

Further frustration can be caused by low branches knocking unwary PCs into the drink, a rusty bolt giving way and causing the rudder to fall off, a sudden cross-wind causing the boom to swing unexpectedly across the deck, and the sail snagging on a branch and tearing. Anything that can go wrong will go wrong. In addition, a storm seems to follow the PCs' boat wherever they go. Any Ranger character can make an *Intelligence* test to realise that the weather patterns are not entirely natural.

By the time he departs, the PCs will be thoroughly sick of Fyodor Dmitroskiev. But he has left one last gift for them – he is an unwitting carrier of disease. Everyone must make *Disease* tests at -10% or suffer the effects of the Red Pox. But still, like he said, he might be a useful man to know…

AWOL

by John Foody

This brief encounter can be used anywhere with a regular garrison of soldiers, but will work best in a small, out-of-the-way town. It starts with a simple offer – the characters are approached by a Guard Captain, who asks them if they wish to earn some money. Should they happen to say yes, they will be brought in front of the garrison Commander, Conrad Gutman.

Gutman is a petty bureaucrat who gained his rank by knowing the right people. However, he offended the local lord during a card game in which he mentioned his daughter's resemblance to an Orc. A week later he found himself in charge of this garrison. His troops and officers despise him, and he knows it. A complete snob, he is frequently drunk and overbearing.

When the PCs are taken to see him, he carries on signing papers for a couple of minutes. When he finishes he opens a drawer and takes out 10GC and throws it on the table. "There's more where that came from. Are you interested?" If they are, he will continue. "One of the men, a..." - he looks down at a piece of paper - "…Felix Engels, has deserted. I want him brought back, alive. Bad for discipline, men running off. The Captain will give you a description. Good day."

The Captain, who is relatively civil, does indeed give the characters

a brief description of Felix. If asked, he will show them his bunk and introduce the PCs to his colleagues. His bunk has nothing of real interest but most of his personal belongings are there. Both the Captain and the other soldiers will be noticeably reluctant to talk, shrugging in answer to most questions. If the PCs talk to the soldiers without the Captain, the reaction will be hostile. They will not resort to violence, as they know the PCs are under the protection of the Commander.

The PCs will be able to get relevant information from the garrison support staff, but only by resorting to bribery. They will find out that Engels comes from the nearest outlying village and has probably gone back there. He was seen arguing with one of his brothers a couple of days ago.

Felix has indeed returned home. At twenty years, old he is the youngest of five brothers who worked on the family's farm. Their father has been dead fifteen years. Work was sparse, so Felix took a job in the nearby garrison. When he heard that his mother was dying he put in a request for leave – which was promptly turned down by Gutman (who has forgotten this). Felix made a run for it with, although he has every intention of returning.

When the PCs arrive at the village they will be treated with suspicion. If they start asking questions about Felix an angry crowd will gather, led by two of his brothers. As things start becoming ugly, Felix steps forward and gravely welcomes the PCs. He leads them to his house, saying nothing. Inside there are small shrines dedicated to Taal and Shallya, but the main room is full of women and children. In the bedroom, two brothers watch over their mother as she lies dying. Felix will show them this and then offer food, sitting down with them as they eat in order to explain his position and answer their questions. He says he will return once his mother dies. (This will happen two days later, and she will be buried the next day.)

What happens is really up to the PCs. If Felix returns on his own, he will get a flogging and a year behind bars. If the players drag him back, Gutman will string him up, hanging his body from the gate, "as an example". This can be avoided if the PCs argue hard, dropping hints that the garrison might mutiny. Making him worry about his image with the lord is a good way of working on Gutman. If Felix hangs, both his family and colleagues will have a grudge against the PCs. Five or six of them will follow them, wait for a night when they are very drunk, and then beat the living daylights out of them.

Save the Village

by John Foody

This short cameo forces the PCs to re-think some of their firmly held assumptions. If the party contains a Dwarf, things may get a little messy. This cameo needs to be located in an out-of-the-way location, where farming the land is difficult. The Wasteland would be ideal.

Entering a roadside inn, the PCs see some locals mocking a poor-looking individual sitting in the corner. Things like 'yokel', 'inbred' and 'let's give him a good kicking' are bandied around. The man, dressed in little better than rags, stares wretchedly into his ale. As they clatter over to the bar, he looks up imploringly. At the bar, the landlord says, "he's being sitting there for hours with one drink. Haven't the heart to move him."

The man will approach the PCs if they do not come to him first. On the way over a local will trip him, much to the others' amusement. He stands by the table until asked to sit down. He is nervous, scrawny and very ugly. His beard is ragged, and dirt covers his clothes and skin. "I am Gans, and I have come for help. My village needs help. Come talk to the elder. We have money to give." If questioned he will say little more than, "bad man attacks us. Kills us. Killed my son."

Gans is in fact an half-orc, sent out into the wider world because he is the most human-looking of his people. His village, Hofnung, was founded by Dagmar – an educated and intelligent Half-Orc. Knowing that his kind was spurned both by humans and Goblinoids, he looked for a solution that was preferable to a short life of lonely drifting and fighting. Gathering others like himself together, he founded the community, intending to make it self-sufficient and peaceful. For many years it prospered, even amongst these harsh surroundings. Children were born and grew up learning farming skills. Recently, however, things took a turn for the worst. A neighbouring lord discovered them and has decided to use them to train his hunting dogs. Seven villagers have been killed so far.

The journey to the village is tedious and uneventful. It takes two days, during which Gans stays away from the party. Mid-way through the second day, they start to pass through fields where crops struggle to take hold. In the distance, farmers toil hard, although when they see the party they stop and wave. Gan waves back, obviously happier to be back home.

The village is poor and run-down, consisting of a dozen houses surrounded by a ditch. Next to the entrance stands a small shrine to Taal. When the guard at the gate spots the travellers, he will blow his horn, at which point those in the village run into the huts. The guard is armed with a spear and wears an ancient battered helm that covers his face.

Gans takes them to the largest hut and motions them inside. The last PC to enter the hunt feels their tunic being pulled, and a small girl, obviously related to Gans, hands them a small bunch of flowers. A large fire burns in the centre of the hut, filling it with smoke. An elderly, stately voice asks the PCs to sit. On the floor are drink and food.

"My name is Dagmar, and I am the Elder of the village. Thank you for coming to our aid. We are being persecuted by a man who sends his hunting dogs after us and kills my people for his amusement. We do not know where he comes from but he must be stopped. We are not fighters. All I have to offer in payment is this." He unwraps a piece of fur from a bottle, the contents of which glow slightly in the dark. What this potion is, and the number of doses it contains, is up to the GM to decide.

Dagmar has a plan, should the PCs fail to come up with suggestions of how to proceed. The PCs will need to work disguised in the fields until their persecutor Sir Helmut Jaeger appears atop a hill. He looks down at the villagers and, unless he suspects something is wrong, sends his seven dogs charging down to attack. If two of the dogs are killed he will whistle for the others to retreat, and will make haste back to his house. Should the PCs try following him, they will find that the place is well protected; his house is surrounded by a stone wall, and as well as his hounds, he has a retinue of three men-at-arms and a servant, all of whom will fight to defend him.

Jaeger is an overbearing bully, full of the worst excesses of the nobility. If it hadn't been Half-Orcs in the village he might well have done exactly the same thing to ordinary peasants. However, he will use their race as an excuse to justify himself, and ideologically the PCs will have a hard time convincing him that he is wrong.

To solve this without resorting to violence, the PCs will need to convince Jaeger that it is against his interests to attack them. If this proves impractical, the half-Orcs might have to be convinced to move. Of course, the PCs might end up slaughtering them all themselves. If this happens, the half-Orcs will not fight back — that would be against everything they stand for, and besides, they really aren't very good at it. The menfolk will simply form a human(ish) shield in front of the women and youngsters, almost queuing up to be butchered, all the

while calling out pitiful attempts to persuade the PCs of the evil of their actions. If this is really what the PCs want, however, then make sure they realise that they are cutting down innocents, especially with the children and old people too helpless to defend themselves.

Flea Circus
by John Foody

This cameo can be used at any point when the PCs are travelling far from towns or cities. While the party are approaching a village they will notice that is unusually quiet – there are no children playing, and no one is working the fields. However, smoke still billows from chimneys. As they approach, nearer a man runs from the nearest house, his face covered in bandages and his hands firmly gripping a wooden dove.

"Don't…! No – Don't come… any closer!" he says through blistered lips. He seems to be struggling for breath. "As you see, travellers, we…" – he gasps for breath – "…boils all over. We cannot swallow food. Many... are already dead. Shallya have mercy on us!" He pauses for a moment. "We are all dead. It is just.... a matter of time. But... but you might... be able to save... the next village. We know… we know what may be spreading this disease. Stop it, and make them... make them come back!"

The man can tell them that the disease struck shortly after Doktor Theodor's Mutant Side-show left the village - which was two days ago. Should the party follow, they will arrive at the next village to see the caravan surrounded by villagers fascinated by the show. There is a single wagon, on which stands a flamboyantly dressed man (Doktor Theodor) giving a speech. He is explaining how he will show them the evil that threatens them all. To his side stands an armoured man watching the crowd while a Dwarf jester juggles clubs in front of him.

The man reaches the climax of his speech, saying, 'and for those turn from Sigmar's teachings...' He pulls a cord, and the side of the wagon drops to reveal two cages, each containing a dirty, frightening mutant. The crowd pulls back in revulsion and the show is over. If the party tell him of the stricken village he will be concerned about the people but unwilling to return, as he has to make a living. However, if the PCs are persistent, he can be convinced, 'so no one else comes to harm'.

Doktor Theodor's real name is Kurdt Swiger; he is a champion of Nurgle who has decided on a novel approach to bringing Nurgle's blessing to the people. After the summoning of a Beast of Nurgle went wrong and all but two of his followers were killed, the survivors were infected (blessed?) by Nurgle's Rot (pg 318 WFRP). The two mutants now also carry various other contagious diseases that they hope will be spread as far as possible.

As his two followers started to mutate into plague bearers, they concocted this scheme – they are the mutants on show in the cages, and Theodor's show brings them into contact with the naïve villagers, their livestock and their water supplies. They are now onto their second village. Doktor Theodor is well enough versed in Sigmarite dogma to justify the show as a warning against Chaos; he will be loath to resort to violence. He carries nothing that could identify him as a follower of Nurgle. Before leaving town he hired Otto to act as a bodyguard, but will kill him should he show signs of disease. (Some people just don't appreciate Nurgle's blessing). On the first day of his travels, Artan approached the Doktor offering his service, but he has still not made it clear how he came to know of the plot.

Doktor Theodor:	ex-Initiate (Sigmar), Wizard's Apprentice, Wizard Level 1. Once a passionate follower of Sigmar, now a Champion of Nurgle.
Artan:	Chaos Dwarf. Maggot blood.
Otto:	Bodyguard. Loyal to his employer as a matter of honour. Very robust.
Mutant 1:	Surrounded by flies, single horn, one eye, and his skin is dissolving.
Mutant 2:	Fungus-like growth on body, Large horn, single eye and tentacles for arms.

Should the PCs not pick up on the scheme, it will resolve itself once both 'mutants' die. Sadly, by this time, several villages will have been infected, and there will be no survivors. At this point, Doktor Theodor will then move on to a new town and a new scheme.

If the PCs kill the mutants, the best way to end the threat they pose is to burn them and all their belongings. If they inform a nearby Temple of Shallya they will be rewarded, and they may even be able to get help for those who have been infected. (The villagers still won't survive – but the plague will be contained, and their passing will be made less horrific.)

THE ETERNAL GUARD

A scenario by John Foody

Twelve years. Twelve years of his life he had served that madman. He had been hardworking and totally loyal. It wasn't as if it paid much either. Not for what they had to do - long sea voyages, insane locals and murderous diseases, not to mention damp jungles and plants that could eat people. Few believed that.
What's that noise?...bloody drunks.

Drexol had always been unreasonable, but it had sent him over the edge. Fool. Still, I should have kept my mouth shut; it's not my place after all. Oh well, it'll be good to get out of Marienburg, I can do better in The Empire. After all, they're not quite as bright, are they? Hmm... There it is again. What is it? Sounds like the door....

No! It can't be! No!

Carlos screamed as the hands enclosed his throat and crushed the life from him.

'The Eternal Guard' is set in Marienburg, the most bustling, busy port in the Old World. Many ships arrive each day, some bringing strange objects for sale in the city. Two of these are the focus of this scenario. However, from Marienburg, items are transported down the Reik and into The Empire for sale, so with a little work the scenario could be run at any river port. Possession of *Marienburg: Sold Down the River* would be useful, but not necessary, as a resource for the scenario.

Introduction

Centuries ago, a mighty empire ruled the land known as Araby. These people built great monuments to their God-kings – huge pyramids and mausoleums where they buried their leaders, surrounded by their retainers, their favourite items, and anything else they might need when they reached the next world.

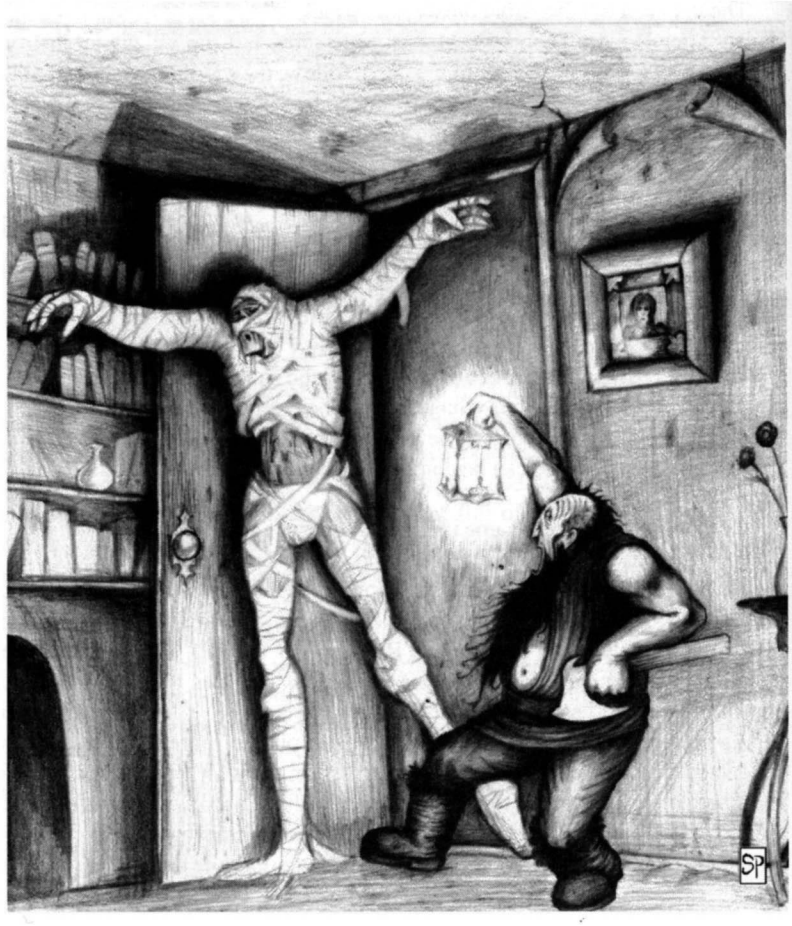
During one of the longest reigns, the King pledge his daughter's hand to the Prince of the neighbouring kingdom in order to end a long and bloody war. However, the Princess was in love with one of her guards, the handsome Omar. The other guards kept watch nervously as the couple talked, knowing that if the pair were caught, they would all be killed. However, as the arranged marriage grew nearer, one of the other guards grew scared and revealed the secret. In a rage, the King butchered the guards to a man - including the one who had brought the news.

When the young Princess Ofra heard Omar was dead, she was heartbroken. In her grief she asked her loyal lady-in-waiting to procure some poison for her. As she lay dying, her father refused her last request – that Omar be buried with her. However, her loyal servants sneaked his body into the tomb before it was sealed, and finally, in death, they lay together.

Eventually, the Kingdom fell to dust, forgotten but for the huge stone monuments they left behind. The sands would occasionally rise up around them, obscuring them from sight, so that even they would slip from memory. However, eventually, explorers came to find the relics of this ancient civilisation.

Arno Cloos and Fredrick Drexol were old friends and business partners. Originally Drexol had supplied the money while Cloos provided the expertise. In time, Drexol grew to love the adventuring and exploring and they took to travelling together on the trips. On their last trip they discovered the tomb of Ofra and Omar. From it they took everything, including the two sarcophagi containing the lovers' mummified bodies. As they always did, the two partners chose the items they wished to keep. Each took a sarcophagus. It wasn't until after the items were spilt that Drexol became obsessed with owning both of the sarcophagi, and during the return journey became antagonistic. The two began to fight. To make matters worse, Cloos had fallen in love and married a local girl (also called Ofra), who was travelling home with them. On board *The Far Swan* she and Johannes supported Cloos. This only served to worsen the situation. By the time the ship sailed into Marienburg the two men were on the verge of violence. Drexol's second, Carlos, had seen the change in him and had dared to speak out to him; he was promptly fired.

Both men returned to their homes and began unloading the items. During the unloading, Drexol threatened Johannes (who was in charge). Johannes became worried that Drexol would attempt to steal



the Sarcophagus, and set out to hire some guards. This is where the PCs come in.

Characters' Introduction

The PCs are sitting quietly in an inn, having just finished their dinner. They are relaxing in the near-empty room, whilst people rush past outside. One of the PCs, feeling full and sleepy, stretches out their legs, sticking out from under the table. At that moment a rough looking man (purposefully) trips over the character's foot and stumbles, spilling his own dinner and drink. Angrily he turns around and threatens the PC, accusing them of deliberately tripping him up and laughing at him. He then insults the character.

This is Pablo Divillo, a protagonist looking for trouble. It will be obvious that he is only interested in fighting. He asks the character to step outside to answer for this insult. Pablo is actually working a scam with his partner Mikhail, a pickpocket, and as soon as the fight has begun, Mikhail will take the opportunity to fleece the gathering crowd. One of the purses he attempts to lift will be from a PC.

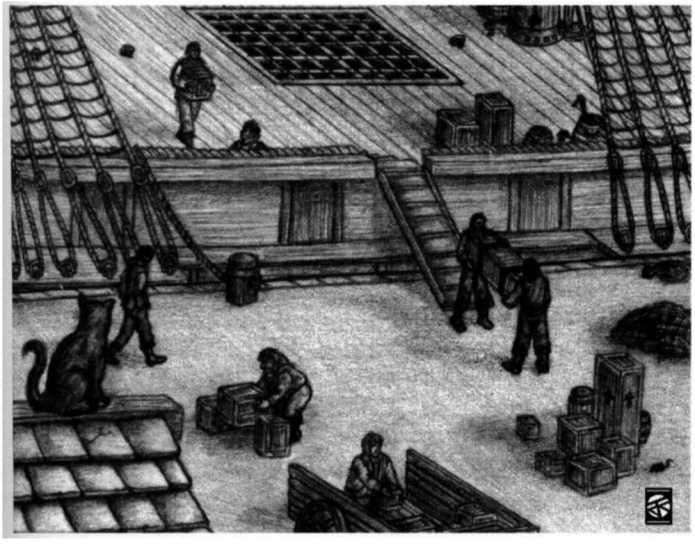
The Clerk

However this situation resolves itself, the PCs will have come to the attention of Johannes Jaegaer. He had stopped at the inn for a stiff drink and quick rest. Johannes is a smartly dressed, pleasant man who will offer to buy them a drink. Once they are gathered around the table, he introduces himself. "I am Johannes Jaegaer, clerk for Master der Cloos of Cloos and Drexol... erm, sorry. Master der Cloos of Cloos exploration." He offers them a brief job (ten Guilders for two hours), which he says may lead to more work.

The Far Swan

Johannes takes the PCs to the Suiddock, telling them on the way that he simply wants them to guard some boxes. He doesn't elaborate on this. They arrive at the busy dockside, where three ships are being unloaded. One of these is *The Far Swan*, an impressive looking ship. A few crewmembers are watching the Stevedores unload the cargo. Johannes walks straight up the gangplank, nodding to a couple of men. He makes his way down to the hold, ensuring that the characters are following. As he does so, he finds himself face to face with two thugs hired by Drexol to watch the box (containing the sarcophagus) while he returns with a wagon (used to carry his own sarcophagus). Johannes orders the characters to pick up the box. One of the thugs steps forward, showing his knuckle-dusters and says, "You'll have to come through us."

Once the PCs have finished with the two thugs, Johannes will get them (or the Stevedores if they complain) to carry the box out into a cart. The box is nine feet long and very heavy, constructed from wooden boards and bound with two thick iron straps.



Drexol

As the box is loaded onto the wagon a richly dressed, middle aged man (Drexol) heads straight for Johannes and launches into a verbal attack on him in Arabic. Any character that understands Arabic will hear they are arguing over rightful ownership of the box. Drexol ends the conversation by swearing and Johannes and then the PCs before storming off. If the PCs attempt to intervene, it will be Johannes who tells them (politely) that this is a private matter and that they should get back to the job they were hired for – a comment that sets Drexol off again.

The journey back to the house is uneventful, although Johannes constantly looks around nervously.

Cloos

The cart pulls up outside a large well-to-do house in the Handelaarmarkt borough of the city, and Johannes gets off, just as a visibly distraught, middle-aged woman (Cloos' housekeeper) flings open the door. She rushes to Johannes, explaining, "Master Cloos has collapsed, Herr Jaegaer! You must call a physician!" Johannes asks one of the characters to fetch Herr Auben, Cloos' personal physician, who lives a couple of streets away, before he rushes inside.

Inside, Cloos is lying on the floor of his study, his wife pouring drink from a hip flask into his mouth. He looks pale and is shaking, staring vacantly into the distance. Any character with *Heal Wounds* and *surgery* will be able to make him comfortable. A close examination will also show he has had a heart attack.

When the distinguished and friendly looking Herr Auben arrives he checks Cloos quickly and then asks the PCs to carry him to his bedroom. Once there, he sends everyone out of the room except for the housekeeper. However, his wife, Ofra, refuses to leave, and a frantic argument (with Johannes translating from Arabic) takes place between her and the doctor. It is soon over, and she stays.

As the physician carries out his job, Johannes gets the PCs to finish theirs. He asks them to carry the box to the basement. While they are carrying it down Johannes will happily answer any questions about Cloos and the journey. However, if asked what is in the box, he will just be non-committal and say, "various artefacts". The cult of Mórr does not look kindly on the raiding of old tombs. Arguments about the fine line between grave robbing and archaeology rarely convince them. Businessmen in this line of work find that it is simply better not to tell many people about their goods.

The cellar is huge (Cloos bought the neighbour's basement, too, removing most of the adjoining wall and blocking off their entrances), and is filled with a massive array of artefacts from the Southlands, Cathay and Araby. Johannes gets them to place the box in the middle of the floor. When they have finished, he thanks them, but explains apologetically that he cannot pay them just yet as Cloos has the key to the safe. He asks them to return in the morning, when Cloos will have recovered enough to hand over the key, at which point they will be fully paid.

If the PCs decide to watch the house, they will be arrested/chased off by a patrol of Black Caps (Marienburg's version of the Watch) led by Sergeant Lhimes. Incarceration will end with a five Guilder fine for disturbing the peace.

Next Morning

As the PCs make their way to the house the next morning a carriage,

going in the opposite direction, passes them. Anyone making a successful *Initiative* test will recognise the occupant as Fredrick Drexol.

When they reach the house, a visibly upset Johannes opens the door. He stares at them for a moment, but before he can speak Sergeant Lhimes interrupts. Lhimes invites them in, and they see three other watchmen standing around. Lhimes starts questioning the PCs – who they are, what they are doing here, and so on. Johannes will confirm their stories by nodding. Once satisfied that the PCs know nothing, he will explain what has happened. "Herr Cloos was found dead in his study early this morning. The door was broken down, but he was unmarked."

(In case the PCs are getting ahead of themselves, Lhimes will dismiss any explanations involving undead mummies rampaging through the night as simply daft. Johannes will agree with him. Should the PCs insist that they check the basement, they will find the box is still locked with the iron straps firmly in place. "So you want me to believe, this.... this thing, burst from the box, killed Herr Cloos and then nailed itself back in, hmmm?")

"He wishes me dead"

Once he has questioned the PCs, Lhimes asks them to leave, and makes his exit. Johannes hands them the money they are owed and thanks them. However, as they are making their way out, the newly widowed Ofra appears at the top of the stairs; there is also an older man standing behind her. She looks upset and calls down in Arabic to Johannes. He turns to the party and translates, "Frau Cloos would like you to stay. She would like to talk to you all." Ofra disappears again and Frau Steper (the housekeeper) makes her way downstairs to make the PCs some lunch. If they have not found out some of the background story on Cloos, Drexol & Ofra by now, the housekeeper can fill them in.

She says that Drexol and Cloos have been business partners for many years. They would travel to the New World and the Southlands to search for treasure. Drexol is from a wealthy noble family in The Empire and funded the expeditions, while Cloos provided the expertise. Their relationship was often tense, but on the last trip they seemed to reach irreconcilable differences. During the expedition, Cloos met Ofra, a local woman who had been recently widowed. With the blessing of the family, Cloos and Ofra were married. She is very young and beautiful and both Steper and Johannes will speculate that the real reason for the dispute was Ofra. Stepner is convinced Drexol was intensely jealous, and Johannes will agree, although he knows the real arguments were over the ownership of the box.

A little while after lunch, Steper announces that Ofra is ready to receive them in the drawing room. Johannes stands at her shoulder. She is composed, and stares intently at the party. An older man sits across the room. He stands as the PCs enter and introduces himself as Oswald Kant, lawyer for the Cloos family. He explains that Frau Cloos has a business proposition to put to them. He sits, and Ofra begins to speak. She pauses every couple of sentences so that Johannes can translate.

She wants to hire the PCs as bodyguards, to protect her until after the will has been read. She believes that Drexol wishes her dead and that he murdered her husband. Her husband had changed his will so she inherited everything, including half of the Drexol-Cloos partnership (which was never officially dissolved). However, if she were to die before the reading of the will, then under Marienburg law (albeit an obscure one) Drexol would gain total control. He could also argue ("as in the case of van Deert vs. van Deert", interjects Kant) that Cloos' possessions were the results of mutual trading, and so therefore part-owned by Drexol. If she is asked why Cloos and Drexol argued, she blames the sarcophagus.

Should the PCs accept, they will have be given the two guest bedrooms to share. They will be well paid for the three days until the reading of the will (amount at the GM's discretion) and will have all their meals provided. Kant and Johannes leave, while Ofra retires to her room.

If the PCs try to visit Drexol, he will be unavailable. At this point there is no way they will be able to see him. If they persist, the Watch will be called without hesitation.

Should the PCs wish to open the box they will have to do it in secret – Johannes will not give permission. Once the iron straps are broken it will not be possible to get them back on. Once inside the box, they will discover that the sarcophagus lid has been engraved with story of Ofra and Omar. It is written in hieroglyphics and will take an expert in this field to decipher it.

Note: You may not want the PCs to know the full story of Ofra and Omar until it is obvious that there are two sarcophagi. However, once the names are learnt the PCs may believe that Ofra Cloos is possessed by the spirit of Ofra (due to the same name), or that they may be able to use Ofra Cloos to control Omar (which she cannot). If you think that having identical names is too much like a 'Hammer House of Horror' film, then change one of the names to Akasha, or another Arabic name.

Love will tear us apart

So who killed Cloos? Omar did. When the two sarcophagi were separated, Omar was awakened. He is driven to revenge himself on those that have separated him and his beloved. As well as Cloos, he has already killed Carlos, Drexol's second. Carlos was robbed by the landlord (who found the body), and buried in a pauper's grave. Friends will not find his disappearance surprising – after being sacked, he had intended to leave town anyway. Omar still intends to kill Drexol, Johannes and Ofra.

Drexol has managed to avoid him so far simply by not being near the sarcophagus of Princess Ofra. Omar was drawn by his beloved's presence, but when he arrived, he was overheard by Cloos. Cloos opened the door to find out what the noise was – at which point Omar chased Cloos to the study, breaking down the door. Cloos' weak heart gave out and he died before Omar touched him. Ofra was saved by Lhimes' passing watch patrol, which scared Omar off. However, Lhimes chose not to investigate until later.

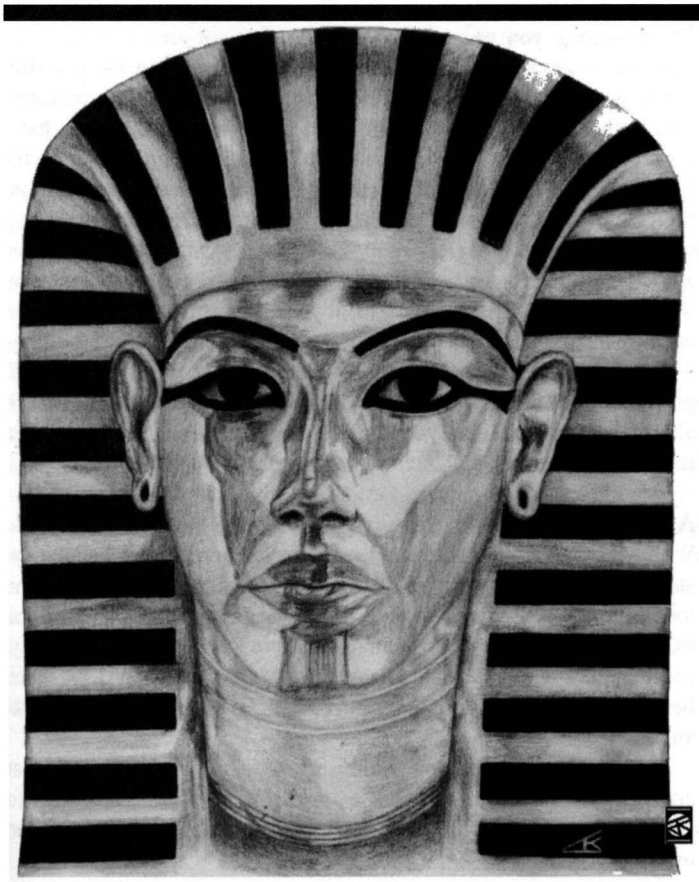
Should the PCs decide at any point to destroy the Princess's body, they are added to Omar's list for vengeance. Reuniting the two sarcophagi will not satisfy the mummy; revenge will still be exacted on all those who offended.

In the heat of the night

Later that night, any PCs who remained awake will hear sounds – this is a gang of four thugs hired by Drexol to steal the sarcophagus. Drexol has told them that the house only has a woman living in it and that they should have no problems retrieving the box for him.

Once they realise that there is more than just a lone female in the house they will try and get away. They will fight, but would rather escape if they can. If captured, they will say they were just burgling the house. If they think it will help them get away they will give the PCs Drexol's name.

If/once they are handed over to the watch, they will clam up. They



know that anything they say will just get them put in front of the magistrate.

The Funeral

The next morning is Cloos' funeral. This takes place in the Deedesveld Graveyard, and is well attended. Ofra rises early to ready herself (with Frau Steper's help). Johannes arrives at eight, and Kant an hour later. When Kant arrives, he asks two PCs to guard the house while the others escort Ofra to the funeral.

Kant has arranged a couple of carriages and they are the last to arrive at the Graveyard. An initiate of Mórr greets Ofra and escorts her to the site, where the cleric awaits. Around sixty mourners have gathered, including members of the *Far Swan* crew. Drexol is also there, accompanied by a mean looking bodyguard, and stares at Ofra throughout the service.

When it is over, many of the mourners give their condolences to Ofra (Johannes translates) and the *Far Swan's* captain presents her with a talisman of Manann to protect her. Drexol waits for everyone else to finish (and the clerics to disappear) before approaching Ofra and offering to buy the sarcophagus. When she refuses, he will raise the price a couple of times, and then storms off, enraged.

Followed

As the group returns home, Ofra asks the carriage to stop, and requests that one PC escorts her whilst she sees something of Marienburg. Johannes makes to accompany them, but she refuses, and leaves.

Ofra just wants to get away from the house and see the city. Wherever the PC takes her she will be happy with. Marienburg is unlike anything she has seen before and she is fascinated by it. She will pay for all expenses. If you wish you could have her go missing briefly – when she has, for example, stopped to see a street entertainer.

As night falls, the PC will begin to feel uncomfortable, as if being watched. It will be late evening when Ofra is ready to return, at which point she gestures until the PC realises she wishes to walk back. By now, the PC should be certain they are being followed, and every shadow should seem like a threat. Ofra will sense it too, and will start to get panicky. This will blossom into great relief as they finally arrive back at the house.

The mummy is in fact following them. If other characters are trailing the PCs the mummy should attack one of them unseen, knocking them unconscious but not causing any real damage.

Next Day

The only incident of note the next day is a visit by Drexol, who arrives with two heavies and asks to see Ofra. When she refuses, he becomes demanding and then abusive. Some of this will be directed towards the PCs. Eventually he storms off, saying, "Tell her, I'll see her tomorrow."

Oswald Kant arrives in the evening with Johannes to explain the procedure for tomorrow's reading of the will. Ofra asks for an explanation of the legal points, and the translations stretch into early morning. Ofra insists that one of the PCs escorts Kant home. The city is covered by early morning mist and few people are around, although the player may be worried.

That Night

During the night, Omar attacks Drexol. Rising, he encountered two servants and a guard, whom he proceeded to tear apart. Drexol was in his bedroom and heard the screams; looking out he saw walls covered in blood and a shape coming out of the shadows. Trapped, he panicked and escaped by leaping through the window. Unfortunately, this was the first floor, and he was hurt in the fall.

Day of the Will

As dawn rises over the city, twenty members of the watch approach the Cloos household. They are led by Sergeant Lhimes, ready for a fight. Drexol has accused the PCs of trying to kill him, and Lhimes has decided the PCs are probably to blame for all three murders and the attempted murder of Drexol (a noble).

What happens depends on the PCs reaction, and how they have dealt with Lhimes previously. Both Ofra and Kant can give them an alibi. Should the PCs decide to run or fight, there are twelve men out the front and eight at the back. Such action is guaranteed to get them thrown in jail.

Jail

This is the worst possible outcome for the PCs. Even if the mummy carries out its remaining murders, the PCs will not be excused for the crimes already committed. If this happens, there is a very real possibility they will end up swinging on a rope.

The Reading of the Will

The PCs will escort Ofra to Kant's office. Drexol has hired a desperate villain named Otto to kill her. If the PCs are with her, he starts towards her (drawing the PCs' attention) and then chickens out. If not, he stabs her and runs. This will only result in a minor wound; Ofra will still attend the reading.

Inside the office, the PCs are expected to stand back. Present are Oswald Kant, Drexol's lawyer ("Kappatt of Kappatt, Kappatt, Kappatt & Kappatt"), two second cousins and Frau Steper. There is an empty

chair next to Kappatt, which is for Drexol.

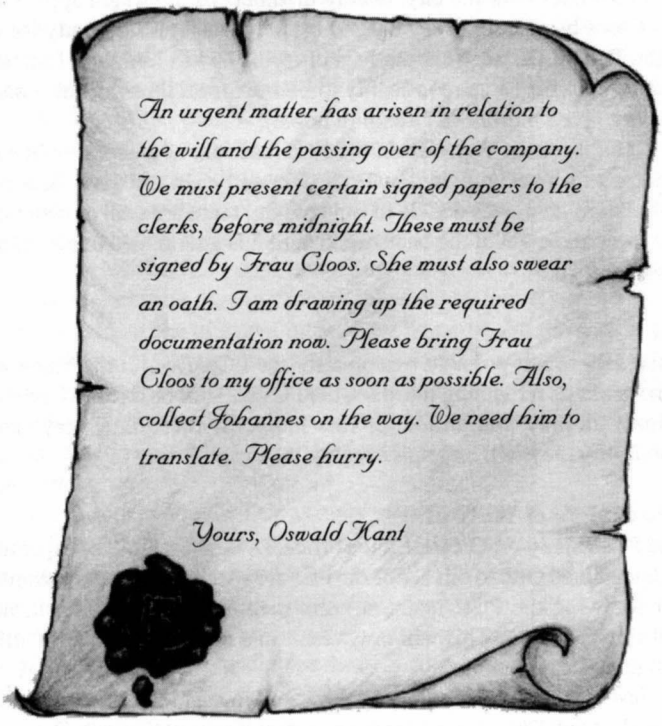
Once Ofra and Johannes have taken their seats, Kant begins. "This will was written by the late Arno Cloos while on *The Far Swan*. It was witnessed by the Captain & First Mate, and conforms to Marienburg law. It reads as follows:

I, Arno Cloos of Marienburg, being of sound mind and body, leave my worldly possessions as follows. To Ernst Cloos, Ingo Tager and Nadja Cloos I leave 100 Guilders each. To Frau Steper I leave 100 Guilders and the painting by Jorgen Korff that hangs in the drawing room. To my loyal friend Johannes Jaegaer I leave 250 Guilder, and ten per cent of my share in the company. To Oswald Kant, my oldest friend, I leave 500 Guilders. Finally, everything else that I own, I leave to my wife Ofra Cloos.

At that moment Drexol bursts into the room, angry and bandaged. "I object to this! The company is mine! I built it up, and she has no part in it. This woman turned my friend against me and then murdered him. It is obvious. I mean, she even got her lackey thugs to break into my house and attack me!"

What happens now depends very much on the PCs' reactions. There is little Drexol can actually do at this point except rant and rave. Drexol becomes abusive and ignores Kant's requests to leave. As the situation gets out of hand, Kappatt gets up and whispers in Drexol's ear. Drexol looks surprised and Kappatt smiles and nods. Drexol bursts out laughing and leaves.

This should worry everyone. Kappatt has found a loophole in the law that means that Drexol will gain complete control of the company. An archaic inheritance law requires women under 25 who inherit business interests to sign a form and swear an oath at the records office. This oath is to say that, should she be found unfit to run the business, the role will be handed on to the partners of the company to manage on her behalf. Additionally - and this is what so delighted Drexol - this oath has to be sworn on the day the will was read, or the woman's rights to the inheritance are forfeit, meaning that Drexol would own the whole business.



The Eternal Guard - Player Handout One

"We're letting you go"

Back at the house, Johannes asks the players to sit in the drawing room, as Frau Cloos wishes to speak to them. Ofra enters minutes later and says, in broken Old Worlder, "Thank you for all you have done. It means much to me." She then continues in Arabic, with Johannes translating. She explains that she has hired a professional bodyguard, starting tomorrow. She then pays the PCs in full, including the money for tonight (they will be required to stay until the guard arrives). If they have got on well with Ofra and been efficient, she will give up to a 25% bonus. Also, at your discretion, she hands them each a "Fazti". This is a stone that the giver carves, filling the lines with red dye. It is given to friends who are parting, and is supposed to give luck. This is simply a gift of friendship; it has no in-game benefit although, if you wished, you could allow it to affect a player's dice roll in a similar way to a luck point (once).

A Sub-Clause

Whether or not anyone asks Kant to look into the will after the incident at the reading, he takes it upon himself to do so. After finding the loophole, a clerk will be sent to deliver a message to Ofra and the PCs, asking them to go at once to the Hall of Records. Unfortunately, another clerk who happened to overhear this exchange has long since been in Drexol's pay, and warns his boss, who takes the chance to set an ambush.

The young clerk arrives with the message (*player handout one*) at around ten o'clock. He then leaves for home. It is addressed to whichever character Kant believes has acted most responsibly. The message reads:

"An urgent matter has arisen in relation to the will and the passing over of the company. We must present certain signed papers to the clerks, before midnight. These must be signed by Frau Cloos. She must also swear an oath. I am drawing up the required documentation now. Please bring Frau Cloos to my office as soon as possible. Also, collect Johannes on the way. We need him to translate. Please hurry. Yours, Oswald Kant"

Johannes, Omar and some heavies

Outside in the night, rain is pouring down. After a minute or so outside, the PCs will be soaked through.

The quickest way to Johannes' is by carriage, but it is not too far to walk. In the alleyways (out of sight) are Drexol's thugs (two more than there are PCs). Their leader watches Johannes' house, ready to signal the moment that the PCs enter. As he does so, a cart will pull in front of the carriage and the thugs will attack. Their primary purpose is to kill Ofra.

An added complication is that Omar has broken into Johannes' house and attacked him. As the PCs arrive, they hear a crash and shout from upstairs. When they get upstairs, Omar is standing over Johannes (*Terror* tests). At some point the thugs attack – leaving the PCs in the midst of a free-for-all. (If only one or two players rushed upstairs, separate them from the others.) The thug's primary target is Ofra.

Unless the players distract the mummy immediately he will kill Johannes and then, sensing Ofra, will attempt to kill her too. He will flee if things look too dangerous. The thugs will also flee if the battle starts to turn against them.

What now?

The PCs may end up in a three-way battle. If they are having trouble destroying the mummy, escape will probably be the best option.

The PCs only have an hour to get to the hall of records so that Ofra can sign the papers. Johannes will be (at the very least) unconscious and the GM must decide on whether players need to find another Arabic speaker. You could even get the PCs to explain by sign language.

Leading the mummy to the Temple of Mórr is another option. If the PCs manage to do this, the clerics will be able to deal with the creature. However, only a single initiate is on duty and (unless presented with evidence) will take some convincing to get more senior clerics.

The Future

If the mummy is not destroyed, it will continue with its plan to kill Ofra and Drexol (and Johannes, if he survived the earlier attack). If Ofra is alive and has signed the papers, she will take control of half the company. The company will then be successfully spilt. If she doesn't sign the papers, she will still get part of the company, but only after a long, drawn out legal battle. Drexol, meanwhile, becomes increasingly unstable. He blames the PCs for his failure, and has enough money to make their lives miserable.

Experience Points

These are for the GM to decide.

THE CAST

Jaap
Pickpocket and Scamster

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	28	46	2	2	6	57	1	55	20	31	26	35	40

Alignment: Neutral (Ranald)
Skills: Dodge Blow, Lightening reflexes, pickpocket, sixth sense, Secret Signs-Thieves
Equipment: Throwing knives

Jaap is a local pickpocket who works in partnership with Pablo. He spent his youth in street gangs but was always too small and weak for the associated violence. Standing at five feet tall, he is ill and weak looking. He also suffers from asthma, which means he gets out of breath very quickly. He always dresses well, which means that people often ignore him.

He is a very good pickpocket, with a sharp eye for potential victims. He has become great friends with Pablo and feels much more confident when he is around. Should the PCs catch him but treat him kindly, Pablo will not hold it against them.

Pablo Divillo
Protagonist and Scamster

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	42	23	4	4	8	45	2	40	24	24	30	41	30

Alignment: Neutral
Skills: Disarm, Dodge Blow, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Specialist Weapon - two-handed, parrying weapons
Equipment: Sword, left hand dagger, chain shirt

Pablo is an Estalian immigrant who has fallen on hard times after arriving to find a new future in Marienburg. Standing at six feet tall, he appears scruffy and slightly unhinged. Constant stubble fails to hide a mass of scars around his face. He speaks little, lacking confidence in the few scraps of Old Worlder he knows. He looks to Jaap for advice and guidance, trusting him totally. He is happy to go along with this current scam, as he knows his talent is fighting.

Johannes Jaegaer
Faithful Friend

Johannes is five and a half feet tall but walks with a slight stoop. His hair is slicked sideways, and he always wears simple black clothing. He has been a steadfast employee and friend to Cloos over the years. He is both intelligent and loyal, speaking a number of languages fluently. He loves travelling and is an expert on the culture of Araby.

Johannes is single, never having found the time to settle down. It is not something he regrets, being happy to spend his life working and in research. He is also a follower of an Arabic God, although only Cloos knew this.

Arno Cloos
Explorer & Corpse

Arno Cloos is a distinguished looking man in his early forties. His hair is white and balding, his face gaunt. This is the result of a tropical disease he suffered six years ago whilst in the Southlands. He was lucky to survive, and was permanently weakened by it. He dresses simply but smartly, and is rarely seen without his wide brimmed hat. He also carries a short sword and left-handed dagger. The only piece of jewellery he wears is a wedding ring. Ofra has an identical one.

Cloos is a kind and honourable man. He is also very proud, and hates anyone helping him. He is deeply in love with Ofra, but is also saddened by the breakdown in his relationship with Drexol. He hopes to resolve their differences after a break away from the confines of the ship.

From the age of sixteen he adventured across the world. Five years later, he meet Roberto Pieri, an experienced explorer. For ten years Roberto became his mentor and taught Cloos many secrets and lessons. When pirates killed Roberto, Cloos travelled to Marienburg where he met his old friend Fredrick Drexol and founded their partnership.

Oswald Kant
Lawyer

Oswald is a dignified looking man of sixty-two years of age. He is always calm and quick on the uptake, and is completely loyal to his long-standing customers (of which Arno Cloos was one). He will

extend this loyalty to Ofra. Away from work he lives alone – the death of his son thirty years ago has cast a long shadow over his life. He does not get involved with criminal law. He intends to carrying on practising until no longer capable.

Fredrick Drexol
Explorer & Bad Guy

Fredrick has just turned fifty, but is often mistaken for a younger man.

He wears his hair short, with a neatly trimmed beard (no moustache). He dresses in the finest clothes, often wearing fine suits trimmed with lace in the Bretonnian style. He also wears lots of jewellery, including elaborate rings and earrings. He carries a finely carved walking stick, topped with a rock from a volcano he climbed. (This counts as a mace.)

Drexol was born to a minor noble family in the Empire. Although his title officially means nothing in Marienburg, it still lends some authority. However, he does not boast of this fact.

He spent the early years of his life partying. From reading, his desire to see the world grew. He first met Cloos when he hired him to sort out the problem of a jealous husband. When the pair met years later, he saw his opportunity.

Drexol is opinionated, petty, obnoxious, and increasingly paranoid. His one love in life has been exploring, which always brought out the best in him. During expeditions, he is brave, resourceful, reliable and generally a perfect companion.

Ofra Cloos
Widow

Ofra is the daughter of a port official in Araby. She is very beautiful,

almost fragile-looking. Although she had turned down many suitors, she fell in love with Cloos almost immediately, and the two were soon married. Whilst highly intelligent and emotionally very strong, she remains slightly afraid of the city. She also feels cut off because she cannot yet speak the language. She dislikes Drexol, but trusts Johannes completely.

In order to deal with her husband's death, she will involve herself completely with the business. She will wear black for a year after the death. Although she knows much of her nation's history, little is known about the pyramids that pre-date it. They are spoken of as belonging to the 'Old Ones'.

Frau Steper
House Keeper

Edith Steper has been Arno Cloos' housekeeper for twelve years. She firmly believes in keeping a professional distance, although time has brought them closer than most masters and servants. She is in her early fifties and is short, with a worn face. She wears a brooch of Shallya. She lives with her husband and youngest daughter; the other four children have moved elsewhere in the city.

Sergeant Lhimes
Watch Sergeant

Sergeant Lhimes is a long-standing Sergeant of the Suiddock Black Caps. With his huge handlebar moustache and brusque manner it is hard to imagine him ever being anything else. He has served his whole adult life with the local watch, and is completely loyal and incorruptible. He tends to treat everyone else like children, and firmly believes life is black and white. Although he believes in the existence of the undead, he firmly rejects the idea that such things will ever be found in his city.

Omar
The Mummy

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	43	0	4	5	25	40	2	24	89	63	43	89	0

Alignment: Kill all, Protect Ofra
Special: Causes Terror

Omar's one purpose is to hunt down and kill those who have separated him from his beloved. Once this is done he will return to her side. His

actions are not entirely rational - he has, after all, been dead for centuries, and has had his brain removed.

Omar's abilities are not entirely standard, which should keep players on their toes. Some of his weaknesses have also been removed (but could be re-introduced), and flammability could be avoided by either having him wear a ceremonial head-dress and robe (which aren't flammable), or by having the rain and mist of Marienburg soak into his bandages.

Although most mummies are subject to stupidity, Omar is not. He has a very clear purpose, and is simply going to carry this out.

Thugs
Rough, Mean & Ready

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	42	25	3	4	7	40	1	43	24	29	24	43	43

Skills: As you see fit.
At docks: Club, dagger, leather jack
In house: Sword, dagger, leather jack
In ambush: Sword, shield, leather jack

These are local roughs, hired by Drexol (directly or indirectly) to do his dirty work. Most are out-of-work labourers, sailors, dockworkers and the like. Their primary loyalty is to their own skins, and generally they are mean and vicious.

ONE HOUR (TO) MÓRR

A Scenario by John Foody

The blood hunter. I had read vague references to these in Ali Mustpah's text, but there was no conformation of their existence. Now I know why. They always take their prey. Mustpah speculated that it was one of Khorne's brood, although to my mind, it shows one or two marked differences from others of that ilk. They exhibit

The sands run faster now. It is too hot here – a miserable place to die. Soon, it will come for me. I have run long enough. Something... gathers in the corner of the room, making solid from nothing; it i

Surviving fragments from the final entry in the journal of Demonologist Andreas Kraken

This short scenario is set in the Imperial City of Nuln, but can easily be moved to any location. However, if the setting lacks a bridge (e.g. Middenheim or Talabheim) you will certainly have to modify one section. The scenario has been designed to be played in a short period of time and does require the GM to lead the players by their noses. This does not mean that they should be safe from the consequences of their own actions, though. I have adapted the normal rules for summoning demons, as they didn't suit my purpose for this adventure.

Adventure Outline

One Hour (To) Mórr concerns the desire of a chaos cult known as The Third Eye to find an incriminating piece of paper they have mislaid. To this end they resort to summoning a demon to retrieve it and kill the bearer. When the demon comes a-hunting, the piece of paper will be in a PC's hand. However the summoning will be performed incorrectly and the demon will temporarily disappear, promising to return in one hour...

The PCs therefore have one hour to track down the cultists and halt the ceremony to re-summon the demon, since it is now too late to stop the hunt by destroying the piece of paper. The party will be involved in a mad dash across the city until they come face to face with the cult.

PART 1
RUY'S SCARED

Careless Talk Costs Lives

The local Third Eye cult (see page 90 for full details) is in trouble. This all started when one of the leaders of the cult, Mannfred Rottlander (known as The Third Chancellor), grew tired of juggling the responsibilities of the Third Eye, the Purple Hand and his job as a master of the Boatmen's Guild. To make his life easier he made a list of all those members who owed membership fees and placed the list in his safe.

However, a couple of days later, two thieves broke into Mannfred's house. Having been tipped off by a disgruntled servant, they soon found the safe. As the paper was the only item in it, they assumed it was valuable and decided to blackmail the owner. Mannfred was deeply afraid, knowing that he had placed his Third Eye group in extreme danger, and agreed to pay the money.

However, when it came to the meeting, Mannfred panicked and changed his mind. He stabbed the thief, and searched the body, but did not find the note. When he realised how foolish he had been, he was still too afraid to run; instead, he went to the Purple Hand and told all. They in turn did not wish to sacrifice this particular cell of Third Eye cultists since they had their own plans for them. Instead, they set about finding the list of names. Before long, they passed the name of the dead thief's long time accomplice – Ruy Paulsen – to the Third Eye.

Ruy Paulsen

Paulsen is a small time crook who has suddenly found himself in way over his head. With his partner and friend dead, Ruy went underground in a safe house, only narrowly escaping with his life after an obvious internal betrayal. Now he cannot trust anyone, but he has heard that an old friend is in town. Completely out of options, he has decided to pay this friend a visit. This old friend will be one of the PCs, ideally one that owes him a favour. He may even be a friend of a character's parents. Whatever the link, make it clear that the PC has always thought of Paulsen as reliable and honourable.

The Players' Introduction

Ruy Paulsen, an old friend, has contacted you. He wished to meet you here in the Stag's Head. The Inn is packed when you arrive, but you are shown to an empty booth, and as you take your seat, Ruy slips in. He looks extremely nervous, and when a tray of drinks is placed on the table, he jumps! *"I haven't much time, for I have to meet a friend in a hour. I'm in trouble; someone is after me, and I think it's because of this."* He pulls out a scroll case and from it takes out a page containing a list of letters. You assume that it must be written in some sort of code. *"You must help me, they've killed Dagmar and tried to get me. All for this piece of paper!"*

Ruy answers any questions that are put to him as best he can, although he will not say who he is going to meet (in fact, it is a boatman that can get him out of the city). He says he "obtained" the information from a house in a well-to-so part of town, and gives them the address (11 Rillingheim Platz). He admits that he and Dagamr broke in and opened the safe. All that was inside was this piece of paper. Now Dagmar is dead and 'they' (he does not know who) are after him. He begs the PCs to meet him at a ten-thirty at a friend's smithy. That is in five hours – he hopes that the PCs will have come up with some useful information by then.

11 Rillingheim Platz

Mannfred Rottlander's house stands silent. In the street his neighbour plays with her two children. She is happy to talk to polite PCs, and tells them that Herr Rottlander has gone away. She saw him leave with packed bags only this morning. She can also tell them that he lives on his own, is very pleasant, but keeps himself to himself. He works for the Boatman's Guild, whose headquarters are down by the docks.

If the PCs search the house they will find a trap door under the mat in the dining room. This leads down into a small room containing a desk and a chair. Rottlander has cleared this room of all the papers that were stored here, as well as his robes, etc. However, down the back of one of the drawers (where it fell in the hurry to pack) is the cipher to the code. With this the PCs, will be able decode the piece of paper, showing it to be a list of names. Amongst these are Karina Schud, Darp Schneer, Georg Knopp, Hans von Strider and Dieter Herzog (this last is crossed out, as he paid up) – see Player Handout One. In the fireplace scraps of documents can be found. These include one burnt scrap of paper which says, *'mony of the Third Ey.' & 'ites and inc'* – see Player Handout Two.

The List of Names

The PCs now have a list of names, but no indication of what they mean or how they might be involved with the threat to Paulsen. Thus the next step is to track down some of those on the list. This will prove quite a difficult task, as population records (such as births, etc.) are erratically kept. Even if such records were accurate, the PCs will not be able to access them in the short period of time before they meet Ruy again. Allow the PCs to do what they want here for they are bound to come up with something clever.

Going to the guilds is a good idea, as they all keep lists of their members. However, there is no guarantee that one of the names is a guild member. By the time they've passed over a few bribes, they will soon tire of this avenue (especially since most shrewd clerks will probably just say, 'I'll just go and check', disappear into a back room, make some noises for a short while and then come out shaking his head).

Asking the Watch is another possibility. They recongise the name

THE THIRD EYE

And although both my eyes are closed,
I can see the changes he will bring,
Hail Tzeentch,
Let him speak and I will listen.
The Oath of Joining.

The Third Eye is a cult dedicated to the worship of Tzeentch. It works towards the collapse of The Empire by infiltrating positions of authority. If this sounds familiar, it should, for it mirrors the goals of the Purple Hand. Many observers believe it is an offshoot, although it does not seem to have gained the same measure of power and influence, in spite of being quite widely spread.

This observation is only partially correct. The Third Eye is tightly controlled by the Purple Hand and fulfils a number of functions for them. The reason that it has not gained the same measure of power is that those that have shown their loyalty are promoted into the Purple Hand. The Third Eye acts a testing ground for new recruits, checking their loyalty and resolve without ever showing them too much. It has proved especially useful in identifying infiltrators from other cults or the law. Cells are usually only set up in large towns and cities where the Purple Hand is already well established.

It also acts as a fall guy to protect the main cult. The Purple Hand have no hesitation in leading the authorities to members of the Third Eye should investigations into any of their schemes get a little too close. This sometimes has the added benefit of making one of their own members look good as they uncover these evil schemes, and may lead to a promotion or two.

The Purple Hand also uses members of the cult as heavies. Large numbers of the lower membership have no real chance of gaining any sort of power useful to The Purple Hand, and thus are used as muscle instead.

Each branch of The Third Eye is led by 'The Third Magister', seconded by the 'The Third Chancellor'. The chancellor controls the finances, most of which will find its way into the coffers of the Purple Hand. Both of these will be dedicated members of the Purple Hand. The third position of command is the 'Voice of the Eye'. He is treated as the senior of 'The Third Magister' and a direct link to the Great Changer – however, he is rarely seen by the members (and then always masked). It is simply a means for the Purple Hand to control the cell should the Magister and Chancellor become unable to lead.

Reporting to the ruling trinity are the three 'Wardens of the Eye', organising members and passing on commands from the leadership. The Wardens will normally be selected from those considered loyal and intelligent but just not yet useful enough to become full members of the Purple Hand.

Below these is the general membership of the Third Eye. They wear red robes but no other symbols. A newcomer is shown the different ceremonies slowly so that they are not shocked. By the time forbidden rituals are held they will already be in too deep.

That the Purple Hand controls the Third Eye should be difficult to discover, and therefore they should be generally considered a different cult. This relationship is also confused by the fact that some places have more than one Third Eye group. This is to make sure any losses are minimised if the group is infiltrated or arrested.

Karina Schud. Locally, she is known for running 'The Moon's Oar', one of the best bars in the city.

The Boatman's Guild

Nothing of any interest can be discovered here. The staff on duty say that Rottlander recently received some bad news and had resigned his post. He was to journey to Talabheim to visit a sick relative. He has been a loyal and competent employee for twelve years.

The Moon's Oar

Located near the docks, The Moon's Oar is frequented by boatmen and stevedores looking for cheap drink and large portions of food. It opens all day and is full most of the time. The atmosphere is pleasant and trouble is rare. The ale is shipped in from Averheim, and is of excellcent quality, while the resident Halfling chef serves large and tasty portions of good simple food. Karina is well liked by her customers and staff. They will react badly to any high-handed tactics from the PCs, who, if they try anything untoward, will rapidly find themselves outnumbered and out-fisted.

When they arrive, Karina will be happy to talk to the PCs. She will be surprised that her name is on any list but denies knowing Mannfred Rottlander. If asked to look at the list, she says she cannot read. If the names are read to her, she says that she recognises the name of Darp Schneer. If pushed, she will confess that she had an affair with him some ten years ago, yet believed no one knew of this. She says that the other names mean nothing to her. This is a pack of lies – but she had to think of an excuse to cover her surprise. She recognises all the names as members of The Third Eye. In fact, she has been summoned to a emergency meeting tonight, but she had no idea why. She will give the PCs Schneer's address, which is half an hour away, although she says she does not know if he still lives there.

Darp's Address

The address Schud has given them leads to a fishmonger's. (Perhaps he sells red Herrings?) The couple who live here are in bed by the time the PCs arrive, and it will take a fair amount of racket to rouse them. They deny ever having heard of Darp Schneer, Karina Schud, or anyone else on the list, for that matter. They have lived and worked here for twenty-two years.

Ten-Thirty

It is now time to meet Paulsen. When they arrive at the smithy, the blacksmith is watching out for them. He doesn't say much, and asks no questions. Since Ruy has vouched for them he will leave them alone to wait for the meeting and head upstairs to his family. Outside, it is starting to rain.

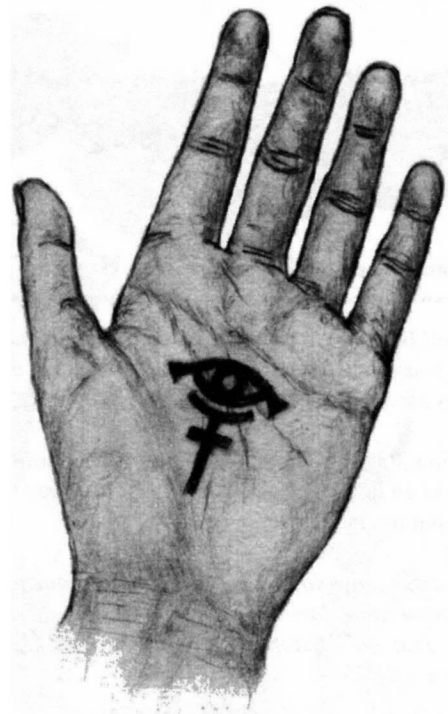
PART 2
THE PC'S ARE SCARED, TOO

The Attack

The following text has been written as a narrative for you to read out. If you do not wish to do this, feel free to improvise some other description that covers the basic facts.

The time for meeting Ruy passes. In the distance, clearly heard throught the quietness of the city, a clock strikes a quarter to eleven. The streets around the blacksmiths are empty, and rain lashes on the cobbles outside. However, the forge fills the room with warmth even though it has been left unattended for two hours.

Minutes pass, and still there is no sign of Ruy. As you wait, each of you begins to feel a chill. Strangely, you notice the air thickening and becoming warmer. Each of you starts to sweat. You also finding yourself having to try hard to quell a rising feeling of panic.



One Hour (to) Mórr – Player Handout Three

At this point PCs with insanities may start to exhibit mild symptoms. For example, those with frenzy begin to feel they are slipping out of control, those with claustrophobia begin to feel the room is becoming too small and crowded. The exact details are left to the GM.

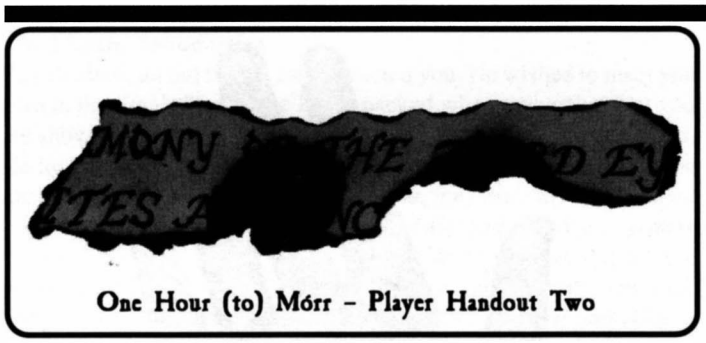
Sparks start to crackle in the air and the space in the centre of the room begins to visibly thicken into a blackness. It suddenly disappears and the room temperature quickly returns to normal. You relax and wonder what just happened.

Without warning the hair on your arms and necks rise and shivers run down your spine. Emerging from nowhere into the centre of the room stands a seven-foot tall hideously vicious creature. Standing on hooves, a spiked ridge runs down its back with bones showing through the tight blood red skin. It takes a step forward, raises its arms and shows the large hooked claws at the end of each. Then its opens its mouth to show four rows of pointed teeth, speaking with a voice seemingly made of blades: "I have come for you".

This is the demon summoned by the Third Eye to retrieve the note stolen form Rottlander's home. Without a pause, it leaps forward, launching an attack on the character with the note. It is oblivious to the other party members unless they intervene directly between the hunter and his prey.

However, because The Third Eyes' summoning was incorrect, the demon is highly unstable and all attacks from and towards it are 75% likely to simply pass through the target. This makes the demon more and more enraged. (Make much of the fact the characters can sometimes see through bits of his body.) In 1d3+2 (or the GMs choice) rounds the demon disappears, screaming in agony and distorting strangely (each watcher should pass a *Cool* test or gain 1 insanity point). As he does so he speaks:

"The fools have got it wrong! Aarrrrggghhh, No matter! One hour



and you shall be mine, for I have your aarrrrrgh, your blood scent. One hour – you will be mine!" Then it is gone, and in the distance the clock strikes eleven.

If the PCs do kill it, the demon will promise that more of its brothers will appear in an hour. The next time it finds its way to this plane, it will search out the PC to avenge itself.

> *"Ah Faustus, now you have but one bare hour to live, and then thou must be damn'd perpetually."*
> *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus (Christopher Marlowe c.1589)*

Tag. You're Faustus

The character to whom the demon's threat was made (i.e. the one holding Rottlander's paper) must make a *Terror* test. If they fail they will have a screaming fit from which they will need to calmed. This will take around five minutes. The demon's initial attack (and the second one if necessary) will take place wherever the PCs are. If they are in a public place they will have to deal with panicking civilians and questions from the watch.

At this stage the PCs should hopefully realise that they are in a bit of a dilemma. They know the demon will be returning for them soon and that the only way to stop it will be to find the summoners. At this stage they have only two real clues: the list of names and the fact that Karina lied to them. Unless they continue to try and track down those named on the paper, they will probably try to talk to Karina again.

The next stage of the scenario will involve the PCs in a desperate rush across town, following Karina to the house of Hans von Strider, where the ceremony is being held. As part of the secrecy inherent in cults such as the Third Eye, she is the only one who knows von Strider's address.

Time Keeping

The demon said he would reappear in an hour's time, so this is all the time the PCs have got to find the cult. If you so wish you could use real time, which would certainly give the chase an edge. However, it may be better to simply decide on how much time has passed and have the PCs turn up just before the second summoning providing they don't make any foolish mistakes. Use the striking of the clock, which will be heard every fifteen minutes, to hurry the PCs along and remind them of the impending attack.

The Moon's Oar Revisited

When the PCs return to The Moon's Oar they will find the room crowded by a mass of drinkers and will have to fight their way to the bar. The staff know that Karina has gone out for the night but only Norbert the head barman can tell them anything useful. Norbert has no idea where she has gone; Otto Semper, a local cab driver, picked her up. However, the PCs will need to come up with a convincing cover story to get this out of him. If the PCs do anything to make him think that Karina is in danger he will not give out Otto's address. However, some of the locals in the bar can point them in the right direction, especially if extra ale money is provided.

The Coachman

Otto lives with his wife and son on Aubenstrasse and is presently asleep, having just returned home. Knocking loudly at the door will cause him to come to the window to shout some abuse. Again he will not give out the address if he suspects the PCs are up to no good, but if they pay or use a good cover story then he will talk.

He collected Karina at ten and drove her to Siden Strasse, where they collected a man. The man was small and weasel-like: "Not someone I would trust, if you get my drift". He dropped the pair in Jurgen Platz, where he saw them walk east down Luben Wag. As long as they're paying he will quite happily drive the characters to Siden Strasse; otherwise he can tell them it was the first red door on the right.

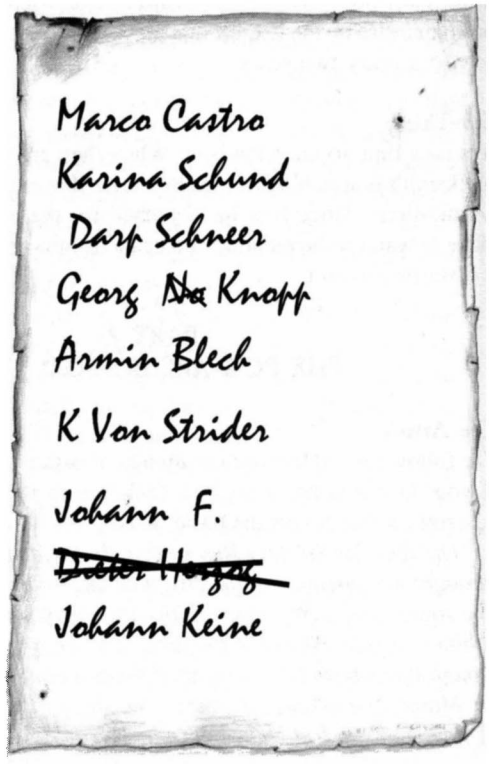
Darp Schneer

Schneer's mother, an old lady of seventy years, answers the door. The PCs have got her out of bed and she won't be happy. She will look and talk disapprovingly at the PCs and will answer all questions with disdain (but truthfully). She knows that Darp has gone to visit someone named "Georg 'something or other.'" She has heard Darp talk of him before and believes he is an Excise man at the docks. She makes it clear she disapproves of paying Excise, waking good folk in the night and any other issue the PCs raise, including the matter of her son "gallivanting at all hours".

The Treasury

There is a Royal Excise Komission sub-office located near Jurgen Platz, within the commercial district by the docks. The Komission is closed at this time of night and lies quiet. In the distance a watch patrol disappears around the corner. The Komission is a base for the Excise men, but no money is keep here and any important documents are securely locked away elsewhere. However, the PCs will find a list of Excise men and their addressees, including Georg Knopp's. The PCs will not have too much difficulty breaking in here.

The main Komission building is located in the docks and is manned and guarded twenty four hours a day. It will take a large bribe to gain Georg Knopp's address from there.



Georg Knopp

From inside the house can be heard raucous laughter. As the PCs reach the door they will be able to make out various female voices. A young woman answers the door, and it is obvious that she is very drunk. She will nod in confirmation if asked if Georg Knopp lives here and shake her head if asked if he at home. When asked where he has gone, she will giggle, motion for them to wait and stagger off.

As they wait in the hallway by the front door, they will notice a pair of crutches leaning against the wall. Above the crutches is a battered shield, decorated with a coat of arms. A successful *Heraldry* role will identify the device as that of the Kappelsteads, a noble family famed for their love of war. Also a successful *Initiative* -20 role will reveal hooks in the wall where a sword would normally hang. After a minute or so, a renewed burst of laughter emanates from the front room and it becomes obvious they have been forgotten. Renewed knocking will be ignored. Inside the front room are six women of various ages, one of whom is Frau Edith Knopp. The woman who answered the door is asleep on a chair. All of them are very drunk and it will be difficult to get a straight answer out of any of them.

Frau Knopp knows her husband went out with friends but does not know where. "Probably down the 'Marshall's Folly' to talk about the same old stories." She will also remember that he took extra money with him to pay the toll on the bridge. She will confirm if prompted that the 'The Marshall's Folly' is not over the bridge. Also if asked, she can confirm that Knopp only has one leg.

The Body in the Water

As the PCs approach the bridge they can see a commotion to one side. A number of boats are approaching, and a group of Watchmen and passers-by are standing on the quayside. When the boats reach the quay, the boatmen lift a dripping wet body up to the Watch who lay it out for examination. The sergeant looks around the crowd and asks, "Does anyone know this poor fellow?" The PCs, who will be walking past or waiting to cross the bridge, will recognise the body as Ruy Paulsen. They would be foolish to mention this as the Watch captain will want to ask some questions and if the PCs seem overly eager to move on he will become suspicious.

As the PCs leave the scene, one of the Watchmen cries out, "Look as his hand." On Paulsen's hand a brand has been burned. This shows the symbol of The Third Eye (Player Handout Three). They caught up with him and killed him after ritual torture.

Crossing the River

The quickest way across the river is to use the Nuln Bridge. This is also the more expensive option, costing 1GC, compared to 5 shillings for a ferry. There will be small queue and quite a few Watchmen standing around about as they have a barracks above the bridge. If asked, Private Reitz, a young part time watch member, will remember giving the group containing the man with one leg (Knopp) directions to Dubenplatz.

Dubenplatz

Dubenplatz contains twleve houses, only two of which have a light on at this late hour. The area is run down, with many of the houses taken by University students. The second one they knock at will be the house of Dieter Herzog.

Yob Culture

Standing on the corner of the platz is a group of four drunk and arrogant young men. They will not approach the PCs looking for a fight, but if questioned are obstinate. They react to any violent overtones by attacking. They will also pass on information with any sort of bribe. They did see a one-legged man and remember the house he went to, as they poked fun at him. However, they will also remember that he did not enter the house, but headed down Lubenstrasse. Nobody came out of the house.

Kris and the House of Dieter

The cultists only came briefly to the house, where they were told Dieter was down at a local tavern. Kris, a twenty-year-old student lodging with Dieter, answers the door. He complains about answering the door every five minutes and tell the PCs that Dieter has gone to the tavern. He does not know which one, and assumes it is either 'The Alchemist and Clock Maker', 'The Nest of the Three Eagles' or 'The Grapes and Hops'. He has in fact gone to the to the Nests of the Three Eagles. (Three Eyries. Ouch!)

'The Grapes and Hops' is a cheap and frequently rough inn, catering for boatmen travelling into Nuln from the Southern vineyards; however, it is not down Lubenstrasse. 'The Alchemist and Clock maker' is, but is empty after recent, false, rumours that the landlord is suffering from leprosy.

The Nest of the Three Eagles

The tavern is a quiet, full of sailors and boatmen looking for a relaxing drink. The barman can tell the PCs that Dieter left a while ago with some friends. Dieter had earlier told him that he had been invited to dinner at von Strider's down on Kuchak Wag. This impressed the barman, as von Strider is a well-known businessman, although he wasn't sure if he completely believes Dieter.

PART III
THE CULTISTS ARE SCARED

The House of Hans von Strider

Hans von Strider's house is located in the middle class part of town where many of the more successful artisans and merchants have their residences. It is a large three-storey building with an impressive oak doorway covered by a stone arch. The lights on the middle floor are on, although the curtains have been pulled across the windows. Outside each of the front and back doors stand two men, all of whom appear relaxed. They are members of the Watch, hired as guards for the evening. They know nothing of what is going on inside. They will not be overly happy about fighting, especially as the PCs will probably be quite agitated and stressed by this time.

Inside the house

The house is deserted, although on the middle level the dining room can be found with the plates left uncleared. The ceremony is taking place in the basement and the entrance is in the kitchen (locked; T5 W7 CR -20%). Once the door is opened, the PCs will see a spiral staircase going downwards.

The Ceremony

As they move down the staircase the faint sound of chanting can be heard and the smell of incense grows stronger. Three quarters of the way down a step has loosened. If this is not spotted (a *Spot Trap* check at –20, or unmodified if the character has Night Vision) it will flip up, causing the lead character to stumble. The stone itself will crash noisily down the remaining steps, as will the character unless they make a successful *Dexterity* test. The character will not take any damage, although they will be stunned for 1D3 rounds.

In the large basement a thick pentagram has been drawn on the floor, around which are gathered the seven cultists. The Demonologist is on the far side, with Karina and Georg flanking him. Each of them is dressed in red robes and for this ceremony they have put on a wooden mask which has an eye engraved on the forehead. The stairs are the only exit from the room and therefore the cultists will be forced to fight – although most would prefer to run, if given the chance (see details in *The Cast* section below).

Outcomes

If the PCs win the day by stopping the ceremony or killing the demon and the cultists, they will receive a reward for the capture of the cult.

This should be about 10GCs per live cult member and 5GCs for each dead one. The authorities will be pleased if there are any live cultists, as a good hanging always keeps the people happy. If the demon is summoned the PCs will have to fight for their lives. Should the hunted PC lose a fate point, the Blood Hunter will take the paper and then disappear back to his own realm. If the character is killed, the Blood Hunter will take the body. If the cult wins the combat, any captured PCs will be locked up ready for sacrifice in a few nights' time.

Not all the people on the troublesome piece of paper are to be found here, and further adventures could be had tying up these loose ends. The Third Magister was also absent from the proceedings. Finally, if the demon was not summoned for the second time, he will still have the PCs blood scent – his return is only a matter of time…

Experience Rewards

These rewards are only a guide, adjust them as required:
Up to 30 exps for role-playing
10 exps breaking into 11 Rillingheim Platz and finding the cipher
10-40 exps for getting to von Strider's house
20 exps for destroying the cult

THE CAST

Arsha'trew
Blood Hunter Demon

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
6	53	42	5	5	15	50	2	89	20	75	89	89	12

Psychological Traits: Causes Fear

Although the Blood Hunters are demons of Khorne, some now serve other masters. When summoned, they are assigned a prey that they are required to hunt down and kill. Once they come into contact with their prey they will hunt them until one of them is dead. If the demon is killed their essence will still remember the 'blood scent'. It is not unknown for a Blood Hunter to be summoned and then head off and track down an old scent before following the new.

When summoned, the Blood Hunter appears near its prey; normally, only an echo of it is trapped in the summoning pentagram.

Ruy Paulsen
Burglar

Paulsen has been a burglar for over thirty years, the last twenty in partnership with Dagmar Griem. He is very loyal to his friends and disapproves of the use of violence, believing that if you have to resort to this you're not doing your job properly. However, he has been forced to fight once or twice. He and Dagmar also did four years in prison together before his daughter managed to buy him out.

Paulsen is in mid-forties and he looks it. His face is wrinkled and tired looking, his grey hair mostly gone. He dresses in drab clothes, enabling him to blend into the background. The only weapon he carries is a knife. Once he trusts someone, a more relaxed side of him can be seen.

Karina Schaud
Inn Keeper & Cultist

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	29	29	3	3	5	34	1	37	34	31	38	38	35

Age: 37 **Career**: Trader
Skills: Blather, Charm, Cook, Evaluate, Haggle, Scale Sheer Surface, Street Fighting

Karina has been running 'The Moon's Oar' for seven years, ever since her husband died of Red Pox. She has lived all her life in the poorer parts of the town, and two years *ago, when her friend* Darp Schneer approached her about joining an organisation that strived to make a difference, she jumped at the chance. Unsure at first, she soon became a faithful convert to The Third Eye, securing the position of Warden of the Eye last year. The Purple Hand intends to raise her to their ranks in the near future.

Darp Schneer
Exciseman & Cultist

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	33	30	4	3	7	36	2	26	27	33	36	28	30

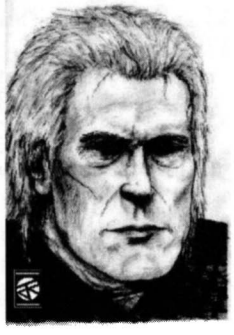
Age: 32 **Career**: Excise man
Skills: Acute Hearing, Blather, Embezzle, Law, Numismatics, Read/Write, Super Numerate

An Excise man of ten years' standing, he enjoys his job and dislikes all those who try to avoid paying their dues. He is a good friend of Georg Knopp, who introduced him into the cult. Schneer still lives at home with his mother, to whom he is very protective. He is a small weak man, whom many would describe as bookish or maybe weasel-like. He will try to avoid any fighting unless he can get behind someone, and if hit will play dead.

Georg Knopp
Exciseman & Cultist

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	50	40	4	5	9	38	2	35	42	39	42	37	31

Age: 40 Career: Soldier, Mercenary Sergeant, Excise man
Skills: Ambidextrous, Consume Alcohol, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Embezzle, Gamble, Law, Read/Write, Secret Language - Battle Tongue, Strike Mighty Blow, Street Fighting, Strike To Stun, Specialist Weapon - Parrying Weapons
Equipment: Leather Jack, Sword, Left Handed Dagger



Looking older than his forty years he has a

mass of white hair, using a crutch to walk. He has lost his left leg below the knee and wants everyone to know it. He served for twenty years with a noble household fighting in a long blood feud, until he lost his leg in a training accident and was forced to retire with no pension. The only job he could find was as an Excise man, where his combat experience has come in quite useful. He feels bitter towards the army and the nobility, and fell in with the cult with relish.

Dieter Herzog
Cultist

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	30	4	3	7	36	2	26	27	33	36	28	30

Age: 42 **Career**: Marine,
Skills: Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Row, Secret Language - Battle Tongue, Strike Mighty Blow, Swim
Equipment: Sword

A friend of Georg's ever since they fought together twenty-two years ago in Tilea, both employed by the same City State. He has travelled much and only retired as age caught up with him. He now lives with his lodger Kris, who he insists on telling his old stories to. When he was young Dieter signed on as a Marine and in time became a pirate. He made plenty of money with which to retire and came back to Nuln and bought a house. He spends most evenings in 'The Nest of the Three Eagles' where he is much liked. He joined the cult on Georg's advice and now feels loyalty to those within it.

Hans von Strider
Merchant & Cultist

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	24	30	2	3	5	36	1	35	29	35	35	32	27

Age: 44 **Career**: Trader, Merchant
Skills: Evaluate, Haggle, Numismatics, Blather, Law, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language - Guilder, Speak Additional Language - Breton

A merchant of some renown, von Strider has been a member of the Third Eye for some years. He is a Warden of the Eye, and has just been approached about joining the Purple Hand. He is excited at the prospect as he joined the Cult in the pursuit of personal power. He recently acquired a rival company through foul means and it is this that brought him to the notice of the cult hierarchy.

Von Strider is a mean, petty individual, obsessively concerned with the pursuit of money and power. He will try not to get involved in the fight unless the cultists are definitely winning, and will try to run if it looks as if they are losing. He is deeply unhappy that they are using his home for the ceremony.

Klaus Kochl and Theodor Hintz
The Other Cultists

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	30	25	3	3	36	30	1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Skills: Various, as you see fit.
Both new members and will try to escape any fight if given the chance. They know very little of interest.

Peter Edel
Champion of Tzeentch

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	25	29	3	4	8	41	1	36	35	40	42	47	37

Careers: Wizard's Apprentice, Wizard Level 1, Demonologist Level 1 & 2
Skills: Arcane Language -Magick; Demonology, Cast Spells- Petty; Battle Level 1; Demonology Levels 1 & 2, Demon Lore, Identify plants, Identify Undead, Magic Sense, Meditation, Read/Write, Rune Lore, Secret Language - Classical, Scroll Lore
Equipment: Spell Ingredients, Blank Scroll (detailed the ritual, Summon Blood Hunter)
Magic Points: 27 **Spells(MPs)**: Open (3), Sleep (2), Bind Demon (3), Flight (3), Steal Mind (4), Zone of Demonic Protection (2), Stop Demonic Instability (3), Summon Magical Aid (4)
Psychology: Suffers from Nightmares

A Demonologist and follower of Tzeentch. Although not affiliated to the Purple Hand they pay him for favours when they require his services, allowing him to continue his research. He is resident in Nuln, but never ventures out without good reason preferring to get others to run errands for him.

This is the first time he has attempted to summon a Blood Hunter and was not one hundred percent certain that it would work, although he didn't tell anyone that.

Guards
The four men hired to guard the outside of Hans von Striders' house are moonlighting members of the watch, earning some extra money. They have been told that they are acting as bouncers for a dinner party, as Herr von Strider has many enemies. They are to ensure that no one without an invitation enters the house. They will fight, but they will not put up any serious resistance as their first allegiance is to their own skins.

Thugs
These five young thugs work are employed by one of the minor criminal factions in town. They have been out on the town celebrating their cut of a successful robbery and are in a reasonably good mood. This does not mean they will refuse a fight. They will attack with clubs and knuckle-dusters and will taunt anyone who draws a proper weapon but run if it is used on them.

If needed, use the appropriate profiles from The Enemy Within, *Middenheim: City of Chaos* or *Marienburg: Sold Down the River* for the Guards and Thugs.

THE CANNON BALL RUN

A Short Scenario by John Foody

There is nothing wrong in itself with adventurers desiring moneys, for they spend it soon enough, giving to the honest innkeeper or blacksmith, men who pay their taxes. But if those same adventurers have stolen the money they carry, are they still heroes, or have they became as thieves and assassins worthy only to wear the jewellery that is the end of a rope?

Magistrate Gustav Hochschwarzer, sentencing a group of adventurers to be hung after failing to convince him they had "found" 2,000GCs.

Introduction

The Cannon Ball Run is a short scenario set in and around the city of Nuln. However, it can be relocated to any large population centre very easily. If this is done, though, it is recommended the coaching company's name should be changed as appropriate. (See page 8 of *The Enemy Within* for some alternatives.)

Players' Introduction

Stepping out of the noise and warmth of the tavern, the night air soon starts to remove some of the effects of the evening's alcohol. Most of the locals are in their beds now, and the little light from the street lanterns on the main thoroughfare does little to cut through the fog that has coiled through the city streets from the edge of The Reik. Behind you a young man falls nosily out of the tavern door, before stumbling drunkenly down the street, singing 'The Twin Whores of Tilea'.

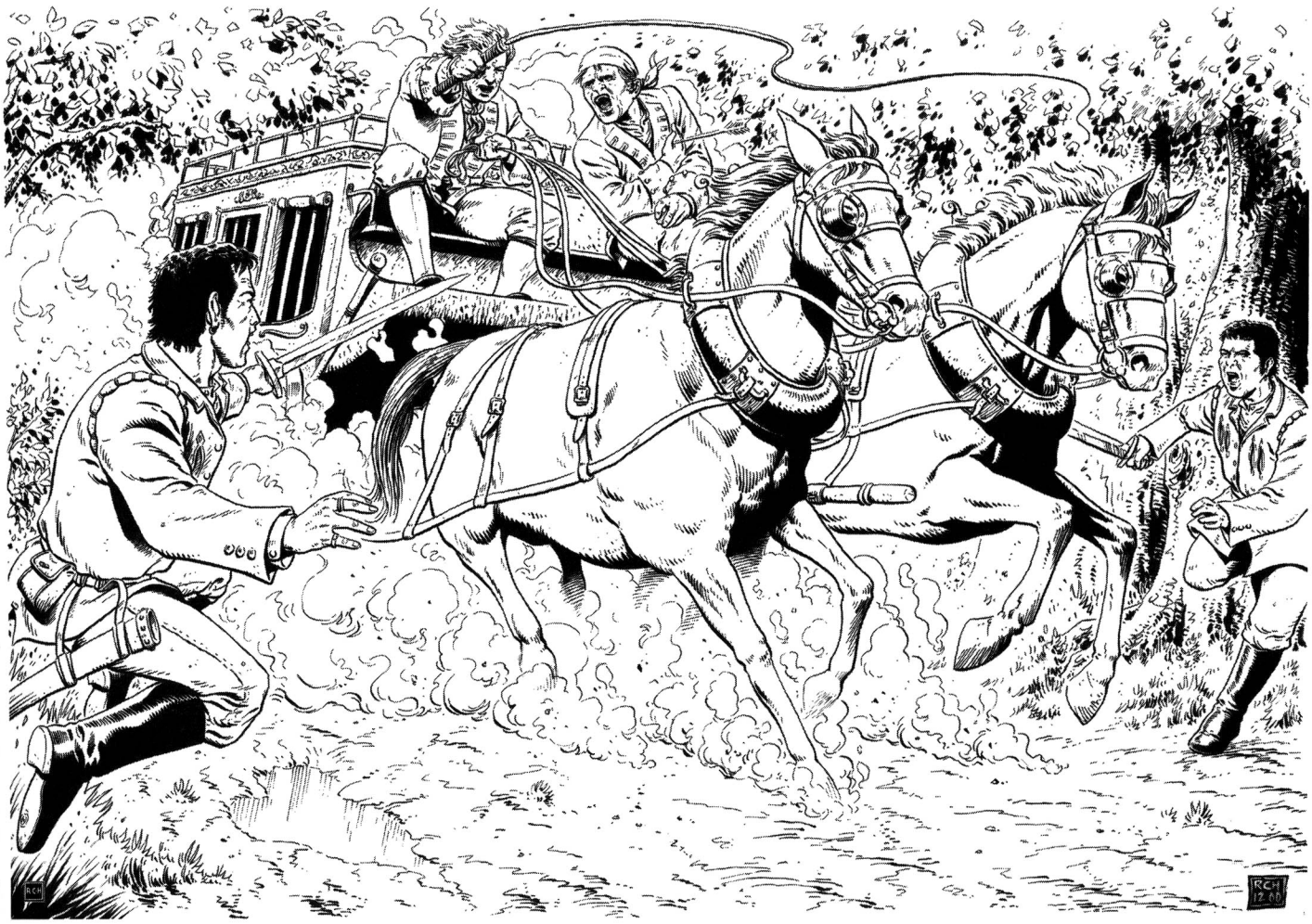
As you begin the short walk to your own beds, the distant shout of the Watch calling, "All's well!" is heard. Sadly, within moments, this optimism is proved false. The sound of a woman's scream echoes through the surrounding alleys: "Gunter! Help me!"

Nothing is heard for a moment – and then comes the sound of swords clashing, from an alley sandwiched between a Tanner's and blacksmiths. Moments later, there is a man's voice, 'Help! Help m...' cut short by a scream of pain.

The Party Lend a Hand

Assuming the party investigate they will head into the back alleys of a mercantile block, its shops lying black and silent. There is no trace of the origins of the disturbance; the fog has helped the perpetrators to disappear. Indeed the only movement is the occasional twitch of curtain by a curious resident, none of whom has seen anything nor wish to be involved in whatever it is they haven't seen.

Just as the PCs give up and decide to head home, one of them spots a brief flicker of movement on the ground. A large rat is gnawing at an object in the dirt, from which something glints. The rat runs if someone approaches (**WS** -20 if a character wants to be vindictive



and kick it), revealing a severed hand. Closer examination finds the hand is still warm, blood trickling from the wound into a congealing pool. Gripped in the fingers is a piece of patterned cloth, with a tarnished silver brooch attached. On the middle finger is a gold ring containing a seal – there are even some small pieces of sealing wax still stuck to it. Any locals immediately recognise the seal as that of The Cannon Ball Express Coach Company.

A seal can be a very useful thing to have, and will possibly be of interest to those on the black market who deal in such exchanges. If the PCs know the right person they could possibly get 10GCs for it. However on a purely mercenary level the rightful owner of the seal would possibly pay as much to have it returned.

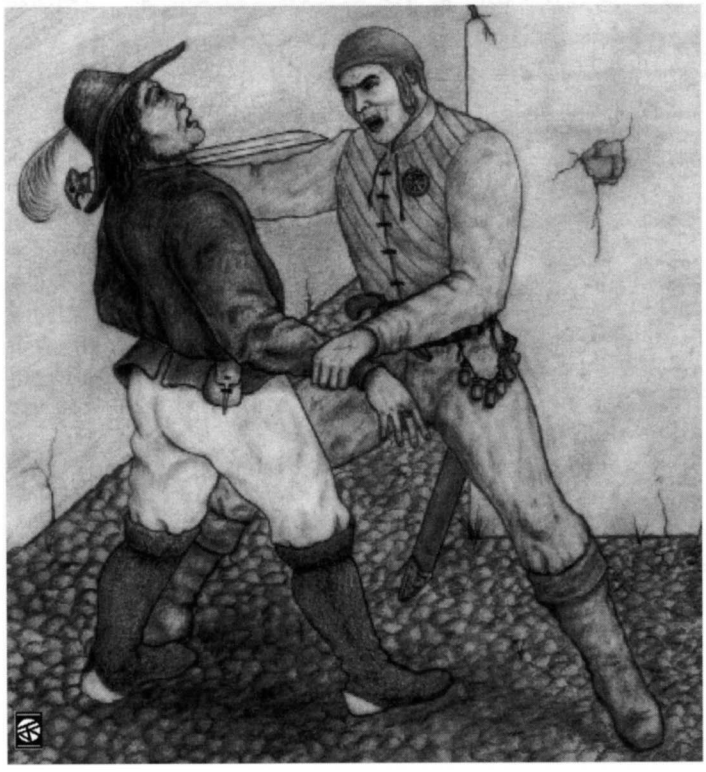
The torn fabric is from the uniform of the Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company. It will only be recognised by those who have had very close dealings with the company. The brooch is made of silver and is cast with the design of a whip coiling around a coach wheel. This is a guild badge showing the owner is a Team Leader in the Teamsters Guild. This will be recognised by anyone who has followed the Trader, Coachman, Roadwarden, Muleskinner or Watch careers. They will realise there could be up to a score of such people in a city the size of Nuln at any one time.

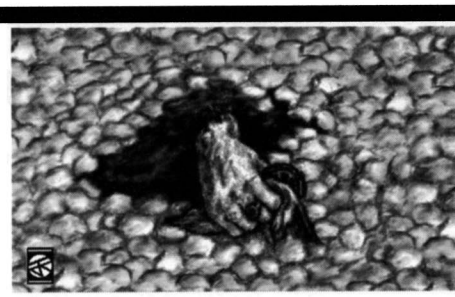
Hopefully though, the player's sense of curiosity should send them in the direction of the Cannon Ball Express Coach Company first thing in the morning.

A Dastardly Plot

The noises the players heard were from a kidnapping, or to be more precise a staged kidnapping. Or to be even more precise a staged kidnapping going wrong. The hand belonged to one Gunter Keller, the senior scribe at The Cannon Ball Express Coaching Company, and the kidnap 'victim' was his wife Helene.

It was Helene Keller who arranged for her own kidnapping to be staged. It was the first stage of a plan to steal a shipment of Gold Crowns being transported along the Altdorf-Nuln road. Ambitious, she desires a life of wealth and luxury – one she feels Gunter cannot giver her. It was different when they first moved to Nuln from the





nearby village of Segeldorf, where they grew up together. The city was new and exciting – so much so, that she began to crave for more. As Gunter gained more responsibility at The Canon Ball Express Helene begin to throw herself into Nuln's high society, using trickery and charm to advance herself socially. Beautiful, witty and somewhat mysterious, she was readily accepted, although she remained constantly afraid that it would be discovered that she was only a lowly scribe's wife.

It was not long before she was courting Lord Henri von Winterstein. Falling madly in love with her he showered her with gifts and attention. Her plans where nearly undone when Henri discovered the truth about her, but he declared that 'true love will rule the day', before mentioning that in fact he too was penniless and was only surviving on capital obtained from money lenders. "Soon I will be as poor as the next man – but we will have each other!"

Helene was heartbroken. Her dreams of status and wealth were dashed. And then, with a flash of inspiration and a hint of vindictiveness, she decided to make sure that "the next man", to use Henri's phrase, was very rich indeed.

Gunter had often spoken proudly of his boss's trust in him, allowing him to arrange the regular transport of gold shipments along the Altdorf-Nuln road. In this Helene saw her chance. She would rob the shipment (possibly ending Gunter's career) and leave for Altdorf. She convinced Henri that they could become rich as long they followed her plan exactly. The impoverished and smitten noble took little persuading.

First, on Helene's orders, Henri contacted Sepp Gunsberg, a gambling acquaintance of his. Gunsberg was to hire a group of thieves, promising them an equal share of the haul. Then, using the last of Henri's loan, Helene secured the services of a Roadwarden Sergeant, also in debt through gambling, to supply them with information.

Henri's choice of Gunsberg was a good one. He was just the man to bring such a team together. He contacted an old acquaintance of his, Red Grobscheid, who he knew to be in need of money. He also contacted the two Goslar brothers, who worked in Nuln's fairground. He trusted them, and knew them to be keen on any plan that might earn them some extra gold. Within hours he had his band. An hour before Gunter finished work, Helene and Henri met their partners in crime.

Helene's plan was simple. A gang of thugs would kidnap her and a ransom note would be sent to Gunter. This would threaten her life unless he supplied the times and route of the next shipment of gold, making sure it was unguarded.

However, things did not go to plan. Unexpectedly, Gunter fought back. After Helene was grabbed by three of the men, Gunsberg stayed and with his sword at Gunter's chest stated, "We'll be in contact. Talk to the Watch and she's dead." As he turned to run Gunter drew his dagger (the first time he had ever done so in anger) and leapt at the man. There followed a brief fight during which a surprised Gunsberg could only defend himself. It was when Gunter grabbed Gunsberg's tunic that Gunsberg chopped Gunter's hand off and ran for safety.

Back at their hideout, a heated argument ensued between Helene and the gang of kidnappers. Helene convinced them to go ahead with the plan. She believes that Gunter's boss is a decent enough man and will do his best to ensure no harm comes to her. However, Helene is

beginning to have doubts about the competence of the men she has hired.

Where's Gunter?

Even after being badly wounded Gunter tried to give chase but soon collapsed from blood loss. Luckily for him two members of the Watch were having a quiet puff in a doorway. After seeing him collapse they quickly took him to a nearby physician, where his life was saved. At present he lies unconscious. There is little among his possessions to indicate who he is.

The Watch

Going to the Watch is of little use. They have classified the incident as a street robbery and are not interested further until Gunter awakens and tells them something useful. "After all, these things happen." They do not even know (and are not about to make efforts to find out) who the man is.

The Cannon Ball Express Coaching Company

The offices of The Cannon Ball Express are based at Jurgenplatz, located near Nuln's North gate. A statue of Jurgen Albers, a hero from the time of Magnus the Pious, stands at the centre of this small square. The premises of The Cannon Ball Express dominate two sides of the square, facing the inns, 'The Hammer of Black Fire' and 'The Vine and Grape'.

Both the inns are privately owned, although both have made deals with the Coach Company. The Cannon Ball Express have no hesitation recommending that their travellers to stay at either location as both are clean and friendly. Neither is cheap, but 'The Vine and Grape' caters for more refined (i.e. expensive) tastes.

The Cannon Ball Express headquarters are contained within one large building comprising a reception, clerk's room, storage area, stables, staff accommodation and offices. The building is open from dawn to dusk, or until the last coach arrives. However, even during the night here are always staff available to help, as there is always work to be done feeding horses or cleaning coaches.

The brothers Hans and Helmut Muller own the Company, although it is managed solely by Hans. Helmut prefers to travel, something Hans is forever moaning about. They have offices in Altdorf and Averheim, as well as agents in all locations en route. Hans is a totally honest businessman and has the respect of his staff and the loyalty of many of his customers.

One of the company's biggest responsibilities is transporting payments from various people and organisations, including banks, in Nuln to the inns and towns that line the Altdorf to Nuln route. They even carry safeboxes into Altdorf itself. These used to be carried on regular stagecoaches, but after a number of robberies they began to send out a coach with six armed escorts and a seventh inside the coach, in addition to the two coachmen. Hans has long been afraid of losing this business as it could mean his ruin.

Every morning before sunrise, Hans knocks at Gunter's house and they walk to the office together. When there was no reply to his call he has thought it strange – even stranger when Gunter did not show up for work. He has decided that he would inform the Watch if Gunter had not turned up by the time the office closed.

When the party arrive at The Cannon Ball Express they will have little difficulty getting to see Hans ("Herr Muller"). The office consists of two rows of four desks and stools, with a taller desk at the front where Hans sits. At each desk sits a scribe, a pile of books in front of him, scribbling busily while occasionally puffing on their pipes. The desk nearest Hans is conspicuously vacant. Nailed to the wall is a huge tattered map of the Altdorf to Nuln road, which is marked with pins.

Through the smoke Hans will just be able to make them out and call them closer. When they explain why they are there Hans gives all his scribes a break. As this is so uncommon they will be unsure of what to do until he shoos them outside. If the party pull out the severed hand in front of them, Josef the youngest scribe faints.

When shown the ring, Hans will immediately identify it as being genuine, and will immediately offer the party 10GCs as reward for its safe return. (He is only too aware that if this fell into the hands of a forger, it would cost him far more!) He tells what little he knows, and is obviously very worried. As the conversation ends he throws on his jacket and asks the PCs to escort him to the Watch Headquarters. Even if they might wish to, the PCs will not be able to convince him to follow any other course of action.

A Ransom Note

As they step outside of the office, four scribes, somewhat guiltily, quickly step away from the door where all had been trying to listen. The other three are standing around a young street urchin, one of the scribes sucking his bleeding thumb. "Herr Muller, this... this child, bit me." Another chimes in with, "He has a message for you Herr Muller but he refuses to hand it over."

The boy – 'Maus' – had been given a Gold Crown to deliver a note to Herr Muller by a man who said, "make sure it goes into his hands or I'll bash your head." Maus took this as a serious threat, but pretends otherwise, acting macho and carefree. If offered some shillings he will tell them that he does not know the man (true) but he knows a villain when he sees one. He describes him as tall, bald, unshaven and the owner of a broken nose. He spoke with a northern accent (i.e. North of Nuln) and was wearing travelling clothes (waterproof clothes, high boots). He did not notice if the man wore a ripped tunic but if shown the fabric does not think it matches what the man was wearing.

The note (*Player Handout One*) is badly written and has a piece of Helene's hair glued to it. The writing shows it to be an educated hand.

In the street outside, Gunsburg watches. He followed the boy to the offices and will wait for him to emerge but he has no intention of showing up to meet the boy as he told him, assuming the message got to Hans. PCs who try and spot anyone watching may, at the GM's discretion, spot him – but they should not be able to catch him, as he will be some distance away and will already have planned a swift, hard-to-follow escape route.

Hans will read the note twice and then tell his scribes to go home. Clearly learning how to deal with the unexpected, they don't hesitate to rush off to the 'The Quill and Inkpot' for a celebration. Hans asks the party to stay, showing them the note or reading it to them if they can't read themselves. He is worried what damage a robbery will do to the business, but will not do anything to endanger Helene or Gunter's life. He will offer a substantial amount of money for Helene's rescue and will not hear of the Watch being called in.

Hans also intends to put up the notice in Reik's platz informing the kidnappers that the next shipment leaves in two days time. He is unwilling to halt the shipment because any delay in delivering the Gold makes The Cannon Ball Express look bad, and he is under increasing pressure from Imperial Expressways and Four Seasons Coaches. If the party argue the point he will wait until just before

dusk before making a decision, but the outcome will be the same, and he will post the notice.

The Keller's House

The PCs may want to look at Gunter's and Helene's house, and indeed Hans holds a spare key. He insists on going with them and making sure they do not wreck the place. The house is simply furnished and is kept neat, and there is only one small clue to be found here. Hidden in a kitchen cupboard is a pouch of small herbs (*Herb Lore* to identify), traditionally used to aid sleep. Helene slips these to Gunter on nights she goes socialising but there is no indication to who owns them.

Posting the Notice

Reik's Platz is a busy square in the centre of the city dominated by the Dutchz Elm, a huge ancient tree on which notices of employment, marriages, deaths and so on are nailed. Notices are pulled down weekly but soon afterwards the bark is hidden once more. Scores of people are constantly milling through the area and the tree is often surrounded. The Stag's Head Inn stands to one side of Reik's Platz, and drinkers often stand outside its doors, adding to the confusion.

A member of the Watch stands guard by the tree to deter charlatans who charge the unsuspecting a small fee for posting their notices. They also keep an eye open for the pickpockets who regularly work the area. A handful of sellers of hot food also congregate here, and attempt to encourage buyers by shouting loudly above the noise.

Henri and the Goslar brothers have stationed themselves in a room at the front of The Stag's Head with Henri's telescope (his uncle was a sea captain) and a description of Hans. Once they see him arrive (or after dusk, if they miss him for any reason), Henri will wander down and check the sign, although he will not take it.

If the PCs are watching the notice they will have an *Initiative* -20 chance of noticing Henri's particular interest in the sign, not to mention his nervousness. If they challenge him, he will deny everything, and if necessary call the Watch over to arrest the PCs for threatening a member of the nobility. "How dare they!"
PCs should be well aware they would lose this argument, should one arise – the word of a nobleman will always find a receptive ear.

The brothers are looking for anyone following Henri. If anyone is, a hooded Dirk rushes down and meet Henri like an old friend. Dirk plays the part perfectly and guides the extremely nervous Henri into the Inn for a drink. Dirk then watches until he finds an opportunity for them to escape.

Meanwhile Stefan jumps out of a side window on to the Inn's kitchen roof and then down into the Platz. He calmly walks over to the tree and plucks off the notice before walking away. He walks down Diederstrasse knocking at a random door. When it is opened he passes the note to the owner, who coincidentally is called Schmidt, who upon reading the note will believe it is an invitation to a family wedding and will hand Stefan a shilling. If stopped, Stefan will claim he was paid a crown to deliver the message to a house in Diederstrasse by a tall man dressed in red speaking with a Marienberg accent. This charade has been designed to draw out any watchers. The poor man who was handed the note is entirely innocent.

The kidnappers are likely to escape at this point, but if the PCs are efficient and do follow them all the way back to the hideout, go to the section *The Villains' Hideout.*

The Roadwarden Sergeant

To provide some protection Helene has bribed Sergeant Krimes, a Roadwarden of twenty years. He is to pass on any information relating to the robbery or kidnapping that he hears. Krimes will do so, as Helene has promised him a large amount of money. He needs this to pay off gambling debts he owes to various disreputable and mean characters. He is not an evil man, but is desperate.

> Muller
> We have the woman Helene Keller, beloved wife of Gunter. We chopped him to show we mean business. We will kill her unless you do what we say. Make sure the next gold run to Altdorf goes out unguarded. First you are to attach a note to the Dutchz Elm in Reik's platz stating 'Herr Braun & Fraulein Schmidt will be married on -'. Here you will state the date and time of next gold run. This must be done by Dusk tonight.
>
> If you tell the law we will kill her. Have no doubt

"We told you not to involve the Law!"

If the PCs make themselves known to the kidnappers at any point, or if the kidnappers find out that the Watch or Roadwardens have been informed, they send Hans Muller a note tied to a box. Inside is a warning and a severed finger, which the note claims is the "...finger of Helene Keller. Next time it is her head." Although the finger is not Helene's, the ring on it is; Hans will recognise this ring, and will assume the worst.

Gunter Awakes

If at any time the PCs start to believe that they can bluff the kidnappers, have Gunter awake and contact Hans. After informing Gunter of what has happened, Gunter will beg Hans to meet the kidnappers' demands. Hans will honour his friend's wishes and make sure the PCs understand this.

A Clue, a veritable clue!

By the time the PCs start to track the owner of the ring, they should be working to some sort of deadline. The only real clue they will have is the fabric and brooch, and possibly a description or two from the boy 'Maus' or from staking out Reik's Platz.

The fabric is from the uniform of the Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company, for which Sepp works as a Teamster. This badge is a guild token, showing that the owner is a Team Leader in the Teamsters Guild. Both Hofbauer-Bodelstein and the Teamsters have premises in the city and they will not be able to find.

The Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company

Going to the Hofbauer-Bodelstein offices will be a relatively fruitless operation as they have no way of telling who the fabric belongs to. The company will however be charging the culprit for a new uniform, when he turns up for work. There are currently forty-three Teamsters in Nuln working for the company, eight of whom are Teamster Leaders. A bribe will furnish the party with these names. The next caravan leaves for Talabheim in a week's time. Gunzburg hopes to be on this.

The Teamsters and Stevedores Guild

The offices of the guild are located in a large dilapidated building on the docks. Outside will be sprawled various guild members idling away the time and ensuring the PCs don't get any funny ideas. The face of the Guild that the party will encounter is a Gnome clerk named Kole. He is nearly deaf, obstinate and uninterested in the PCs, not to mention protective of the Guild's members. If the party shows him a

list from Hofbauer-Bodelstein and gives a description of the man, he can tell them that Sepp Gunzburg matches this description. Make them work for this information, though – and no, Kole doesn't know where Gunzburg is, but will point them in the direction of the 'The Mule's Kick.' He doesn't mind telling them this as Gunzburg threatened him this morning when he came to collect a new badge. He refused to pay the fine for such an offence until Kole threatened to shout for help.

The Mule's Kick

Near to the Teamster's headquarters is the Mule's Kick. This is both the name of a tavern frequented by teamsters and an ale both brewed and served there. It is well known locally as a Teamster gathering point, and is very rough. The tavern is unusual in that it was no windows; these have long been boarded up, which proved a far cheaper solution that constantly replacing them. Inside it is never empty, and its furniture is very sturdy. (In fact, it's filled with objects that will survive the rigours of a bar room brawl.) If the PCs go looking for Gunzburg here they will have to tread very carefully, as the Teamsters are a close knit group and it won't take much for knuckle sandwiches to start flying.

Warehouse 74

1 Staircase. The third and fourth steps have been loosened and if weight is put on them will collapse with a crash. Any character climbing the stairs must make an *Initiative* test to avoid falling through and becoming stuck, taking 1D3-1 damage. *Spot Traps* +10 to find it before stepping on it.

2 The Office. This is where Helene and Henri live at present. It is stocked with good quality food and wines, and comfortable bedrolls, although Henri is forever complaining about it.

3 Rotting boxes. Full of mildew and decayed blankets. Gunzburg has his bed roll here.

4 Loading pulley. Now rusted and rotting. The bay doors are warped and damaged, allowing the current guard a view of all those who approach the front of the warehouse.

5 Doors. They are barred on the inside. **T**4 **W**12.

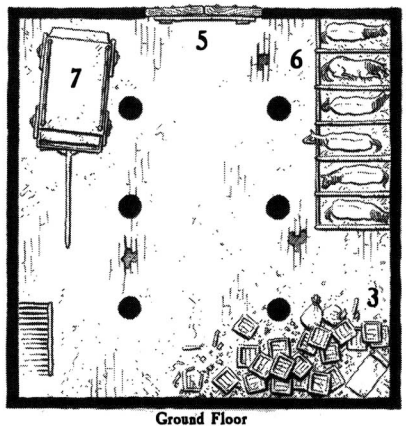
6 Horses. There are six here, including the Goslar's two trick horses and a carriage horse.

7 Wagon.

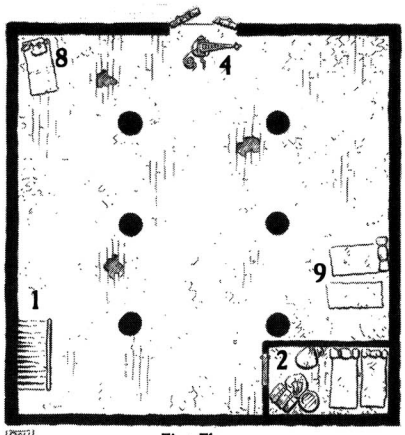
8 Red's bedroll.

9 Dirk and Stefan's bedrolls.

Holes in floor (see map). If stepped onto, it will take 1D2 rounds to remove foot from the hole. If forced to fight whilst stuck, Weapon Skill and Initiative will be at -30.



Ground Floor



First Floor

Should they convince a Teamster to talk, either through a good story, by lubricating their tongues with ale or proving themselves in a good fight (i.e. one where at least five people are out cold) then the following information may be gained:

- Sepp was seen talking to a couple of 'nobs' (rich people) – a man and a woman (Henri and Helene) – a couple of days ago. The woman was tall with black hair and seemed to doing most of the talking, while the man was dressed in bright colours.
- He is leaving on the next Hofbauer-Bodelstein caravan. It is heading to Talabheim.
- His mum's ill.
- When he was last here, two or three days ago, he spent half the night complaining that he hated clowns and acrobats. "I can ride a horse – nobody pays to see me do it, though."
- That was the night he bought a round of drinks and seemed very happy. Others in the inn assumed he had done well at the sharp-shooting when he visited the fair earlier that day.
- He owns a pair of pistols, which he is very proud off. He recently got them mended and was showing them off.

The Fair

Outside the City's North Gate stands a permanent fair and market. It is here that Dirk and Stefan Goslar work, performing horse-back stunts under the name, 'The Goslar Brothers' (apt but unimaginative). Neighbouring entertainers are uncooperative until money is shown, unless won over by a convincing story. They say the pair left a couple of days ago saying that they would be back soon. If the PCs look at their tent they will find their possessions. Again this community is close but a good story or money in the right hand will yield the following clues, from different sources:

- Dirk and Stefan left an hour after talking to a bald man with a broken nose and another tall looking man with a shock of red hair.
- The Goslars have strange powers and they can talk to beasts using magic. (This is completely false, although they are skilled horsemen.)
- They were seen talking to Red, who used to work in the Fair as a labourer.
- When they left, they took their two horses.

If the PCs ask about Red, no one knows much about him, but they will point the characters in the direction of the Fair's governor, Wolfgang Gwisdek. Wolfgang is a friendly man, proud of the fact he has the same name as the Crown Prince. "We were both born to be in charge." He confirms that Red worked as a labourer for a couple of summers because he needed the money. "Nicest guy in the world though." He knows that Red runs a Blacksmith's shop, but got the impression that it didn't do very well.

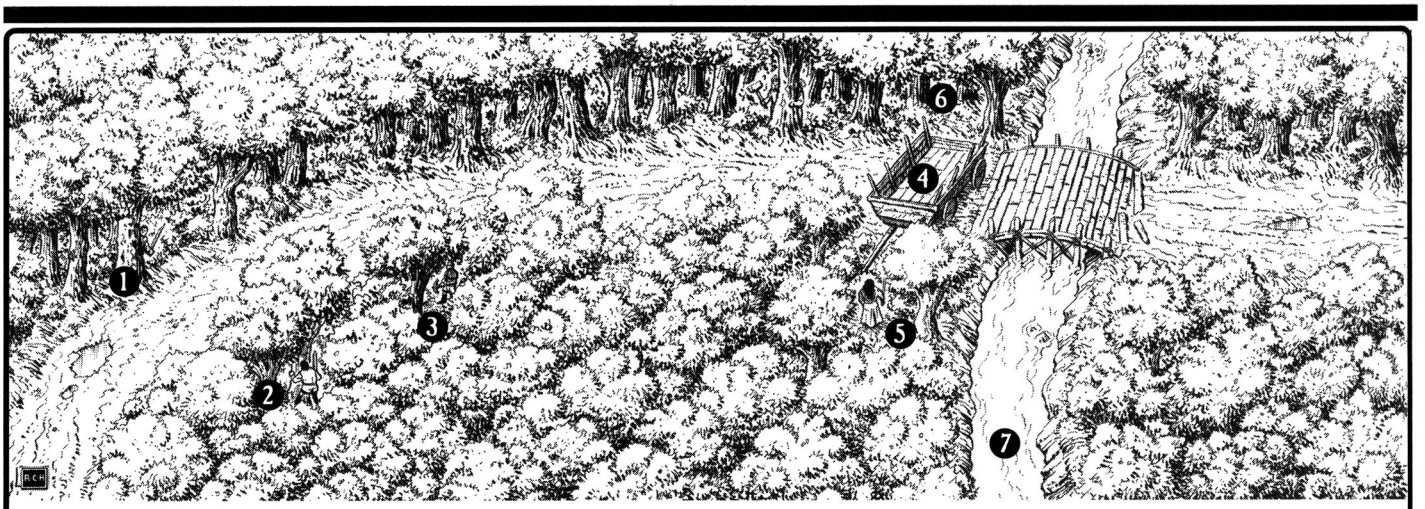
The Blacksmith's Shop

Red's premises are located in the lower end of the city, where he grew up. Although he and his family survive from day to day he would like to do better. He knows Gunzburg from years ago, and recently mended his pistols, which is when he became involved in the scheme. The workshop is closed and locked and contains nothing of any interest, the tools clearly having seen better days.

Red lives above the workshop with his wife Ulli and their three young children. She has no idea where he has gone and is worried what he might be getting into. "He's a good man, just not that bright."

The Villains' Hideout

The gang is camped out in an abandoned warehouse in the middle of



THE AMBUSH

the old docks. They forced there way in, throwing out the family that had made a home there. The building is old, damp and dangerous, with rotting floors and ceilings. Dirk nearly hurt himself badly when a balcony handrail gave way under him.

Most of the Warehouses in the area are inhabited, and occasionally the rightful owner comes around with a couple of thugs to demand rent. The old docks are a cold and foggy place, not to mention dangerous, with Watch patrols hardly ever disturbing the inhabitants.

If the gang are discovered here (remember that they have an informant keeping an eye on the Watch) they will act as a cohesive unit, assuming that this is the best way for them to survive. However, if two are incapacitated they will surrender or escape using the horses. They will not call off the plan, though, instead beating up another Cannon Ball Express employee as a warning.

Helene will act the part of the kidnap victim. If it looks like the party is winning she will stab Henri just as he surrenders, "to avenge myself for the horrors and torments I have endured!" She will be very convincing.

The Cannon Ball Run

The Gold Run happens on a monthly basis. It heads for Altdorf, stopping at most of the Inns en-route. The stagecoach that transports the gold is a standard coach except that all but one of the seats have been removed and replaced with chains to tie the chests down. The doors have had good locks installed and behind the windows on the door curtains hide iron bars. A driver, his mate and a guard inside usually man the coach. As per the instructions of the kidnappers, Herr Muller has not hired his usual guards.

On this run there are twelve chests, containing a total of 1400GCs and various documents. Hans recommends Johann Zwayne and Burdt Renoldstein, his best crew, drive it. Hans will tell them to allow the villains to take the gold once they have shown Helene is safe, otherwise they are to protect it as best they can.

Ambush

Helene has come up with a plan she believes foolproof. It is, unless the PCs do something to make it otherwise. The gang intend to wreck the coach and neutralise any surprises hidden inside, as well as disabling the coachmen. (Numbers correspond to the Ambush Map above.)

Stage 1: Dirk will follow the coach out of Jurgen Platz making sure no one is following and that it is unguarded. It stops at various destinations to pick up packages. A couple of miles outside the city limits he takes a short cut to join the others. If anyone is spotted the plan will be off. If the PCs are following they will have to be careful to avoid being seen and thus will need to be some distance behind the carriage.

Stage 2: The plan is simple, Dirk and Stefan (1 & 2) will ride along the Coach and attempt to cut the horses' reigns. Meanwhile Sepp (3) kills the driver (or at least keeps him busy) by first firing a crossbow and then two pistols at him. Stefan spooks the horses and, if the driver is still in a condition to operate the brakes, Dirk will jump on top to kill him.

Stage 3: The coach will run on uncontrolled until it reaches the bridge where it will be forced to turn sharply or to run into the river bed, as the bridge has been blocked by the gang's wagon (4). Either way it will flip, sending the driver flying and stunning or wounding anyone hidden inside.

If anyone wishes to climb on, the horses let them do so (although this does require some *Dexterity* checks, with bonuses for *Animal Care, Ride (Horse)* etc). If they succeed they should be able to stop the horses. Using the Coach's brake on its own will cause the coach to flip unless the horses have been slowed first.

If the Coach crashes, anyone inside will take one **S**4 hit (*Dexterity* test for half damage) and be stunned for 1d4 rounds. There is also a 20% chance that a chest will slide into them for a **S**2 hit (alternatively they take an immediate 1-point leg critical with a roll of 51+ being rolled again). Anyone on top of the coach also takes a **S**4 hit (*Dexterity* Test for half damage) and is stunned for 1d4 rounds as they are thrown clear.

If anyone jumps out of the coach as its moving they need to make a *Dexterity* test (+20 for *acrobatics*). Success means they suffer a **S**1 hit while failure means a **S**4 hit. If Dirk got on top he too must make this roll.

Stage 4: Red, Henri and Helene (all masked) (5 & 6) will rush out and subdue any survivors, although they will not bother chasing anyone running away. A round later the others will arrive. If the party have been following they will find the group loading the chests onto their wagon, although two chests bursting will have slowed them open. The stream (7) is only six inches deep, although the banks are quite steep.

Outcomes

If the gang has been successful, they can still be stopped before they leave town. Gunzburg can be found with the Hofbauer-Bodelstein caravan, Dirk and Stefan at the fairground and Red at his home.

However, if they find out that people have been asking questions before the PCs reach them, all these people will start to worry, will send messages to the others, and will do their best to make themselves scarce. If Helene thinks that she is about to come under suspicion, she will decide that Henri is a liability and escape to Altdorf with both their shares.

If the party stop the robbery and discover the truth about Helene or "rescue" her, Hans and Gunter will be extremely grateful, proffering both money and future favours. If any of the gang escape from a botched heist they will disappear – possibly to be seen again, in some future adventure, still nursing a grudge. Helene will look at a failure as a setback but this will not stop her changing her name and appearance, embarking on a life of crime and promising revenge on the PCs. If Henri escapes he will become a drunk until his father pays his debts and he is summoned home.

If the robbers are captured, Henri will be pardoned and then summoned home. If Helene is captured she will, if possible, play the part of kidnap victim forced to take part. The others will be strung up as soon as a hangman is found. The full story can be threatened out of Henri very easily once he is apart from Helene.

Of course, the party may stop the robbery and then run with the gold. If they do so, Hans will put a large reward on their heads (still larger if Helene is killed) and send a few bounty hunters after them.

Experience rewards

10-40 exps for Roleplaying in the various encounters.
5 exps for running to help and finding the hand.
5 exps for finding Gunter.
5-10 exps for staking out the tree and noticing Henri.
15 exps for finding the villains' hideout.
5-25 exps for following the clues and finding details on the villains.
30 exps for stopping the robbery and returning the money.

THE CAST

Helene Keller
Errant Wife and Robber

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	35	31	3	3	6	38	1	33	34	40	38	38	39

Skills: Cook, Dance, Etiquette
Quote: *"I will not let a bunch of idiots stand in my way!"*
"No, Henri, I'm in charge here."

Helene Keller is an highly intelligent, able woman, although she is only now beginning to realise her abilities. She is capable of cruelty and violence, but only when she knows she can get away with it. She will quite readily betray Henri and the rest of the gang, not taking any personal risks. For example, she will not carry a sword or wear armour in Nuln in case she is seen. She has no real affection for Henri but sees him as a mean to an end.

Her good looks and skill at learning have enabled Helene to fit into Nuln's high society, although she knows this is a fragile existence at best. Henri has also been teaching her the use of a sword.

Twenty-seven years old, she carries her tall frame regally, her black hair reaching her waist. With Gunter she dresses well, but she also has a hidden wardrobe of expensive, fashionable dresses.

Lord Henri von Winterstein
Impoverished Noble

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	42	33	3	3	6	30	1	29	40	29	39	28	37

Careers: Noble.
Skills: Charm, Luck, Read/Write, Specialist Weapon - Fencing Sword
Items: Good clothes, Fencing sword, Jewellery
Quotes: *"No, my dear."*
"My ring? I have just sold it to pay my debts to that awful man."
"Drinks at eleven? Of course I will be there!"

The third son of a minor noble whose estate lies south of Nuln, Henri came to the city five years ago. This was to study, but he has spent the time since drinking, gambling and partying. As a result of this he is deeply in debt to a moneylender and out of fear has signed over his father's estate as collateral. Although he knows this has no force in law he is desperate to pay the lender off.

Henri has been totally infatuated with Helene ever since they first met and will never disagree with her or see any wrong in what she does.

Henri is twenty-six years age of age and weak of chin and willpower. He is always dressed in the latest fashions and enjoys insulting the lower classes. He is afraid of the rest of the gang and if it wasn't for Helene would run and hide.

Gunter Keller
Senior Scribe

A loyal employee of Cannon Ball Express coaches, he has dedicated his life to making it as successful as possible. He hopes that when Hans Muller retires he will be given charge of the company. He does love his wife and hopes they will have children soon. He does not realise how unhappy she is and would be devastated if he found out. Thirty-seven years old, he is a studious and serious looking man, without much sense of humour or imagination.

Hans Muller
Owner of The Cannon Ball Express

Hans is resigned to running The Cannon Ball Express because he was too timid and afraid to leave Nuln to follow his youthful dreams of adventure and travel. However, at the age forty-five he's become an expert business man and, almost uniquely in this age, values the respect and loyalty of his employees.

Hans is always in a rush, his mind occupied by facts and figures, but he never forgets a name or face and if stopped in the street

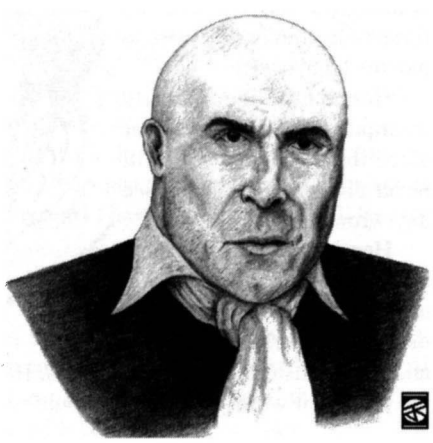
(otherwise he walks straight past intent on other matters) will converse happily about families and other such gossip. He is unmarried, never having found the time for a long-term relationship, something he sometimes regrets. Hans values Gunter's life over mere money and will happily pay the ransom. He has never liked Helene, finding her a touch sharp and aloof, but knows Hans loves her. He will do his best not to allow any harm to come to her.

He is always dressed neatly in sober black with his thinning hair slicked back with hair oil. Every morning he buys a fresh flower to pin to his jacket.

Sepp Gunzburg
Teamster Leader

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	45	4	3	8	45	2	32	35	33	30	32	30

Careers: Muleskinner, Coachman.
Skills: Specialist Weapons-Fist Weapon & Pistols, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Drive Cart, Ride-Horse, Marksmanship, Secret Language- Thieves' Tongue, Animal Care, Dodge Blow.
Items: Sleeved Chain Shirt, Sword, Pistols (with powder & balls), Crossbow.
Quotes: *"What you lookng at?"*
"Look at those handles, just perfect, just perfect."
Presently a Teamster, Sepp has, over the years, had a go a most things. He wishes to settle down and is looking for a nest-egg to enable him to do so. Gunzburg's most treasured items are a pair of duelling pistols he won twenty years ago after deciding to ignore the 'turn and walk ten paces' bit of the procedure. He escaped, shooting the second, and to this day there is a price on his head in Marienberg.



Bald, over six-foot tall and owner of a twice broken nose, he enjoys the good things in life, drinking, gambling, whoring and fighting. He met Henri during a couple of card games and dislikes him.

He is a mean individual and has considered double crossing Henri and Helene after the robbery but has decided against it. He would not betray the rest of the gang, whom he trusts.

Dirk & Stefan Goslar
Trick Riders

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	35	47	3	3	7	30	1	49	29	28	29	30	40

Careers: Entertainer (Animal Act, Acrobat, Knife Thrower).
Skills: Animal Care, Acrobat, Escapology, Juggle, Ride - Horse, Specialist Weapon - Throwing daggers
Items: Leather jacks, swords, 4 throwing daggers.
Brothers separated by only a year (ages 24 & 25), they have never been apart. They grew up in fairs travelling most of The Empire but have now been in Nuln for three years. Their show consists of various horseback tricks, and is popular with the crowds.

The brothers are a sullen pair, hardened by the rigors of the road but able to turn on the showmanship when necessary. Both cannot be mistaken for anything but brothers, each standing 5' 6" tall with curly black hair and similar clothes. Over the years, they have indulged in minor criminal activities when the opportunities arose and once teamed up with Sepp to steal some thoroughbreds.

Red Grobschmeid
Blacksmith

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	27	25	5	3	9	30	1	29	24	24	24	29	24

Careers: Artisans' Apprentice, Artisan (Blacksmith)
Skills: Smithing, Metallurgy, Ride - Horse, Drive Cart, Very Strong, Consume Alcohol
Items: Hammer
Named for his mass of bright hair and his beard, Red stands over six feet tall and looks every bit the Blacksmith. He is a good natured, honourable man whose greatest priority in life is his family. He has tried hard to make the Blacksmithing pay, but it has always been difficult to make ends meet.

The PCs can use his love for his family against him by reminding him of what he stands to lose should he be caught. However, threatening his family's safety will have the opposite effect, sending him into an uncontrollable rage.

Johann Zwayne & Burdt Renoldstein
Coach Drivers

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	40	45	4	3	6	36	1	28	39	29	35	32	31

Skills: Animal Care, Drive Cart, Musicianship - Coach Horn, Ride Horse, Specialist Weapon - Blunderbus
Items: Blunderbuss, sword.
Johann and Burdt (age 42 & 33) are the best team that Canon Ball Express has, and after ten years of working together are firm friends. Both are extremely loyal to the company and like both Hans and Gunter. Neither has meet Helene.

THE MISSING CHILDREN OF REGENSDORF

A Scenario by Paul Williams

Recent Events (and Plot Overview)

The scenario takes place in the once sleepy village of Regensdorf, deep in the heart of the Grand Principality of Ostland. The village was a happy place until a few weeks ago, when children began to go missing from the fields where they played. The locals know that a wolf pack lives in the nearby woods but they have never had much trouble with them before, aside from the occasional sheep going missing. They also believe that a band of bogeymen has recently moved into the woods, and have begun desecrating graves. These are obviously to blame, and the PCs have been hired to get rid of the menace.

The bogeymen, actually Goblins, are just innocent pawns in this scenario. The real trouble began when the local baron, Reinhardt Ennum, asked the village blacksmith to build him some suits of plate armour. Baron Ennum was willing to pay 450GC per suit, and even supplied a special anvil. This anvil is in fact a highly dangerous Chaos item, and has had the following effects on village life:

- It has attracted the Goblins;
- One of the scarecrows in the fields has gained sentience and is eating the children;
- Small items have started to move by themselves and cause minor accidents;
- The smith has developed homicidal tendencies and is not far from breaking and going on a maniacal killing spree; and
- The suits of armour created by the smith are magically enchanted, and can attack foes of their own volition.

As time passes the party encounters the above creatures and, by putting all the clues together, should be able to deduce that the anvil is to blame.

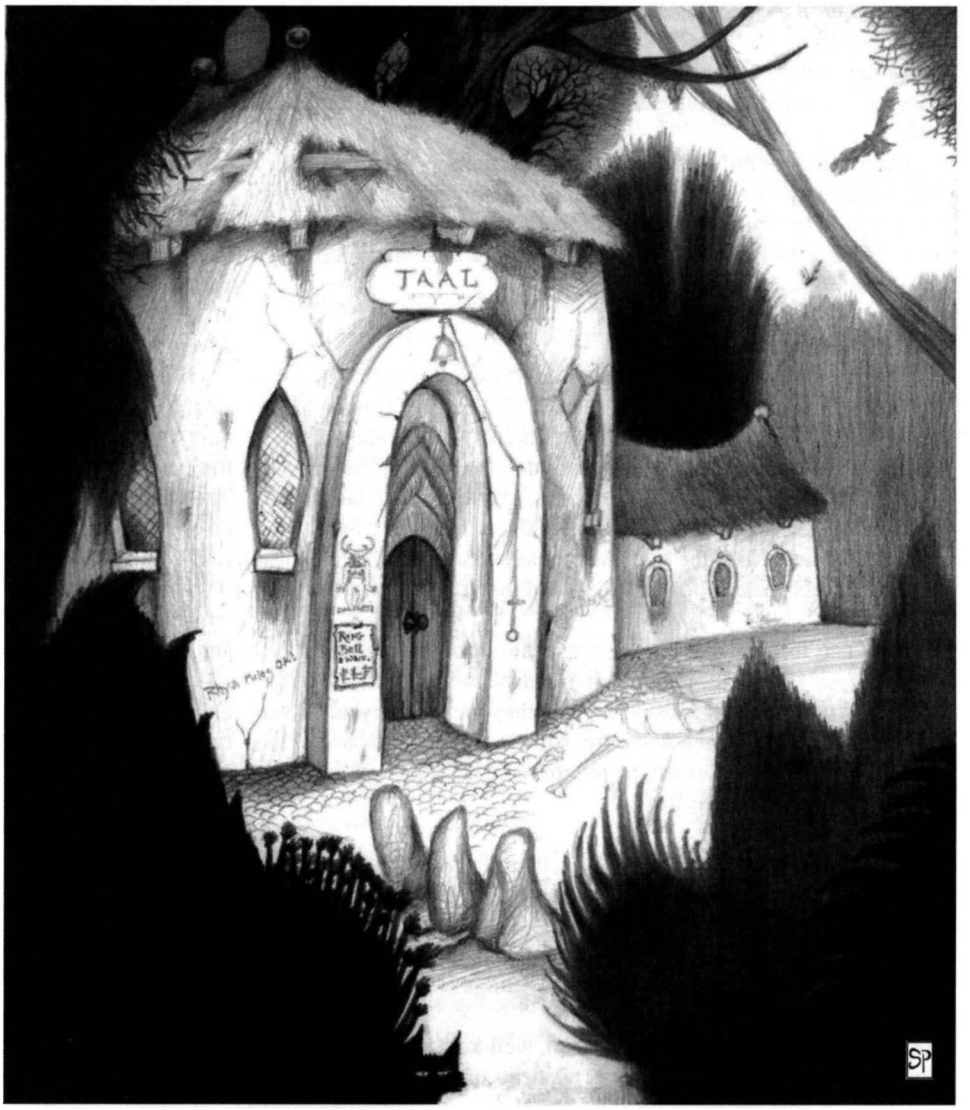
THE VILLAGE OF REGENSDORF

The Forest of Shadows is a primordial place. Many generations ago the priests of Taal built a temple to honour their wild god, and the forest seemed perfect as a site. Pilgrims came from across the Empire to visit the temple, and it was inevitable that civilisation would follow on their heels. First came the inn, then called the Pilgrims' Rest. Next, a few of the pilgrims built farms and settled near the temple, living off Taal's generosity. Over a generation or so, the number of farms grew, and without anyone realising it a village developed.

The priests of Taal, dismayed by the encroachment of civilisation, abandoned the temple and moved deeper into the woods. A few initiates stayed behind to maintain the temple, and minor nobles, the Ennum family, set themselves up as the village rulers.

Although the village was stable it never prospered, relying on farming for its food and the occasional pilgrim and traveller to trade extra resources. As trade between The Empire and Kislev developed, minor merchants began passing through the area, bringing new wealth with them. The inn changed its name to the Wayfarer's Rest to encourage trade. Recently the villagers began to renovate the village, re-painting houses and signs. At the point where the adventure begins only the inn, the Burgomaster's house and the general store have been redecorated.

The village of Regensdorf is currently home to seventy-five souls; thirty-one male adults, twenty-six female adults and eighteen children. Nearly half of the villagers are related in some manner (cousins, in-



laws etc.). Most of the families are farmers, although the village has a blacksmith, a general store, a brewer and a baker.

Most of the houses are simple affairs with only a single storey and a thatched roof. Small barns house the farmers' livestock and double as food stores at harvest time. The larger houses all belong to the craftsmen, and have workshops attached to the main building. The only two-storey building in the village is the inn.

Due to the presence of the shrine, the surrounding forest constantly encroaches on the village. Vines and moss climb up the walls of all the buildings and villagers are often to be seen cutting back the growth from windows and doors. Birds and animals nest in any hole they can find, while shrubs appear regularly in the open spaces. Visitors to the village all experience the odd sensation of actually being in a forest. Many have trouble sleeping for the first couple of nights.

There is no priest as such; instead, the Burgomeister, Marcus von Schtupp, maintains the temple and performs the few rituals required each year. He is also head of the village militia, consisting of ten male adults armed with farming implements and wearing padded farming smocks (AP 0/1), and with no formal training. One showy manoeuvre from an opponent would have them all fleeing for their lives. A ditch, measuring six feet deep and eight feet wide, protects the village. During autumn and winter the rain often fills the ditch to form a moat. Two wooden bridges allow access to the village, and in the event of trouble these can be withdrawn.

Some three miles up the road is the manor house, or schloss, of Lord Ennum, Baron of Regensdorf and lately its saviour as well, for his generosity to the blacksmith has allowed the village to prosper. He has been Baron for many years, and the title is hereditary. The villagers become easily offended if his name is dragged through the mud.

The locals are a little backwards but are genuinely friendly people. They have had very few dealings with demi-humans but are as polite to them as they are to human visitors. They may poke, prod and otherwise make sure that the demi-humans are flesh and blood, but they mean no harm by it.

Village Locations

The Wayfarer's Rest Inn: The village inn is a small two-storey affair with enough rooms to sleep six guests, if they don't mind being cramped. The landlord, Konrad Leifdich, brews his own ale in a small brew house out the back. He and his wife Annette run the inn and occasionally one of the farmer's daughters, a buxom young lass named Emmanuelle, helps out with the serving. She immediately falls head-over-heels in love with the male human adventurer with the highest Fellowship score and follows him around the village like a lovesick puppy.

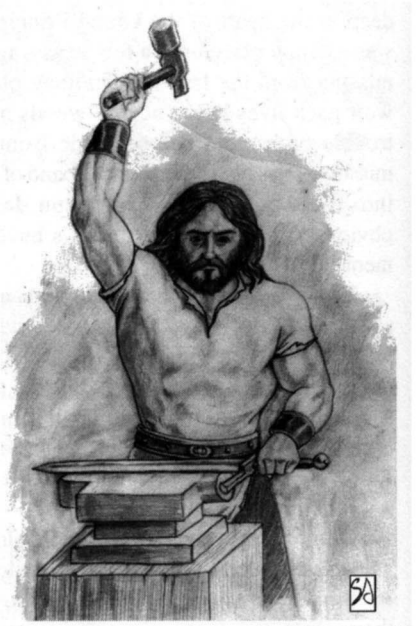
Food and drink at the inn are reasonably priced (use the prices from *Shadows Over Bögenhafan*), although the rooms are a little costly (30% more than normal) considering that they are draughty and damp throughout the autumn and winter seasons. A stable is attached to the inn and a few fresh horses can be purchased here, although they cost 50% more than in Regensdorf.

The Village Meeting Place: The village, being so small, has no village hall and so a large mound near the centre of the village acts as a central meeting place. A large hand bell, complete with notice board detailing how many rings mean what, stands atop it. During the autumn and winter months attendance at these meetings is very poor.

The Graveyard: The graveyard is a small, well-kept area with no more than twenty burial mounds in it. Only residents of the village are buried here and each family has its own private burial mound. Many are buried with their personal belongings, and very few have had any proper burial rites.

Two of the burial mounds show signs of having been recently disturbed, although the locals state quite categorically that no one has been buried in those mounds for many years. If asked what they think could have caused the disturbance, they look around nervously and state, quite emphatically, that 'the bogey-men did it.' In fact, the wolves living in the woods are responsible.

The Smithy: The smithy, run by Luc Gascon, is situated away from the other houses to minimise the risk of sparks setting fire to thatched roofs. The sounds of metal striking metal can be heard during the daylight hours from the workshop at the back of the house.



He has little time for adventurers, but if they tell him that they have come to buy he is slightly more tolerant. He has a small selection of weapons available (nothing with an availability above Average can even be checked for) and has a single mail shirt and leggings for sale. All items cost double the normal prices quoted in the WFRP rulebook. Normally they would cost only 25% more but he has become extremely selfish and avaricious following his contact with the Anvil. He buys second-hand weapons and armour for 25% of their actual value. In no circumstances does he haggle with the adventurers, becoming violent if they persist.

If asked to create anything from scratch he refuses point-blank, saying that he has a long-term contract with Baron Ennum and that only the Baron can order him off the project. If asked what the work for the Baron is he responds with a simple "mind yur own bizness." The other locals know that Luc is creating suits of armour and have no objection to telling the adventurers this, should they be asked what Luc is currently working on.

Adventurers who get close enough to see the inside of the workshop may notice that his anvil seems to be remarkably well-kept and shows little sign of use (the adventurer must succeed in an *Initiative* roll with a -10 penalty to notice this). Luc does not comment on this, although a few locals know that Baron Ennum gave the blacksmith a new anvil when he started working for him (assume that any local questioned has a 20% chance of knowing this fact).

By day three of the scenario Luc is at breaking point, and anyone bothering him will cause him to fly into a homicidal killing rage (q.v. *Day Three*).

The Bakery: Katarina Kornfed, an elderly spinster, runs the bakery. She has a penchant for idle gossip and rumour mongering. In a village as small as Regensdorf, word of the adventurers' willingness to catch the bogeymen travels fast, and if they enter her shop she plies them with free cakes and pastries, while pumping them for information.

Of course, Katarina has an opinion on everything. Her current,

and completely false, beliefs about life in the village are as follows:

◆ The bogeymen were summoned here by the Burgomeister, who is really a Chaos worshipper sent to corrupt the villagers.

◆ Baron Ennum has taken a shine to young Emmanuelle. She believes that the Baron wishes to marry her.

◆ The blacksmith, Luc Gascon, has been acting really strange recently. A Chaos creature that looks like him must have replaced him.

If asked where she got the information she says that she overheard someone's conversation by mistake, but she cannot remember who was talking to whom. If any of the adventurers take an interest in Emmanuelle, the following day there will be a rumour circulating around the village doubting her virtue. The individual GM, based on his adventurers' experiences during the scenario, should decide whether any other actions by the adventurers might be cause for gossip or a rumour to be generated.

The General Store: Gustav Rutigar, a semi-retired merchant who has settled in Regensdorf to await full retirement, runs the general store. He is very friendly and does not spread gossip about anything the adventurers tell him. He can supply items from the following sections in the main rulebook: carrying equipment, household items and personal equipment, illumination, clothing, and tools. Availability should be checked as normal, but increase the chances by one category to represent Gustav's contacts, which he has cultivated over the years.

Although not exactly poor, Gustav still likes to make a profit and all items cost 25% more than the standard prices listed in the rulebook. He is willing to haggle, but never drops below the standard rulebook prices. Gustav also buys second hand equipment, including weapons and armour. He only pays 40% of an item's value, although he can be haggled up to 60% if the adventurers are persistent.

Cottages: All the cottages are single storey buildings with thatched or turfed roofs. The windows have wooden shutters that are currently kept closed at night. In better times, the villagers leave the shutters opened. The inhabitants are generally friendly towards the adventurers as they know that they are helping them sort out their problems.

The Temple of Taal: The temple is a large, circular building, measuring almost one hundred feet across. It looks as if it is rather run down but in actuality that was how it was designed. The building is made from stone but is completely covered in vines, creepers and other plants, giving the impression that it is little more than an untended mass of vegetation. Statues of wild animals stand around the outside of the walls. The temple doors are made from solid oak and carved into reliefs of animals and humans living in harmony. The doors are locked, and only the Burgomeister has the key.

At several points on the outside stand small shrines to one of the other gods of the area so that travellers can say prayers without disturbing the sanctity of the inner temple. These shrines are all well tended, as the villagers are a pious bunch. The shrines are designed to resemble animals and are: Manann, a dolphin; Mórr, a raven; Myrmidia, an eagle; Ranald, a cat; Shallya, a dove; Ulric, a wolf; and Verena, an owl. A shrine to Rhya is incorporated into the main temple.

Inside, the temple resembles the forest that surrounds the village. The floor is covered in lush grass, trees and bushes sprout forth from the rich soil, and small animals move slowly through the undergrowth. Even though little light reaches the inner sanctum, the plant and animal life looks to be exceptionally healthy. In the centre of the temple is the actual shrine to Taal. The shrine consists of a statue of a huge stag standing over a young fawn. A hollowed depression in the centre of the stag's back contains what appears to be water. It is however highly magical water, and one cup full, when sprinkled on the fields, guarantees a good crop. The depression is currently full to about four cupfuls' worth. Stealing this water will result in a curse being placed on the adventurers by Taal.

The village is not large enough to have its own priest, and so the Burgomeister spent a year training with a full cleric. He is now an initiate of the cult, and has the rights to hold the few ceremonies needed each year (blessing the crops, protecting the livestock etc.) if a priest cannot make the trip.

THE ADVENTURE

The Beginning

The GM should stage this scenario as a partially incidental encounter whilst the party are en route to some other adventure. This will take the players away from the rather clichéd "hired for a job" plot hook and encourage them to act off their own back. It should be arranged for rumours about the village to be incorporated into another adventure. A list of possible rumours is given below. It is also necessary to make players walk to the village, but it isn't so far from the beaten-track that this is a major problem. An ambush in which horses are attacked or stolen, or possibly slain by arrow fire, is one obvious way of achieving this.

Rumours

◆ A small village in northern Ostland is having some trouble with wolves. Seems their militia can't even handle a few mangy dogs!

◆ A merchant returning from northern Ostland was attacked by a small band of Goblins. He managed to flee but his consignment of ale bound for Wolfenburg was stolen. Still, at least the Goblins will be so drunk that they won't pose a threat to anyone else!

◆ There's a dark rumour going around that children are being sacrificed to foul demons in Ostland. Where, you ask? Oh, some small village in the Forest of Shadows - Regensdorf I think it was.

Travelling to Regensdorf

The adventurers, from their current location, can catch a coach that travels close to the village of Regensdorf. The journey costs each of them 1GC and leaves them ten miles from the village on a wet and windy day. Either read or paraphrase the following information.

"It has been a long day's walk along the muddy woodland path. These woods are not the friendliest place you've visited, and several times you have felt the hair on the back of your neck rise as you sensed that something was watching you.

"The cover of the trees has done little to protect you from the inclement weather, and your sodden packs weigh heavy on your shoulders. You look forward only to a hot meal and some good Reikland ale as you trudge on through the mud.

"Some six miles into your trek, you see a disturbing sight: the bodies of two men, one of whom is naked, hanging beside the road-side. A sign has been hammered into the ground besides them but the writing has worn off in the rain. No doubt these are criminals, left as a grisly warning to others.

"As you press on, you enter a large clearing in the woods in which you see comforting lights up ahead. Through the heavy rain, you can just about make out the outlines of houses and see smoke rising from chimneys. But before you can reach the settlement, you find your way blocked by a wide ditch filled with water. It's obviously part of the village defences. A sturdy-looking wooden bridge allows access across the ditch, and a sign, unreadable from this distance, stands on the opposite bank.

"As you cross the bridge, you peer at the sign. It's weather-beaten and battered, carrying the words, 'Regensdorf, population 80'. However, someone, or something, has put a line through the population and has carved the number 79 beneath it. The process is repeated several times, the last number being 75.

"Carrying on down the muddy street, you spot a large building to the right from within which the sounds of music and voices can be heard. A large sign becomes visible as you near it. It proudly proclaims this to be the Wayfarer's Rest Tavern. It seems a good place for you to relieve the burden of your packs and eat a hearty meal."

An Offer is Made

When the adventurers enter the tavern they see a small group of men sat by the fire laughing over a lewd story someone has just told. The landlord is behind the bar serving the drinks. As soon as the adventurers enter, everything goes quiet for a few seconds and the locals stare at them, almost as if they cannot believe what they are seeing.

The landlord breaks the uneasy silence by asking if he can get the adventurers anything. Once he speaks, the other men carry on telling their stories, albeit in quieter tones. The landlord is polite to the adventurers and tries to keep them happy. Each adventurer who succeeds in an *Initiative* roll spots one of the men by the fire sneaking out of the door as they are being served. The landlord denies that anything untoward is going on if this is mentioned.

After ten minutes or so the door opens again and a somewhat portly gentlemen dressed in fine clothes enters the tavern. He walks up to the party and introduces himself as the Burgomeister of Regensdorf. He orders another round of drinks for the adventurers and then ushers them to a nearby table.

"My friends, you have come to aid us, no? We have prayed for deliverance from evil and you have arrived! Our little village has been beset by a horrible evil that is stealing away our children.

"At first we thought it was the wolves that live in the forest. But no, they hardly ever bother us. Maybe they steal the odd little sheep, but that is it.

"Then we noticed that a band of bogey-men had inhabited the woods. They are clearly the ones to blame. Unfortunately, we have been told that the militia cannot be spared from the fields to drive off this evil and so stop our children being kidnapped anymore.

"By the power invested in me by Baron Ennum, I hereby ask you to perform this great deed on our behalf. Of course, we will pay you for your work. Would 30GC each and free room and board at the inn whilst you are here be enough, my friends?"

If pushed hard the Burgomeister goes as high as 50GC per adventurer. However, he tries to offer other things first, such as playing on their consciences (*"you are saying that you are willing to let our children die just because we are too poor to pay you more?"*), or offering them payments other than money, for example a small plot of land for them to manage, free food and drink at the inn for a week, the hand of a local girl in marriage, and the like. Remember that these are simple country folk.

Other Information

Other information that the Burgomeister may mention, if the adventurers begin to ask for more details, is given below.

- The children started vanishing around three weeks ago.
- The Baron, Lord Ennum, is putting forward the reward.
- The villagers had just begun to think that their luck had changed, as a month ago the Baron asked the local blacksmith to build some armour for his men. Although they know they're a long way from becoming a centre for trade, it's an important sign of status for the outside world. Normally, the Baron would buy his armour from the nearby town.

If the adventurers fail to acquire this information, don't worry. They will have the chance to pick up rumours as they investigate the disappearances. If the adventurers mention the men hanging by the roadside, the Burgomeister tells them, *"they were highwaymen who were caught and punished by the Baron for their crimes."* If the adventurers remark that one of them was naked, the Burgomeister looks a little confused for a moment, and then states that *"the bogeymen respect nothing."*

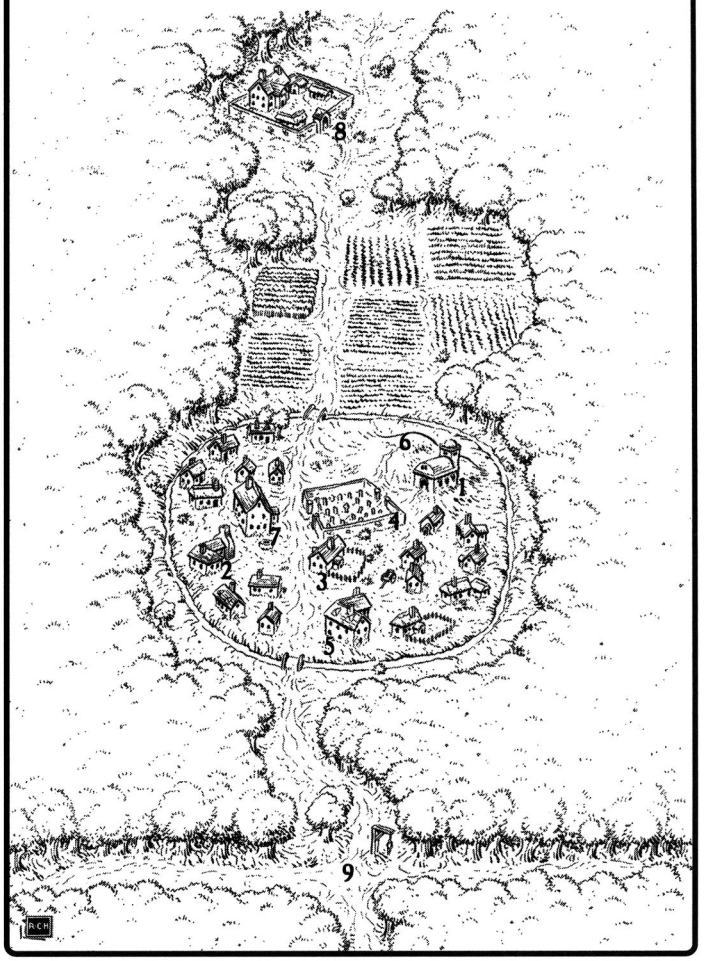
In reality, a local farmer stole the clothes from one of the men to dress his new scarecrow. He has not mentioned this to anyone in case he is accused of committing an act of grave robbing.

Possible Courses of Action

As it stands, the adventurers have several courses of action open to them; each is dealt with separately below. It should be noted that many of them tie in together again at the feast. The only scene that has a fixed time is when the blacksmith goes berserk on day three. Depending on the speed with which the adventurers act, they may have already finished several courses of action when this encounter takes place. If the adventurers decide to follow a course not detailed

THE VILLAGE OF REGENSDORF

1 Temple
2 Smithy
3 General Store
4 Graveyard
5 Wayfarers Rest Tavern & Stables
6 Meeting Hill
7 Burgomeister's House
8 Baron's House
9 Hangman's Cross-roads



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in this scenario then use the notes you have to make it up as you go along. As long as you keep it consistent with what is written about the village and its surroundings, they need never know.

VISITING THE BARON

First Contact

Whenever the adventurers first decide to visit the Baron it is raining, turning the muddy track that leads to the Baron's manor into a quagmire. Progress is slow and by the time the party arrives at the manor they are soaking and their trousers and boots are caked in mud.

The Baron's butler, Montgomery (from Albion), answers the door and asks the adventurers what they want. If they ask to see the Baron, he enquires about the nature of their business. Once he has been told that the adventurers have been hired by the Burgomeister to discover who is killing the children he relaxes a little. Adventurers who continually try to avoid telling Montgomery their business are treated poorly on any future visits.

He goes on to explain that the Baron is away on business today but would be honoured if the adventurers would join him for dinner tomorrow evening. He had heard, just before he left on his business, that the adventurers were in town, and wishes to make them welcome. A coach will be sent for the adventurers tomorrow, an hour after sunset.

If they foolishly try to force their way in, Montgomery summons the five men-at-arms to see them off.

The Coach-Trip

Almost exactly one hour after sunset, the adventurers hear the sound of a coach-horn being blown. Within a few minutes the Baron's coach has pulled up outside the inn and the coachman enters, looking for the adventurers. Once he finds them he tells them that he has been sent by the Baron to bring them to the manor for dinner.

The coach is a finely built, and no-doubt expensive, model drawn by four black stallions. The Baron's coat-of-arms (an empty helm) is emblazoned on the doors. The coachman makes sure that all of the adventurers are safely on board before he drives off.

The coachman whips the horses in silence as the coach bumps its way along the muddy road. The rain has stopped for the moment and Mannslieb casts a dim glow across the fields. The noise from the coach startles a host of crows in one of the fields and as one they take flight into the night sky. There is such a number they momentarily cover the moon: A bad omen. The coachman swears, calling on Taal for protection.

Minutes later you rattle through the gates of the Baron's Mansion and they are shut quickly behind you by the guards. The coach halts outside the door. Looking round the compound you can see four guards, their cloaks wrapped around them. The door is opened and a finely dressed servant awaits you.

"Welcome to the Baron's home".

The coachman does not stop the coach at any point on the journey unless the adventurers draw weapons and threaten him with physical harm. Such an act does not endear them to the Baron.

Invited Guests

When the adventurers arrive at the Baron's house they are greeted by the butler and shown into the main hall, where he relieves them of their coats, hats, weapons and armour. Those with *Etiquette* know that this is standard courtesy on their part, and so can prepare correctly. Once this is done the butler shows them into a side study whilst he informs the Baron of their arrival.

The study contains little of interest to the adventurers; just a bookcase with dusty books on it and some comfortable chairs. None of the books are particularly interesting to the adventurers.

Some ten minutes later the study door opens and Baron Ennum of Regensdorf enters. He is a tall man with fair skin and dark hair. His eyes are a very light shade of green and seem to pierce the adventurers to their very souls. A small scar runs down his left cheek. His clothing is well made, and is no doubt very valuable – as are the rings and amulet he wears.

He cordially greets the adventurers, starting with any women (he is very well mannered), apologises for keeping them so long, and asks if their journey here was comfortable.

A Pleasant Dinner

Once all the introductions and formal niceties are over the Baron shows the PCs through into the dining hall where a feast awaits them. A large table stands in the middle of the room and it is crowded with plates of food. Meats, fresh fruit, fresh vegetables, cheese, breads and cakes of all shapes and flavours await the adventurers. There are also several bottles of vintage Bretonnian wine and a small cask of Reikland beer on a nearby table. Solid silver cutlery has been laid out and the goblets are made of crystal.

The butler shows everyone to his or her seat. The Baron sits at the far end of the table. Male and female adventurers are seated alternately where possible.

During dinner, the Baron politely answers the adventurers' questions, quietly noting if they have got too near the truth. If it seems that the adventurers have all the facts needed to charge him with the crime of dealing with demons (or the like) he arranges for them to meet an accident on the way back. If not, he tries to lead them away from himself and put the blame on the blacksmith (overworked, etc.).

If the adventurers ask the Baron for help in finding the bogeymen he explains that "my men are not very skilled at hunting down bogeymen, and I fear that they would be of little use. It is for this reason that I ordered the Burgomeister to send messengers into the Empire, to find adventurers such as yourselves to aid us. I have put up the reward for your services. Were I skilled in the martial arts I would willing accompany you, but alas my talents lie elsewhere."

Questions about his 'talents' are politely deflected, although if pressed he snarls that he is a diplomat and leader of men, before regaining his composure and offering his guests more wine.

A Guided Tour

Once dinner has been finished and the adventurers have had time to let it settle, the Baron offers them a tour of his fine house. Of course, not every room is accessible to the party but they see enough to gain some valuable clues.

Firstly, at the top of the main staircase is a long corridor with paintings of the Baron's ancestors on the walls. They start with the first Baron Regensdorf and continue through to the present day Baron Ennum. His portrait (page 109) shows him wearing wizard's robes and standing beside what looks like a dark-coloured blacksmith's anvil. If questioned over this the Baron states that he used to dabble in the magical arts before he became Baron upon his father's death. If questioned over the anvil he says that it was just a rock, added by the artist to pad out the space around the Baron's body.

Secondly, the second floor library has two suits of armour stood in it. The armour is full plate and is of a rather strange design. The Baron claims that it was his great-great-grandfather's armour, used in the war with the Goblinoid tribes nearly two hundred years ago. An adventurer with *Blacksmith* or *Metallurgy* skill can tell (with a

successful *Intelligence* roll) the armour is practically brand new. The Baron does not comment any further on this; if pressed, he will merely say that it is well kept.

Amongst the books are three titles that may be of interest to the adventurers: *A Study of Magical Principles Volumes I to IV, The Complete History of the Regensdorf Family*, and *Famous Demonologists & Their Crimes*. In order to notice these titles in the short time available, an adventurer with the ability to read Old Worlder must state his intent to browse the bookcase, and then succeed in an *Initiative* test for each title.

The first, *A Study of Magical Principles*, gives the clue that Baron Ennum may be skilled in the magical arts. A Wizard scanning through the book may make an *Initiative* roll with a -20% penalty to notice that the book covers Petty Magic and levels 1 and 2 of Wizardry. It also contains the spells *Reinforce Doors, Immunity from Poison* and *Smash*, although these will take many weeks of study to find and learn.

The second, *The Complete History of the Regensdorf family,* lists every male member of the Baron's family and is a boring read. The section on the current Baron has been badly defaced and the word "lies" has been scribbled across several of the pages.

Lastly, *Famous Demonists & Their Crimes* specifically mentions the Black Anvil, with rumours on its construction and its use. Taking either book is not really a viable option, as the tomes are quite bulky, are hard to conceal, and leave a big gap on the bookshelf. However, if the Baron is killed or flees then the adventurers should be able to acquire these books relatively easily.

When the tour ends the adventurers find themselves back in the main hall, where the butler stands ready with their belongings. The Baron apologises for throwing them out so early, saying he has pressing work to attend to.

A Matter of Honour

If the adventurers accuse the Baron outright of the crimes, he looks highly offended and demands that honour be satisfied on the 'field of honour'. The adventurer has the right to choose which weapons are used but the Baron determines the time. He chooses the village green at dawn tomorrow. Each duellist may have a second present at the duel to ensure fair play, and he appoints his butler to the post. The Baron also chooses to fight until one of the combatants cannot continue (death is an acceptable outcome).

Whilst the Baron could probably win the duel he does not really wish to fight the adventurers, as he knows that they will still be suspicious of him. Instead, he leaves that night for a friend's castle, not too far from here, where he waits until the adventurers leave town. His butler stays behind to inform the adventurers that the Baron has *"received news of a death in his immediate family and had to leave late last night. He sends his regrets, and says he will return as soon as possible to defend his honour."*

If suitably questioned (i.e. tortured), the butler reveals where the Baron has gone but knows nothing of the Baron's dastardly plans.

An Unfortunate Affair

If the Baron believes the adventurers have uncovered too much information about him or his activities he plans to have them killed as they return home that night. (He will need to be very sure before he plays this card.)

If the Baron is forced to use this extreme option, then he will do so as follows. As the adventurers ride home, the coach stops suddenly. The coachman gives no explanation and, if the adventurers look out of the windows, they actually find him missing. Suddenly two armoured figures crash from the nearby bushes and attempt to kill the adventurers. These are Baneguards, and are recognisable as the suits of armour spotted on the tour of the manor *if* the adventurers succeed in an *Initiative* Test. They fight to the 'death'.

If the adventurers return to the Baron's house and inform him of the attack, whether that same night or in the morning, he is most distraught but (if accused) vehemently denies any part in it. Adventurers who get too pushy, for example by demanding to view the suits of armour they saw earlier, are verbally threatened. If they persist, weapons are drawn, although the Baron would prefer to fight a duel rather than spill blood here (see *A Matter of Honour* above). Remember, the Baron does have five men-at-arms available at all times if the adventurers start getting violent.

Once the adventurers have left (again) the Baron leaves the manor house to stay at a friend's house, as above.

Open Assault

If the adventurers are desperate enough to try an open assault on the Baron's mansion, they find the Baron's five men-at-arms defending the place. If they appear to be losing, the Baron joins in personally to try and turn the tide (if he is still at the manor). If things look desperate, he will try to flee the area.

Paying the Price

If any of the adventurers escape following an abortive raid (or if the Baron manages to escape), they will be wanted as criminals. The Baron offers a reward of 400GCs for their capture, dead or alive. Every settlement within twenty miles of Regensdorf will know of the reward by noon of the day following the assault, and word will soon spread from there to the whole of the Principality. Bounty hunters soon begin flocking to the area looking for easy profit.

Adventurers that get captured on the raid are shackled in chains and held in the dungeon. If a single adventurer is captured, there is a 25% chance that the Baron chooses not to hand the adventurer over to the authorities but instead sacrifices them to the Dark Powers. If so, the dastardly act takes place the night following the adventurer's arrest. The ceremony takes place at midnight in the cellar and is

attended by the Baron and both Baneguards (if they are still 'alive'). If discovered trying to sacrifice a human to a demon, the Baron fights to the death – after all, the consequences of being captured and tried are much, much worse than a quick death. If adventurers come looking for a comrade who has been captured, he will say that he has already handed them over to the Constable.

Multiple prisoners are always handed over to the proper authorities. The risk involved in sacrificing just one of them or even all of them is too great for the Baron to take at this stage in his plans.

Adventurers that are not sacrificed are handed over to the Constable when he arrives in two days' time. Just enough time to attempt a breakout! What happens to adventurers who are carted off by the Constable is beyond the scope of this scenario, and is up to the individual GM.

Even if the adventurers manage to capture or kill the Baron, they will be guilty of assault or murder, unless they have proof of the Baron's crimes. The nobility does not tolerate its junior members being killed off willy-nilly by commoners. Telling the villagers that they have killed the Baron would not be a wise idea either!

Talking to the Locals

The villagers are generally a friendly bunch and are willing to answer questions about the recent state of events in the village (and about farming as well). In return, they ask the adventurers questions about goings on in the rest of the Empire, and listen intently if other lands are described.

Through talking to the villagers, the adventurers may come up with an idea as to what is going on. To an extent there is an element of truth in all of the rumours, although exactly which bit is true is a little hard to tell in some cases. Remember that there are only a finite number of villagers, and that each family, and possibly their immediate neighbours, will tend to know the same information.

The GM can make up extra rumours, if they are needed.

Rumours

1. Baron Ennum used to be a powerful wizard, but he gave it up when his father suddenly died as he had to assume the title of Baron Regensdorf.
2. The bogeymen have been summoned to punish the villagers for a past wrongdoing.
3. Old Johann, a drunkard from a neighbouring village, reckons he saw one of the scarecrows moving one night as he walked home. More like he'd had too much to drink and couldn't see straight.
4. The Burgomeister has been in charge for over twenty years. No one questions his word on important matters.
5. A Chaos monster has this village in its grasp and is going to squeeze the life from us, bit by bit.
6. A caravan guard said that a large band of Goblins is gathering on the eastern border. He reckoned that they were after something more than mere plunder.
7. Luc Gascon has started acting really strange. I reckon that he's secretly involved with that strumpet Emmanuelle who works at the inn.
8. The Baron is funding the reward. Some say, not me mind you, that it's to cover up the fact that all the children who have gone missing are really his offspring.
9. Something sinister lives in the woods that surround this village and it isn't the bogeymen or wolves. I've never seen it, but I've felt it watching me.
10. The Baron and Luc knew each other years ago when the Baron was a wizard and Luc was a mercenary stationed here in Regensdorf.

Village Encounters

Whilst wandering around the village the adventurers should encounter the following episodes. Each should seem like a purely random event, rather than standing out as a major plot device. This is best achieved if the GMs slip in a few mundane encounters of their own devising.

When the adventurers pass a small farm building they see a farmer struggling with a wild-eyed horse. They hear the farmer cursing the creature, muttering out loud to the beast, *"reckon those new shoes is hurting you boy; you ain't never been this feisty."* (The horseshoes were made on the Black Anvil and are affecting the horse's temperament.)

The adventurers hear a heated argument and upon investigating see one of the farmers arguing with Luc Gascon, the smith, about the quality of a knife he made. The argument heats up until, finally, Luc smashes the farmer in the face with his fist. He then picks the farmer up from the floor, brushes him down, apologises profusely, and gives the farmer a few coins in compensation for the knife's quality.

SEARCHING THE WOODS

A Long Search

The woods surrounding the village of Regensdorf are extremely old and the trees have grown to as much as fifty feet tall. The areas between the trees are full of dense undergrowth, such as ferns and thorn bushes. The canopy of the trees keeps most of the rain off of the adventurers, but it also blocks out much of the sunlight that is available. As such, progress is very slow.

For every three hours or so that the adventurers spend searching the woods they will encounter one of the events below in the order that they are written. If the adventurers do not find the Goblin camp in one day, continue the encounters the next day from where they left off.

The Goblins' trail: When the Goblins entered the woods they did not use existing pathways and trails, they simply forced their own way through the undergrowth. Adventurers with the skill *Follow Trail* can determine (with successful *Intelligence* Tests, each with a +10% bonus) that the trail is roughly two weeks old and that a force of around a dozen creatures passed this way. Another successful test allows them to follow the trail.

The old hut: Regardless of whether the adventurers successfully follow the Goblins' trail or not, their next encounter is a rundown hut.

The hut appears to be deserted, and closer inspection reveals that the door has been broken down. Inside the hut are a wooden table, a stool, a small cot with dirty blankets on, and a pile of gnawed bones. Adventurers making a successful *Cook* Test can determine that the bones are only a few days old at most.

Adventurers who make a successful *Initiative* Test whilst searching the hut will discover that under one of the blankets is some blood-soaked straw. The blood is quite dry and it is impossible to guess when the blood was spilled.

The Goblins found the hut whilst cutting a trail and, for a while at least, used this place as their camp. Fearing that human hunters might occasionally use the hut, the Goblins moved out. The straw is from the scarecrow, who used the hut to devour one of his victims.

Adventurers following the Goblins' trail need to make another roll to pick up the trail from this point. On a successful *Intelligence* roll (with a +10% bonus) the adventurer can also determine that this trail is 3 or 4 days newer than the trail that led to the hut.

Wolf Pack: The adventurers will come across evidence of wolves, such as paw prints, spoors and the like. These beasts are starved and desperate, and will be easy to track. Should the PCs do so then wolves will attack them. The pack is six strong and will retreat after two of their number die.

The Druid: Heading deeper into the woods, the adventurers occasionally think they can hear the sound of chanting and singing, although it is impossible to tell where it comes from.

As they are passing through a particularly dark piece of forest a voice booms out, *"who are you?"* Looking around reveals nothing. If the adventurers make no response the voice calls again, *"What do you want?"* Once they have explained themselves, an old man in a dirty white robe steps from the undergrowth. From his belt hangs a sickle and a selection of cuttings. (His spirit cat familiar watches from nearby, but most PCs won't be able to perceive this in any way.) He introduces himself as Gronwyn, the protector of this part of the forest.

Once cordial relations have been struck, the man will be willing to answer the adventurers' questions. He has come to this part of the forest as the current aura from the village is disturbing him, and the goblins' wanton destruction of the forest has really upset him. If questioned about events in the village he responds that he knows nothing, as the village *"is under protection of another"* and he does not venture near, although he occasionally talks to local hunters. He will not join the adventurers, disappearing off quickly into the trees.

Although appearing somewhat distracted, Gronwyn is a highly proficient Druid with a through knowledge of the forest. He is uncomfortable in company and spends quite a lot of time talking to his familiar. However, he is no fool and will not tolerate being treated as such.

The Slaughter: The trail leads the adventurers to a bloody scene. In the middle of a small clearing is the carcass of a recently slaughtered deer of large size. The beast has been savagely killed and its body strewn about the clearing. Little of it seems to have been eaten. The scarecrow killed the deer purely for fun.

Adventurers who actively search the area may make an *Initiative* test to spot a shiny nail lying on the grass. There is nothing unusual about the nail, except that it is lying in a forest clearing.

The nail was one of those holding up the scarecrow, and it was constructed on the Black Anvil.

Night in the Forest

If the adventurers decide to spend the night in the forest, they should be made to feel like they are unwanted visitors in a very private land.

Those who stay awake on guard duty at any point during the night hear strange howling noises, see bright eyes glinting in the dark, and hear bushes rustle near them. Every noise should be made to feel oppressive. Those on guard duty should be nervous enough to wake the others up at least once during the night.

Those who spend any time awake at night in the forest must make a *Willpower* test or gain one Insanity Point from the terrors they must endure. Adventurers used to an outdoor life may, at the GM's discretion, get a bonus of up to +30.

If the adventurers post no guards then they should be made to suffer. Maybe a wild animal attacks them, or the Goblins discover them and launch a short (two or three rounds maximum) raid on them. Scare them for their stupidity, but do not punish them too severely.

The Goblin Camp

As the adventurers cut through the dense undergrowth, they hear the sounds of guttural voices up ahead. Those amongst them who have had any experience with Goblins will recognise the Goblin language of Ghâzhakh. If they are reasonably quiet they can sneak up close enough to spot a band of around a dozen Goblins that have camped in a small clearing. Seven makeshift lean-tos have been constructed from tree branches.

Six Goblins can be seen sat around sharpening their weapons. Two are asleep by a beer barrel, and another two are arguing over something. Adventurers making a successful *Initiative* test can spot that the object is a child's shoe. The two who are arguing are also slightly different from the other Goblins.

The one holding the shoe wears a wolf's pelt cloak (the Shaman); the other is well muscled and wears some sort of amulet around his neck (the Goblin pack's chieftain).

Modes of Attack

The adventurers must now decide how to deal with the Goblins. A straightforward charge from the undergrowth stuns the Goblins long enough that the adventurers can reach them without coming under missile fire. However, it also means that the adventurers are outnumbered.

If they try to use missile fire to pick off the Goblins they may manage to hit one or two before the Goblins dive into their lean-tos and hole up. Using fire arrows is of little use as the bivouacs are all damp due to the constant rain.

Waiting until nightfall sees half of the Goblins going to bed whilst the other half take guard posts around the camp. None of the Goblins is out of sight of his two immediate neighbours and they constantly chatter to one another. A swift attack here may take out a few of the guards before the alarm can be raised.

It should be noted that the Goblins have an advantage over most adventurers at night - they can see! As such, the Goblins do not light any campfires and so will be hard to spot without illumination. Remember that little light permeates the tree canopy.

Whatever the tactics, killing the Goblins outright is by far the safest plan. If they are driven off the evil power of the anvil only causes them to return, and this time they may bring friends!

The Goblin's Tactics

When the alarm is raised, the shaman immediately casts *Aura of Resistance* on himself. If the battle goes badly for the Goblins he casts *Mystic Mist*, so allowing his comrades to escape. However, if the adventurers take only a slight upper hand he uses *Wind Blast*. He only casts *Zone of Sanctuary* if the party consists of large number of Elves or Dwarfs.

The rest of the Goblins draw their weapons and fall back to the lean-to, in order to get time to work out who the enemy are and in what numbers they are attacking.

Against weaker-looking foes they will counter-charge as soon as possible, concentrating their combined might against the most dangerous foes (i.e. wizards and other spell casters). If the attackers are tougher than the Goblins then they attempt to flee into the woods, from where they can use guerrilla tactics.

Searching the Camp

Once the adventurers have killed or driven off the Goblins they may search the camp. They find three barrels of Reikland beer stamped with a Wolfenburg tavern mark (the Howling Wolf Tavern), several animal carcasses (easily recognisable for what they are) and the Goblins' weapons and armour. The Goblins are not the richest creatures on the planet and, aside from their poor quality weapons and armour,

all that the characters can find are miscellaneous trinkets worth 4d6 GCs in total.

As they search the camp, each adventurer should make an *Initiative* roll. Whoever rolls the best success notices that in one of the tents is a collection of small bones with symbols marked on them. Anyone with *Divining* will recognise them as divination bones, used to foretell future events.

They find no sign of any of the missing children except for the single shoe mentioned earlier. If shown around the village it can be confirmed that the shoe belonged to one of the missing children.

Questioning Captives

There is a chance that the adventurers will actually capture a Goblin alive for the purposes of interrogation. Unless one of them speaks the Goblins' language, questioning the captive will get them nowhere, as the Goblins speak no Old Worlder at all.

Assuming that one of the adventurers can communicate with the Goblins, they learn the following limited information. From warrior Goblins: "We wuz called 'ere by it. Ar shaman, 'e led uz 'ere usin' 'iz bones. We gots lotz ov uz followin', so you manfings iz gonna pay reel soon!"

From the Shaman: "I wuz contacted by da great spirit usin' telepaffy an' it gave me instrukshuns on 'ow to find it. We iz gonna take it back wiv uz, when we works owt wot it iz livin' in."

The shaman and warriors alike will be frustratingly vague about what 'it' is. They themselves are unsure; they simply sense its power.

It's Not Over Yet

Once the adventurers return to the village and tell the locals that they have killed the bogeymen the locals go potty. They treat the adventurers like great heroes and everyone wants to shake their hands or kiss them. Happy villagers buy them continuous rounds of drinks. The Burgomeister proclaims that tomorrow is henceforth a public holiday in honour of the adventurers' deeds and that tonight a huge feast will take place at the village meeting place. All are welcome!

Until the feast is ready, the adventurers have little to do except drink and eat well, and bask in the praises of the locals. If Emmanuelle was not attracted to any humans early in the adventure, she is now attracted to the male with the highest Fellowship, even if they do not meet her standards.

As the feast is being prepared that evening, a woman enters the inn in tears and wails that someone has taken her baby from its cradle not fifteen minutes ago. Everything goes quite and all eyes turn to the adventurers.

Looking for Clues

The woman, Gertrude Studabaker, sobs out her story to the adventurers and assembled villagers. *"I was doing my washing in the kitchen whilst my little boy Rudolph was playing... [sob]... just outside in the garden. He was... [sob]... playing with his favourite toy." At this point she holds out a wooden soldier that is streaked with fresh blood. "I didn't see what happened... [sob]. One minute he was here playing and the next he had gone. I looked but couldn't see him, Oh please, find him before it is too late! I thought you'd killed the bogeymen?"*

The woman's house is right on the edge of the village and can be reached in only a few minutes at full run. When they arrive the adventurers notice fresh footprints in the mud heading off into the fields. The footprints are man-sized and are definitely not the child's. His footprints can be seen in the area immediately outside the house but they do not lead off anywhere. Lying beside the blood splatters is a large, wide-brimmed hat.

Adventurers who wish to track the other footprints must make a successful *Follow Trail* test (characters without night vision have a 20-point penalty, due to the poor light). Those who succeed should consult the next section.

A Gruesome Sight

A mile later the trail comes to an abrupt end just before one of the scarecrows that stands in the middle of the fields. Lying before the scarecrow is a crumpled pile of bloody clothes.

Adventurers who examine the clothes are dismayed to discover that it is the fresh corpse of a young child whose throat has been savagely torn out. Those witnessing this gruesome scene must make a *Cool* roll or gain an insanity point.

The scarecrow itself does not react to the adventurers' presence unless they make obvious noises about it being suspicious or they try to attack it. In either case the creature reacts with surprising speed and leaps at the nearest adventure. Whilst not a genius, the creature does value its own life and understands that discretion is the better part of valour. When reduced to 50% of its current *Wounds* total the creature flees into the woods.

If the players do not suspect the scarecrow, then they may wander around for some considerable time before giving up. The meal planned for that evening is called off, people are decidedly frosty towards the adventurers, and before dawn more shrieking is heard as yet another child is carried off. The trail leads in much the same direction as the first, and the GM should feel free to re-use this section pretty much verbatim. If that doesn't give the PCs a clear hint, nothing will.

The Chase is On

Chasing the scarecrow is not as easy as it sounds. Firstly, the ground is a veritable quagmire after the recent rain. Secondly, the creature is surprisingly nimble. Thirdly, it is possessed of supernatural cunning and knows several paths through the woods that the adventurers will have trouble following.

Each adventurer may make a *Strength* test to try and keep up with the beast. As each character fails tell them that they fall by the wayside as the creature bounds ever onwards, seemingly oblivious to the distance covered. Sooner or later they will all fail the test and drop out.

Following the tracks yields little success either. After three miles the scarecrow climbs a tree and travels from branch to branch in a bid to lose its pursuers. With the thick canopy of the trees this is quite easy.

The scarecrow now lives in a small cave outside the village in which it has stored some of the corpses of the children it has already taken. Finding the cave is next to impossible and is not part of this adventure.

Returning Alone

When the adventurers return to the village with their tale of the child's fate the villagers are both distraught and angered. It is obvious to them that Chaos is behind this foul spate of murders but they are angry with the adventurers for not stopping it as they were paid to. Excuses hold little sway; the villagers want results.

The Burgomeister takes them to one side and asks in a hushed whisper what plans they have to capture the scarecrow-monster. He listens intently to any plan they propose but makes no comment; he leaves adventuring to the professionals.

If the adventurers do not mention the hat they found at the scene of the crime, one of the villagers points to it and shouts, *"That hat belongs to old Farmer Stefan! He must be the murderer!"* The anxiety of the villagers finally reaches breaking point and they become extremely aggressive at this point and form a mob to find Farmer Stefan and hang him for his crimes. Questioning Farmer Stefan is not part of their plan. If the adventurers mention the hat to anyone the reaction is the same.

If the PCs want to stop the mob one of them needs to make successful a *Public Speaking* roll. Only one such roll can be attempted before the mob charges past them, and the PCs should have to make a snap decision who is going to attempt this task. Unless the adventurers now take some drastic action to stop the mob they will quickly find and hang Farmer Stefan, ending this path of inquiry.

Questioning Farmer Stefan

If the mob is calmed down, the adventurers will undoubtedly wish to question Farmer Stefan quickly. He is in his house, minding his own business, when the adventurers come calling.

He politely invites them in and asks them what they want with him. If they openly accuse his of being the child murderer he gasps loudly at this insult to him. He begins to shout that he is a good man and wouldn't harm a soul. Showing him the hat and explaining where it was found soon silences him.

If they show him the hat and ask if it is, his Farmer Stefan looks at the hat, scratches his head slowly, and says, *"Yup, that's my hat alright. Strange though, I thought I threw it out a week or so back after I've just bought a new one from a merchant passing through here. I can show you it if you like?"* Farmer Stefan happily fetches his new hat, which is identical in style to his old one. He will happily answer any other questions openly and honestly.

Adventurers who make a successful *Fellowship* roll have a feeling that the old man is telling the truth about the hat. Farmer Stefan is the same farmer who took the clothes from the hanged man. He also put his hat on the scarecrow, but he has forgotten this fact.

However, if the adventurers have seen the scarecrow in action and mention this to him he will remember giving his hat to the scarecrow. *"I put it on him 'cos I was getting a new one! That what I did with me old hat! I reckoned my scarecrow looked mighty dandy with it on!"*

Once the adventurers have finished with Farmer Stefan the mob demands that he be handed over to them for punishment. A successful *Public Speaking* roll convinces them that Stefan had no part in the murders and that the murderer stole his hat. If the roll fails, the adventurers will need to resort to some quick role-playing to calm the mob down, otherwise the farmer will be summarily executed.

To Trap a Beast

The adventurers will, undoubtedly, eventually arrive at the conclusion that they can trap the beast by using live bait - i.e. a villager's child.

No villager is going to just hand over their offspring to an adventurers so he can capture a child-eating monster, regardless of how logical the plan is. However, with a successful *Leadership* or *Fellowship* roll (at –30, but with the usual bonuses for *charm* and so on) and 20 GCs a family can be persuaded to loan the adventurers a child for a few days.

Regardless of how the bait is used, the scarecrow falls for the trap. Some three hours after setting the trap the adventurers are surprised when it leaps from a treetop (or a roof, if they're in the town; sneaking from the woods and prowling past yokels poses few problems for the beast's supernatural intelligence) onto the ground near the child. Each adventurer has only a single round to act before the beast's sharp claws kill the child. Those who use missile fire or instantly leap to the child's aid are effective in preventing the child's death, as the beast turns on them instead.

This time the scarecrow does not surrender. It comes to the conclusion that the adventurers are not going to leave the village until it is dead, so it tries to remove them from its hunting ground by force. When the scarecrow is eventually slain it crumples to the fall and, to all intents and purposes, resembles a mundane scarecrow.

More Feasting

Once the adventurers return to the village and tell the locals that they have killed the real bogeyman this time, the locals go potty. Once again they treat the adventurers like great heroes and everyone wants to shake their hands or kiss them. As before, happy villagers buy them continuous rounds of drinks and the Burgomeister proclaims that tomorrow is henceforth a public holiday and that any previous reference to a holiday is null and void. He adds that a huge feast in the adventurers' honour will take place at the village meeting place. All are welcome!

At the feast the Burgomeister gives a brief speech thanking the adventurers for their help and then hands them their rewards as promised. The villagers happily pay whatever fee they agreed with the adventurers.

Once the formalities are complete the party begins in earnest and the troubles of the past few weeks are forgotten for a short time.

Although the adventurers may believe their job finished there is still the matter of the Black Anvil and the Baron.

DAY THREE

This event takes place around noon on day three of the adventurers' investigation unless they have left the village (in which case they aren't here to stop it) or have removed the anvil (in which case the adventure is effectively over). If the characters have completed the adventure extremely swiftly, then have them spend a day or so enjoying the villager's hospitality as they recover from the excesses of the celebrations. (Mean stuff, that home-brew...)

Whilst eating a simple lunch of meat on top of bread, washed down with several flagons of ale, the adventurers hear shouting from outside. As they make their way out they see a group of villagers in a surly mood surrounding the meeting hill. Luc the blacksmith stands atop the hill, his face contorted with rage as he bellows at the crowd.

Approaching the crowd, the adventurers are met by the Burgomeister who informs them that Luc has gone mad and has killed three villagers with his hammer. They have him surrounded but do not know how to capture him without harm. He offers the adventurers an additional 25 GCs each if they can capture Luc unharmed.

Capturing Luc is as not as easy as it seems, as he is in a berserk state and does not respond to reason. Anyone approaching him is attacked without warning. Luc will not surrender.

Once Luc has been successful captured he is bound tightly and placed in the cellar of the tavern until the constable from the nearby town can get to Regensdorf to arrest him. If the truth about the anvil is revealed then Luc is released without charge later that month; otherwise he is tried, found guilty and sentenced to death by hanging.

If the adventurers kill Luc, the Burgomeister reluctantly agrees to hand over the money as promised, but the villagers are a lot less helpful towards them from now on. Apply a -20 penalty to any social rolls involving the villagers.

So How Do They Win?

It is extremely unlikely that the adventurers will piece together the whole story regarding the Baron, the anvil and the bane guards, but they should get enough clues to realise that the anvil is behind all the trouble and that it was the Baron who supplied it to the blacksmith.

If they are really clever, they can try to trap the Baron. The most obvious result is that the adventurers remove the anvil but cannot punish the Baron as they do not have enough proof of his actual involvement. The village is freed from its troubles once the anvil is taken away.

In order to stop the anvil affecting other areas of the Old World it should be deposited far away from any settlements, like in the middle of a desert or down an active volcano. Burying it works as long as it is at a depth of four hundred feet or more. Of course, even then the anvil may attract evil creatures to it. A method for completely destroying the anvil will be given in another adventure, but GMs should feel free to come up with their own alternatives.

Alternatively....

As the PCs are leaving the village they are approached by Gronwyn, the Druid who they encountered earlier. He explains that the anvil cannot not be destroyed but that he knows how to create a ward of protection around it. With the PC's help he buries the anvil and then attracts a wolf to him. Killing the wolf he uses the blood to create the ward and to bind its spirit to the area to protect it. He asks for the PC's help in sealing the ward, as he needs their power. Gronwyn only requires them to join in the chant, but any PC that helps will feel weak for the following day. Thanking them, he promises to watch over the area.

Experience Points

Once the anvil has been safely removed from the village and the scarecrow destroyed, the adventurers can receive their well-deserved reward. The suggested experience rewards for this scenario are given below.

Good role-playing throughout the scenario: 30 - 50 each
Destroying the Goblin band: 20 each
Destroying the animated scarecrow: 20 each
Destroying the Baneguards: 10 each
Gaining enough evidence to incriminate the Baron: 40 each
Saving the farmer from the mob: 10 each
Subduing Luc (alive): 10 to each participant
Discovering that the anvil is responsible for all the trouble: 30 each

THE CAST

Goblins (9 warriors)
The Goblins are armed with swords and bows. (WFRP pg. 220)

Goblin shaman
Magic Points: 9 **Spells(MPs):** Curse (1), Aura of Resistance (2), Wind Blast (2), Cause Hatred (4),Mystic Mist (4)
Skills: Divining, Magical Awareness, Scroll Lore, Magic Sense
It was the shaman who lead the Goblins to the village, using his divination bones to plot the safest route through Ostland. The shaman has the same statistics as the other Goblins.

Pack Wolf (total of six)
These are normal wolves and, like the Goblins, are a red herring designed to lead the adventurers away from the real killer (WFRP pg. 247)

The Druid
Gronwyn, a third level Druidic Priest, has been attracted to this part of the forest by the effects the anvil is having on the area around Regensdorf. He has no idea what is causing these problems but is determined to find out.

In his forties, the Druid is far more capable of communing with nature than he is with people and appears blunt and distracted, not to mention unconcerned about human events. However, he is highly knowledgeable about Druidic magic and nature and could be a useful, if unreliable, ally.

Luc Gascon
Village Blacksmith
Luc Gascon is a Breton by birth. At a young age he left his home to join a mercenary band and through hard work rose to the rank of Captain. It was whilst touring with the mercenaries in Ostland that he first encountered the village of Regensdorf.

The mercenaries were hunting a large force of Goblins that had moved into the area and Regensdorf was on their patrol route. Luc fell in love with the sleepy place and swore that one day he would return and make Regensdorf his home.

The war against the Goblins was eventually won and Regensdorf had slipped from Luc's mind. However, the years of blood and death had taken their toll on Luc and he grew sick of killing for money. He bought his way out of the unit and left to travel the Empire. On his travels, which lasted nearly eight years, he picked up a few useful skills, including the art of smithing. Whilst wandering through Ostland he happened upon Regensdorf, more by luck than by design.

Luc moved into the village and bought a large house with the remains of his mercenary booty. It was not long before he began working part-time as a blacksmith helping out his fellow villagers. Once Luc saw that there was a demand for his skills he converted his house into a smithy and set up shop as a blacksmith full time.

Luc used to be very friendly and always had time for a chat. Under the influence of the anvil he has become more and more evil and snarls at the adventurers to go away if they approach him. Persistent offenders have small items, such as horseshoes, thrown at them.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	35	30	4	4	7	50	1	43	24	29	24	45	20

The following characteristics are for when Luc is in a berserk rage on day three (q.v. Day Three).

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	40	30	5	5	10	50	2	10	29	24	45	75	01

Age: 32 **Skills**: Animal Care, Secret Language, Battle Tongue, Disarm, Smithing, Dodge Blow, Strike Mighty Blow, Metallurgy, Strike to Stun, Ride
Equipment: The smith is armed with a hammer. He wears a heavy leather apron giving him an AP of 0/1 on his body. His old metal breastplate and sword are kept in his bedroom in a locked chest with some of the money the baron paid him.

Emmanuelle
Serving Girl
Emmanuelle was born and bred in Regensdorf and has never travelled more than ten miles from it. When she was old enough she took a serving job at the Wayfarer's Rest and now makes money singing and dancing for the patrons.

Emmanuelle has grown bored of the quiet life the village offers and wants to explore the world and see the wondrous sites that passing merchants have told her about. Her romantic attachment to an adventurer is as much to provide her with a reason to leave the village as it is puppy love.

Emmanuelle is a fun-loving girl with big ideas of what the outside world is like. She is carefree and full of fun, but handles rejection very badly. For her age she can be rather grown-up, and does not go out with the local boys, who are too immature for her liking.

Marcus von Schtupp
Burgomeister
Although the position of Burgomeister is a democratic one in Regensdorf, with elections being held every four years, the post has been held by a member of the von Schtupp family for over one hundred years.

Marcus von Schtupp was raised to be Burgomeister and was sent away to a fine school in Altdorf where he would learn how to be a leader of men. Although never really sure that he *wanted* to be a leader of men he went ahead anyway.

Upon finishing his schooling Marcus returned to Regensdorf and set about learning a trade whilst he waited for his father to retire from office. Marcus chose to learn the ways of the priesthood, as the village had no regular priest, and travelled to train with a full priest of Taal. He is now an initiate of the religion and is allowed to perform certain ceremonies when a priest cannot make it.

When the time came for Marcus' father to retire from office new elections were duly held and Marcus won by a landslide; the fact that he was the only candidate was irrelevant to the villagers. Since then Marcus has worked hard on the villagers' behalf and trade with neighbouring areas has grown. He has been re-elected eight times in a row.

This latest episode with the bogeymen is taxing him hard, however, and he has persuaded Baron Regensdorf to provide a reward so that he can hire some professional adventurers.

Marcus is a man who is content with his life. He exudes an air of self-confidence. He cares deeply about the village and would perform almost any act to see it remain safe.

Child-Eating Killer Scarecrow

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	33	17	4	5	17	30	2	18	18	24	18	29	10

Skills: Flee!

The scarecrow has *Night Vision* at 20 yards, is *immune to psychology* (but has a highly developed sense of self-preservation) and causes *Fear* in living creatures. It is immune to critical hits involving bleeding, pain, being winded, and so on – the GM may wish to modify other hit results too. The scarecrow has been possessed with a small fraction of the Black Anvil's evil from the nails that held it upright. The clothes of the murderer have greatly enhanced the evil force controlling the scarecrow.

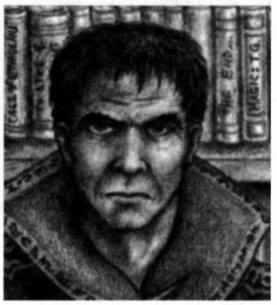
Baneguards

The Baneguards are armed with hand weapons, carry large shields and are built from plate armour (this has already been accounted for in their *Toughness* rating). They are immune to psychological effects, to critical hits that involve bleeding (and other related effects, as above) and cannot be forced to flee from combat.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	35	0	3	6	7	30	1	18	n/a	18	n/a	18	n/a

Baron Ennum Von Regensdorf

Reinhardt Ennum was born to be the next Baron of Regensdorf, but that wasn't enough for him. When his family visited other nobles of higher status their children would tease him about his lowly heritage. It was this that drove Ennum to try and better himself. It was also around this time he discovered the use of pain as an effective weapon.



Upon reaching the age of fifteen Ennum was expected to go and study at a finishing school for young nobles, readying himself for his future role as Baron Regensdorf. Ennum had other ideas however and, against his father's wishes, left to become a wizard in Altdorf.

Ennum was never cut out to be a wizard. He lacked patience, wanting everything immediately. His master, a renowned and respected wizard, kept him on because he was a good cleaner, not because of any hidden talent. The day came for Ennum to take his final exam and he failed with flying colours. In a rage Ennum murdered his master, planted evidence blaming another apprentice, and fled the city.

Believing himself to be a great wizard, Ennum joined forces with an adventuring party who were planning to rob the tower of a long dead demonologist. The Sorcerer's defences were stronger than expected and only Ennum made it past the traps and guardians alive. It was in the demonologist's sanctum that he encountered the Black Anvil. After years of careful study Ennum learned that the anvil was alive, a force of evil that could help him achieve his dream of power. But here was something he had to do first. Ennum returned home to Regensdorf as the repentant and loving son. His mother had died whilst he was away, and his brothers and sisters had long since left home. Ennum expected to find his father ill or dying, but he was wrong - the old man looked to be as fit and healthy as the day he left. His father's doctors said that he could live for another twenty years or more. It came as a shock to everyone when a falling tree killed the old Baron whilst he was out riding the very next week. Ennum became Baron and set about his plans. With the groundwork complete and the plan carefully laid out he began step one: using the anvil to create an unstoppable and totally loyal army to conquer The Empire.

Lord Ennum is not a man that can be described as sane. He has an unquenchable thirst for personal power and lets no one and nothing get in his way. Over time he has learned to control his maniacal tendencies, but if under stress his true nature momentarily bursts through in a fit of rage.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	53	42	4	5	8	47	1	58	68	47	48	51	51

Age: 39 **Skills**: Arcane Language - Magick, Blather, Cast Spells - Petty Magic, Charm, Etiquette, Excellent Vision, Gamble, Heraldry, Luck (usable twice), Read/Write Old Worlder, Ride, Scroll Lore, Secret Language - Classical, Very Resilient, Wit

Magic Points: 5 **Spells(MPs)**: Magic Alarm (2), Marsh Lights (1), Sleep (2), Zone of Silence (1)

Equipment: Jewellery (179 GC), fine clothes, cash (21 GC) and a magic sword, Dragonbane

The Black Anvil

The black anvil was created long ago by a powerful demonologist who was in league with one of the Lords of Chaos, for the sole purpose of creating an army of living armour. The anvil was enchanted with dark magicks but was never used, the demonologist being killed by a band of adventurers before he had chance to test it and iron out any quirks. For centuries the anvil was lost to mankind.

Thirty years ago a young wizard's apprentice came across the anvil whilst exploring an old, ruined tower. He was soon corrupted by its power and planned to create an indestructible army with which to conquer the lands of the Empire. That wizard was the young Baron Reinhardt Ennum.

The anvil is jet black, made of iron, and is perfectly smooth. No force on the face of the Old World can make a mark on its surface. The surface is icy cold to the touch. It weighs the same as a standard anvil but is imbued with the following powers: the anvil has a strong evil aura and acts as a magnet for chaotic and evil creatures. Weak-willed creatures within ten miles are drawn towards its location, finding the area strangely comforting and homely.

Creatures that remain within close proximity of the anvil (generally closer than 10 feet for more than six hours a day for a week or more) begin to be affected by its evil nature. Over a period of weeks, they become more and more evil, although the victim is completely unaware of what is happening to them.

Any suit of plate armour created using the anvil becomes host to a part of the anvil's evil and is transformed into a Baneguard. The anvil's owner can control the Baneguard, but they are notoriously unreliable.

Dragonbane

Dragonbane is Baron Ennum's sword and has been in his family for generations. A grateful lord gave it to his great-great-great-grandfather after the then Squire Ennum rescued his only daughter from the hands of marauding Chaos knights. The sword causes double damage to all Dragons and Jabberwocks.

However, the sword has a slight curse on it. So intent is it on destroying Dragons and Jabberwocks that when one is encountered, the bearer of the sword must make a successful *Willpower* test or be compelled to attack the beast until it is dead.

A BURIED PAST

A Short Scenario by John Foody

"Guilt is perhaps the most painful companion of death"
Elisabeth Kubler-Ross

"Of everything I have done on my journey, I regret nothing. Nothing except that which set me on this path."
Unknown Warrior

This scenario has been designed to be played in Nuln, but will fit easily into any city or large town. While it is very simple and short it can leave the party with some good friends or powerful enemies. As always, feel free to change or amend any parts you wish.

A Love Not to Be

Twenty-five years ago Duke Mathieu von Blech fell in love with Maria Kier, an actress famed city-wide for her talent and beauty. Although they were greatly in love, she was a commoner and he felt unable to break the restraints his family and society placed on him. A year passed, and when their affair was discovered, his family arranged a marriage of political convenience. From that moment he was forbidden to see her.

However, Maria was pregnant, and when she got a message to Mathieu he was devastated, unsure what to do. His family honour was at stake. His closest friend and personal attendant Erwin Wolheim was sent to see Maria but angered her and, on his return, informed his master that Maria was irrational. Mathieu said, "she will ruin this family's name, she must be silenced." Erwin returned and when they argued for a second time he killed her, burying the body under the theatre's stage. He returned to find Mathieu ready to leave town and take Maria with him. Devastated, Erwin fell to his knees and begged his Lord's forgiveness.

The Duke felt responsible for the killing, forgiving Erwin his mistake. Days passed until it was the day of his arranged marriage. Still consumed by guilt, the first light of dawn saw the pair leaving the city and heading east. They spent years fighting the Goblins and Chaos in the Dark Lands and Northern Steppes, where Erwin lost his left arm.

The Duke had no intention of ever returning, expecting to die in combat. Recently, however, he heard his father was dying and, wishing to see him, returned home. However he arrived too late: his father was dead and he was expected to take on the leadership of the family. He has tried to do this, but remains uncomfortable amongst the niceties of high society.

Enter the PCs

The party are going out about their business when down an alley they hear a scuffle that everyone else in the street is ignoring. An old man is tussling with two young boys, who run when the party approach, the man's purse clutched in their hands. The victim, Hieronymus Kappelmuller (a local tailor of some renown), is slightly stunned from the attack, with a small cut on his forehead. If the PCs take him home they will be sent away by his housekeeper, Edna, but not before he tells them to return later to receive his gratitude.

"I'm not wearing that!"

When they return to visit Hieronymus, he will be happy to see them, inviting them in for drinks and talking about a fantastic reward. They will be poured some fine Bretonnian brandy and Hieronymus will ring the servant's bell. Two of his apprentices bring forward a set of fine clothes (x6 quality) for each PC which he has made, taking the measurements from memory. They require only a slight adjustment. He then pulls out tickets for the Tilean Opera 'La Scorta' which is showing at the von Blech Theatre and will not take no for an answer.

The clothes are very fashionable, and PCs will probably feel uncomfortable, especially when told that only members of a military order (a human one, uniform required) may carry swords. A sheathed knife is allowed. If the PCs refuse, Hieronymus will be upset as he was looking forward to the company and the tickets were hard to obtain. He will therefore hire the PCs as Bodyguards with a fake story that his life has been threatened.

A Night at the Opera

The opera will be packed full of nobility and wealthy citizens, and unless the PCs have Etiquette they will be severely out of place, ignored by all but Hieronymus. The talk will be about the new Duke's first official visit to the Opera House, and a mixed feeling as to whether he is brave or foolish for his lost years. There will be a lot of rumour and hearsay being passed about.

When everyone is seated the Duke makes his entrance, walking quietly into the Royal box escorting his niece and followed by Erwin. He is dressed in fine clothes and carries a sword, and he nods to the crowd who murmur as they notice a silver hammer of Sigmar around his neck and a large scar across one eye. (Optionally, you could have him escorted by Countess Emmanuelle von Liebewitz, ruler of Nuln).

As he sits, the Opera begins; it will last for a further three hours. Some of the PCs may even enjoy it, as it tells the story of a group of adventurers protecting a Magistrate from attempts on his life by a powerful chaos cult. More likely they will be bored rigid. If they look they can see the Duke is enthralled.

"I tell you, I saw something..."

During the performance one of the PCs (a female PC preferably, or the else the most heroic) notices movement at the side of the stage. A young woman in some distress beckons for the PC to approach, seemly uninhibited by the full theatre. This is the ghost of Maria Kier. She is dressed in fine but unfashionable clothes, her hair a complete mess, a jewelled necklace around her neck. It is dark in the theatre and the PC will not be able to tell it is a ghost (unless they have the Identify Undead skill) but they will be filled with dread and a standard Fear test should be made as usual.

If they approach they will have to make their way through a row of tutting people and will find the woman has disappeared. If they make their way backstage they will not be questioned as long as they are quiet and unobtrusive in the backstage bustle. When they reach the stage wings, they will again see the woman, now standing centre stage. Suddenly, she disappears in a cloud of smoke produced as one of the actor/adventurers 'dies' from a 'fireball'. (It takes him twenty aria-filled minutes to finally die.)

Dreams of the Dead

If the PC does nothing about the apparition, they will be plagued by dreams. These contain brief visions of Maria, but will soon escalate to include violent overtones (although nothing specific). After a week, the PC will start to dread sleep and may even begin to gain insanity points.

A Girl like Maria

With the reappearance of the Duke, Maria has returned for two reasons: one is vengeance and the other is to be laid to rest properly. She has chosen a PC (and therefore the whole party) as the means to achieve these aims. Apart from the first appearance she will not show herself again.

The Theatre

Otto Braun, the theatre director, will laugh off any suggestion of a

A Buried Past – Player Handout One

ghost and will proudly show the PCs around the theatre (if asked politely). The building is a particularly fine example of local architecture and very well funded by the von Blechs. There will be a couple of stagehands and actors hanging around, but they will only confirm the manager's statements. All these people have worked at the theatre for less than twenty years – but don't feel you need to tell the PCs this.

If you wish, you can have the PCs come across a worried Otto. One of the spear-carriers in the opera has been struck ill and he is looking for someone with a reasonable Fellowship who looks like they could carry a weapon without dropping it. This will be his price for allowing the PCs into the theatre.

Maria's body is buried under the stage, directly under the point where she disappeared from the PC's sight. The chosen PC will begin to feel Maria's presence as they approach the stage and will feel very cold. Moving a few crates, they will only have to dig a little way down. Her body is little more than a skeleton; nothing remaining of the foetus. The only object to have survived is a diamond and gold necklace. This is the one the ghost was seen wearing.

This is a magic necklace, which allows the spell Aura of Protection to be cast for one hour each day. It is linked to the spirit of Maria and again the chosen PC feels a strong desire to own it. Anyone else feels slightly uncomfortable wearing it, but will suffer no ill effects.

Old Friends

At this point the PCs may or may not have an old corpse, but whatever the situation they should be wondering about the ghost's identity. There are a couple of ways that this can be uncovered, although in the end they will have to track down old members of the cast and crew.

Under the stage are boxes filled with old props and the theatre's collection of posters from the last thirty-two years, together with various other documents of little importance. Looking through the posters will not prove very helpful, as there are no actor portraits and the names of actors and actresses are forever changing. The theatre has put on up to fifty performances in a year.

As they are leaving the theatre, or if they ask if there is someone who may have some knowledge of the people who used to work in the theatre, they will be shown a bust of a man with the plaque, "in acknowledgement of this theatre's debt to Dieter Walbrook. For thirty years of service." Braun says that Walbrook was his predecessor as director of the Opera House.

Dieter Walbrook

Walbrook is still alive and lives nearby, regularly visiting the theatre. His house is full of theatre memorabilia but his portrait by Jurgen Korff, the famous Imperial artist, takes pride of place, as it was a gift from the von Blech family. In the last few years he has grown senile and is looked after by his niece Ellen, but is always happy to receive visitors.

He will talk enthusiastically about his time in the theatre and wax lyrical on the merits of any actor whose name is mentioned. He will not be able to recall any actresses from the description of the ghost, but should he be asked if any performance were ever cancelled (or similar) he would answer, "Yes, yes there was." Pause. "It was the chicken but I still suspect the fish had something to do with it. Never could trust Depburrow again, although I heard he's working for some lord out in the sticks. Young Braun [the current

theatre director] was sick for days, but we missed only one night, even though the night after consisted of the actors being ill every moment they walked off stage."

He will chuckle to himself about this bout of food poisoning, and his niece will arrive to take him for dinner at her house, asking the party to leave. As they are leaving, Walbrook will suddenly announce. "Yes, the show must always go on. We almost cancelled when Fraulein Keir went missing but Anna-Lise stepped forward and she was just wonderful as Pandora, just wonderful: almost as good as Maria." He remembers none of the details of this episode.

At the theatre the PCs will find a poster for 'Die Buchse der Pandora' (Pandora's Box) with a list of the main actors (see player handout one).

The Von Blech's Theatre presents
Die Buchse der Pandora
by F. Wedekind
with Maria Kier and Fritz Kortner
and Franz Lederer, Claus Goetz, Olivia Pascal and Gustav Diessel
For all Pflugzeit

It won't be too difficult to track down these cast members as most still circulate in local society. Claus Goetz died eight years ago from natural causes. Fredrich Wedekind, the playwright, died over a hundred years ago. This was his most famous play and is still performed today. It concerns the travels of a young noble woman on her way to Nuln, where she becomes destitute and is murdered at the hands of a mutant killer.

Most of the cast are friendly but will all find questions about Maria odd after twenty years. The PCs will have to tread carefully, making sure they do not cause any offence.

Anna-Lise Oldenhaller

Anna-Lise was Maria's understudy and replacement, and still occasionally appears on the stage. She married into the Oldenhaller family and still lives in Nuln. Braun knows where she lives.

Now married to a respected artisan, she is dressed in the latest fashions and is heavily made up, her hair piled on top of her head. She is very over-the-top and dramatic in all her actions. She remembers Maria with fondness, as she was very kind to her, helping her with acting. She speaks well of everyone in the play but will need prompting for the names. She did not notice if Maria was acting differently before her disappearance. She once saw her get into a carriage with a coat of arms on the side (this was the von Blechs', but she does not know this). This was after a performance two months before her disappearance.

Lord Fritz Kortner

Fritz Kortner was one of the most famous actors in Imperial high society, frequently appearing before the most powerful families. Although he is an excellent actor, some of this success grew from the fact that he is a noble himself. Ostracised by his family at first, they soon came round once his fame and wealth grew. His personality contains the very worst aspects of the aristocracy, and he takes no trouble to hide his disdain of those he considers his inferiors. His arrogance, egotism, rudeness and snobbery will leave the PCs gasping for air after talking to him.

He retired from the stage ten years ago, spending his time enjoying the intrigues and parties of high society. He will vividly remember Maria, and when he talks of her he is obviously quite bitter. He will pass on that he was very close to Maria but their relationship finished a couple of years before her disappearance and she barely spoke to him afterwards. In the play he took the part of Pandora's killer. He will say the night she disappeared was like any other. He will mention that she was taken from him by a rival but will mention no names.

This is his view. The truth is that their relationship was very stormy and often he resorted to violence. He could not accept they had finished, became obsessed by her, and they constantly argued. He knows that she was seeing von Blech but will not divulge this information.

He knows Maria was close to Olivia Pascal, whom he dislikes, as he does Franz Lederer, whom he once came to blows with. He will call Claus Goetz an old fool and does not remember Gustav Diessel or any of the stagehands.

He will not tolerate the PCs for long and can be dangerous should they accuse him of Maria's disappearance.

Franz Lederer

Franz Lederer still acts, but only in travelling troupes. He is presently in town for a funeral. He is an honest, generous and open man, not afraid to speak his mind. He remembers his time at the von Blech theatre with fondness but will not be surprised to hear Maria died violently. On the night she disappeared he remembers she was upset and argued with Fritz. He suspects she may have been having an affair with a married man and therefore chose to keep it secret.

He can tell the PCs that Maria and Fritz had an affair two to three years before she disappeared and that Fritz was frequently violent. He hates Fritz, calling him an arrogant thug, recalling they once fought over insulting remarks he made to Olivia Pascal, of whom he is a close friend. He will happily pass on her address. He will say that Claus Goetz was a fine actor and man, and that his death was a sad loss. Also, he knows where Gustav Diessel lives, sadly relating that he has wasted his life on drink. He can also point them in the direction of Sylphie Ekman and Karl Thiele, stagehands at the time.

Franz will offer the party any assistance they require but will be setting out on the road in three days' time.

Olivia Pascal

Olivia Pascal is now a well-regarded cleric of Verena, serving much time as a mediator across many parts of The Empire. She will speak to the PCs in her office at the Temple. She is dressed in simple clerical robes, and is immediately trustworthy. She is friendly and intelligent, looking back on her time in the theatre with happy memories

She will tell the PCs that Maria was having an affair with a noble but she does not know whom. She suspects Maria was pregnant, although she cannot confirm this. She will sadly acknowledge that Fritz was violent towards Maria and was infatuated with her, begging for her hand in marriage. On the night she disappeared, Maria was upset and, as Olivia left, her last words were, "don't worry – I'll be alright, it will be sorted out tonight." Olivia investigated the disappearance but could find no clues, and (unfortunately) Fritz had a solid alibi. She hoped Maria had left

for a new life somewhere else. If the PCs tell Olivia they suspect Maria was murdered then she will only suspect Fritz.

Her distaste towards Fritz will be made apparent every time she speaks of him. She has only good things to say of Franz, Claus, Slylia and Karl. She will also speak of wasted opportunities when talking about Gustav.

Should the PCs find the killer of Maria she will offer to serve as a Lawyer if the murderer is brought before the court.

Gustav Diessel

Gustav will be found in a tavern in the shabbiest part of town, drinking himself into a stupor with his friend Zolver van Reed, who is also an ex-actor. Both will be intoxicated even early on in the day. Gustav will speak of the play as an important work in which he was the leading man.

Gustav loved Maria but never made his feelings clear to her. He long since guessed that she was killed. He heard the first argument between Maria and Erwin, where they talked of a baby and disgrace to the family, mentioning "his Lordship". He also saw the man leave and will describe him as about twenty five, tall, ginger-haired and mean looking. He was hiding in the shadows all this time.

He dislikes Fritz and will tell rumours of girls whom he has made pregnant citywide. There is also a rumour of a husband he had killed [false]. Olivia and Franz he will describe as variously self-righteous, pompous and generous, as both have given him money intermittently over the years. He does not remember Claus, Sylphie or Karl.

Sylphie Ekman

Sylphie was in charge of the wardrobe and can give the PCs details of the other stagehands (none of whom can add anything). She remembers the play fondly, as it was her first in charge of the wardrobe, but also because of the sudden disappearance of Maria.

She knows that Maria hated Fritz and was intending to tell him to stop bothering her that night. Previously she had also seen Maria wearing a fine necklace that she hid beneath her clothes, and Maria had made her promise to silence saying, "you mustn't tell anyone, we must keep our love secret for the time is not right to declare it. But we will marry as this was given to his mother by his father and his grandmother by his grandfather as a sign of loyalty and love."

Karl Thiele

Karl was the stage manager at the theatre and now works in his son's construction business as a foreman. He also remembers the play clearly. He knows various unrelated gossip about the cast members but on the night of Maria's disappearance he will remember seeing Fritz's bodyguards beating up someone on the far side of the city. "He stood there laughing."

He will also recall how Maria and the other actresses would normally receive gifts of flowers from the young Duke Mathieu von Blech "...but she never did. I thought it was a real insult from his Lordship, not that I ever said anything – but she never did mind."

The Duke's Past

Once the PCs begin to suspect that the Duke is behind the killing, they may try and gather some facts about him. Two possible sources

of contact are his ex-fiancé and the family jewellers.

When the Duke escaped to the wastes he left behind his fiancé, Mariann Kieslick. She has since married Lord von Liebenfels, with whom the von Blechs have an old blood feud. She no longer lives in the city but the PCs can talk to her father. Herr Kieslick is a pleasant man who will talk to the PCs all day if they let him. He will tell the PCs that his daughter was upset at the Duke's disappearance but no reason was given for it.

The family jeweller (Herr Kobbel) has made jewellery for the von Blechs, and his two sons work with him. If asked about the necklace, they are certain that they never made or repaired it.

Another answer the PCs may dig for is the colour of Erwin's hair. No one will know this, and asking about the colour of the Duke's bodyguard's hair will get the answer, black. This is because most people still think of the old Duke as "the Duke".

Visiting the Duke

If the party visit the Duke at any time they will be told by staff that he is out, and a couple of men at arms will hover nearby. If they stress the importance of talking to him, Erwin will come out and answer any questions. If they mention Maria he will keep his cool but arrange to have the party followed. He will not hamper them in anyway.

The Past Catches Up

If Erwin suspects they know the truth, he will invite them in and ask what they know. He will try for as long as possible to soothe the party's fears, acting reasonably and helpful. However, once it is obvious the PCs know the story he will confess to the killing, taking full blame, and then pull his sword. Quick adventurers will

probably be ready to fight, and he will respond if attacked, although he actually intends to kill himself.

In the house can be found the portrait of the Duke's grandmother in which she wears the same necklace as was found on the corpse. Only Erwin and the Butler know of this story, and neither will tell of it.

Should Erwin kill himself, the PCs will be hunted down by the Watch, who have been forced into action by the Duke. Once captured he, will wish to talk to them before stringing them up. If they tell what happened he will drop the charges without explanation.

If the PCs accuse the Duke of the murder to his face, he will agree that he is responsible and should pay the price. To his mind, that price is to return to fight Chaos, where he will soon meet his end. "It is not a pleasant existence – every moment you are on guard for the end. Your day full of monstrosities and fighting, surrounded by wastelands. Your sleep, eventually, the same." He will leave within the hour never to return. He will refuse to be handed over to the authorities or to kill himself, as this would dishonour his family.

Maria's Wishes and the End of 'A Buried Past'

This will not be good enough for the spirit of Maria, who wants the Duke dead or the crime to be known and a sentence passed. If this has not been achieved, the chosen PC will still occasionally suffer from nightmares and feel that the business is unresolved.

If it has all turned out to her satisfaction, the PC will have the necklace as their reward. If not, in one year and a day it will become cursed (still retaining its other abilities), the PC gaining one insanity point each night (or at the GM's discretion). This will last until the Duke dies. Either way, the PC will feel attached to it and unable to part with it – even if the player wishes to do so!

If the PCs accuse the Duke publicly, he will disappear to the wastes and the curse will not take place. However this will result in extreme hatred towards the PCs from the new Duke (his nephew) and the rest of the family.

Experience Awards

Experience points rewards have been left for the GM to decide but should be given for good roleplaying and ideas during the investigation.

Duke Mathieu von Blech
Templar of Sigmar
Noble (Lvl 1), Templar (Sigmar), Noble (Lvl 2)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	67	56	4	4	14	63	3	53	62	51	56	53	54

Alignment: Neutral (Sigmar)
Skills: Charm, Dance, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Etiquette, Heraldry, Luck, Night Vision, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language - Battle Tongue, Strike Mighty Blow, Secret Signs - Templar, Strike to Stun, Specialist Weapon – Flail; Two-Handed; Lance
Possessions: Head of Family Ring (1000GCs): In City - Fine Clothes (x10), Sword: Outside City/Fighting - Full Plate mail, Two Handed Sword
Psychology: Suffers from nightmares

Nearing fifty, the Duke stands six feet tall with the body and mannerisms of a warrior, and although he still remembers his social manners he looks uncomfortable out of armour. He has a large scar across his eye, although the wound did not cause any permanent damage. He appears dour and never laughs, but is likeable. There is an immense sadness and weariness about him, as he is forever emotionally scarred by Maria's death and from years of fighting.

He is a very honourable and loyal man, believing fully in the ideals of knighthood and is a devout follower of Sigmar. He also believes the nobility are there to lead and protect the common people and not just bleed them dry. While not very important to him personally he is steadfastly loyal to his family and will go to lengths to protect them and their honour. He has only ever loved Maria and will always do so. Erwin is and always has been his best friend but it has only been in the last few years that the barrier of master and servant has broken down.

The PCs should realise he is always going to be a tough opponent in a fight and should be apprehensive of resorting to such measures.

Erwin Wolheim
Duke's Servant & Friend
Servant, Squire, Freelance

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	70	41	6	5	10	47	3	36	55	36	60	29	37

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Etiquette, Heraldry, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language - Battle Tongue, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Specialist Weapon - Flail, Lance, Parrying Weapons, Strike to Injure
Possessions: In City - Sleeved chain shirt, sword: Outside City - Plate Armour, Flail
Psychology/ Health: Frenzy, No left arm

Sent to work at a very young age, Erwin was seen as an ideal servant for the young Mathieu and so began a friendship that grew as the years passed. Erwin learned much in those years, listening behind doors to his master's tutors and acting as a combat partner, although he was nearly sent away when this was discovered.

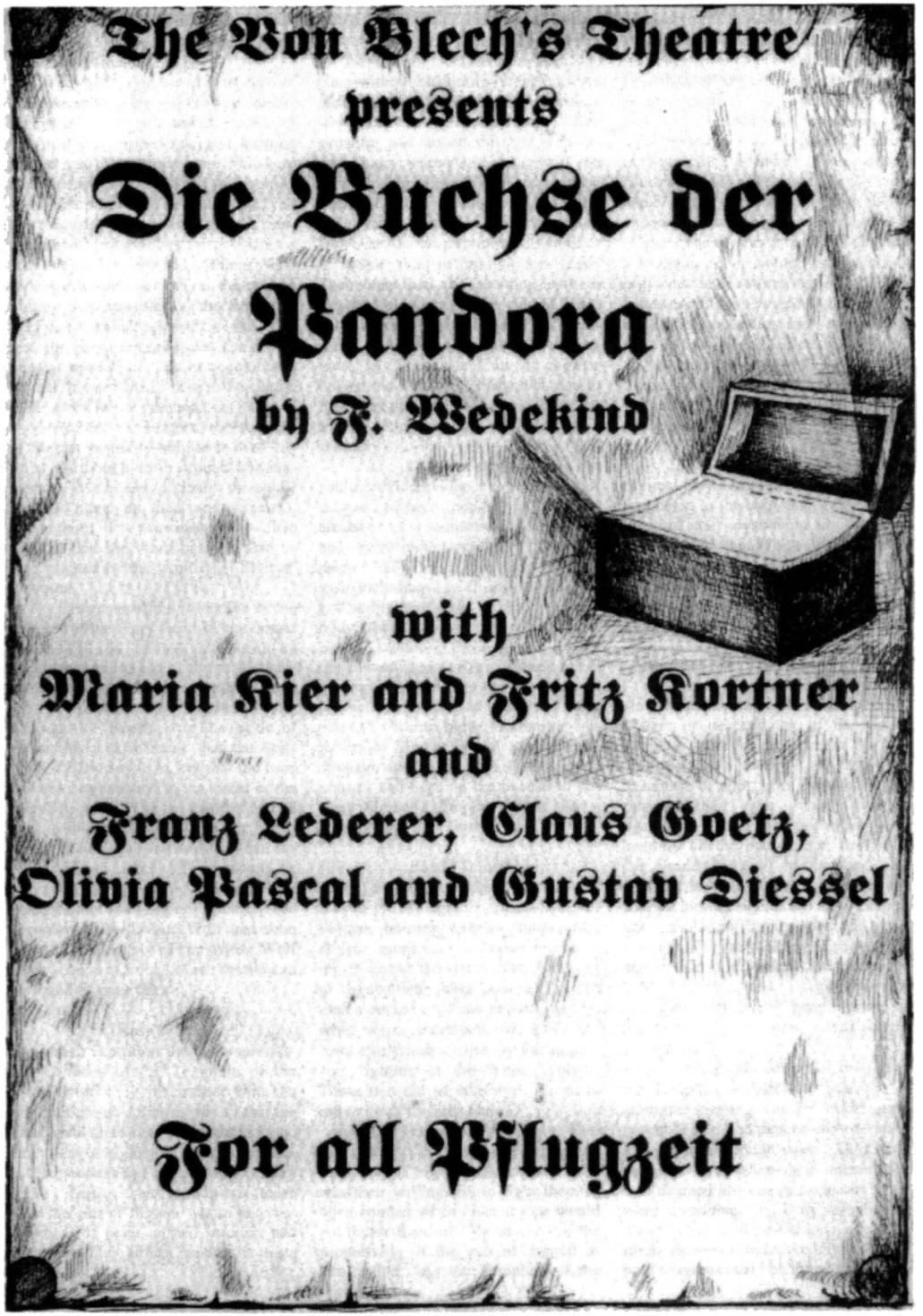
Erwin is a strong willed individual, but when met with the Duke it will be obvious he is a bodyguard, even though they talk as friends. His only loyalty is to the Duke, and his greatest sorrow was the death of Maria, the loss of his arm being but a small price to pay for this.

Erwin stands a little under six feet, his once-ginger hair now white and cut short.

Muller
We have the woman Helene Keller, beloved wife of Gunter. We chopped him to show we mean business. We will kill her unless you do what we say. Make sure the next gold run to Altdorf goes out unguarded. First you are to attach a note to the Dutchz Elm in Reik's platz stating 'Herr Braun & Fraulein Schmidt will be married on -'. Here you will state the date and time of next gold run. This must be done by Dusk tonight.

If you tell the law we will kill her. Have no doubt

The Cannon Ball Run - Player Handout One



A Buried Past - Player Handout One

Corrupting Influence
PLAYER HANDOUTS
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Marco Castro
Karina Schund
Darp Schneer
Georg ~~Ho~~ Knopp
Armin Blech
K Von Strider
Johann F.
~~Dieter Hengst~~
Johann Keine

One Hour (to) Mórr – Player Handout One

An urgent matter has arisen in relation to the will and the passing over of the company. We must present certain signed papers to the clerks, before midnight. These must be signed by Frau Cloos. She must also swear an oath. I am drawing up the required documentation now. Please bring Frau Cloos to my office as soon as possible. Also, collect Johannes on the way. We need him to translate. Please hurry.

Yours, Oswald Kant

The Eternal Guard – Player Handout One

One Hour (to) Mórr – Player Handout Three

One Hour (to) Mórr – Player Handout Two

Corrupting Influence
PLAYER HANDOUTS
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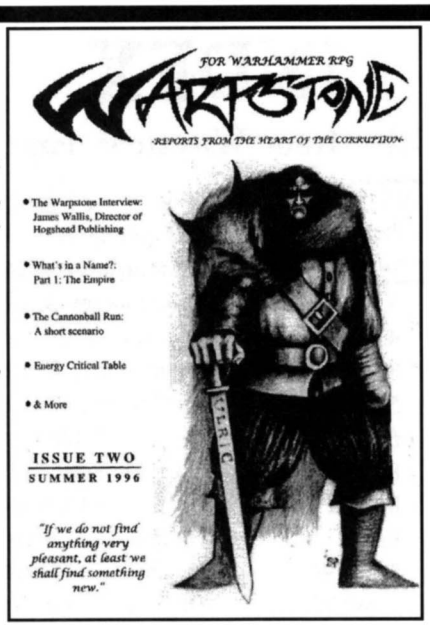
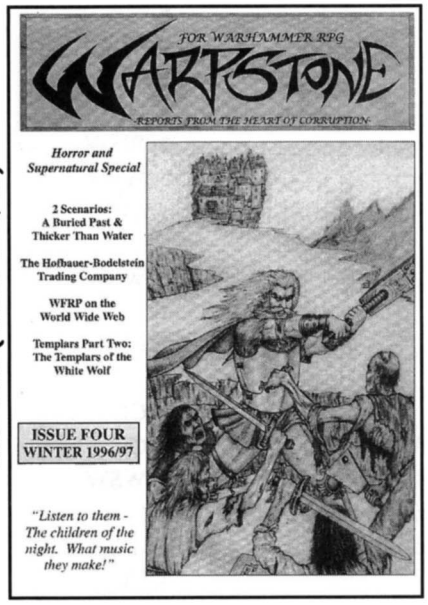
Issue One (Spring 1996) (A5)

Issue Two (Summer 1996) (A5)



Issue Three (Autumn 1996)

Issue Four (Winter 1996/97)



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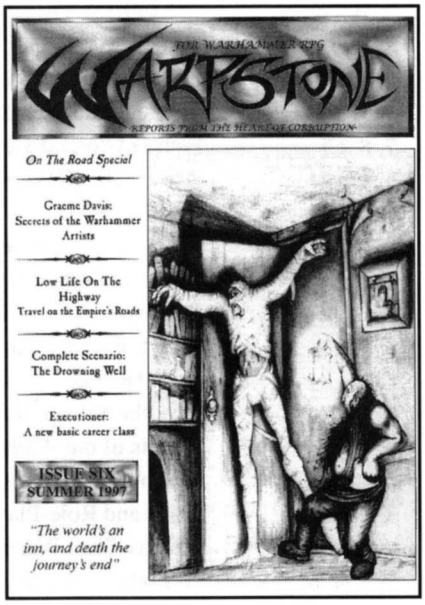

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Issue Seven (Autumn 1997)

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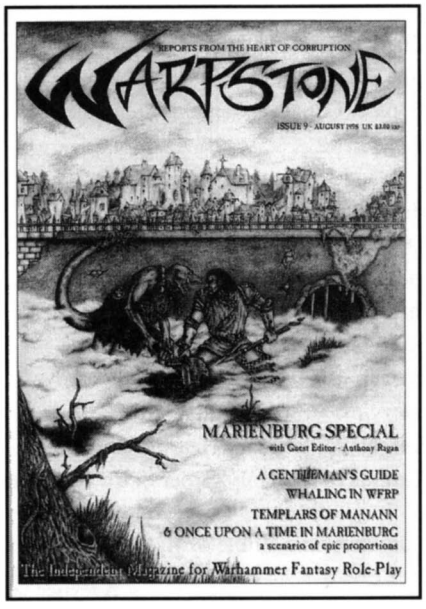
Issue Nine (August 1998)



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[1] A revised version of this appeared in the GM Screen [2] Were reprinted in Issue 18 of Le Grimore

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